

THE
WORKS

Of the HONOURABLE
Sir CHARLES SEDLEY, Bart.
IN PROSE AND VERSE.
IN TWO VOLUMES.

CONTAINING
The Translations of VIRGIL's Pastorals, the
Battle and Government of Bees, &c.

WITH HIS
SPEECHES, POLITICAL PIECES,
POEMS, SONGS, and PLAYS,

The greatest Part never printed before, *viz.*

The HAPPY PAIR.

ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, a
Tragedy.

The MULBERRY GARDEN, a
Comedy.

VENUS and ADONIS.

BELLAMIRA, or, the MIS-
TRESS; a Comedy.

The GRUMBLER, a Comedy.

The TYRANT King of CRETE,
a Tragedy.

WITH
MEMOIRS OF THE AUTHOR'S LIFE,
Written by an Eminent Hand.

VOL. II.

L O N D O N :
Printed for T. DAVIES, Ruffel Street, Covent Garden,

MDCCLXXVI.

WORKS

OF THE
CHARACTER OF THE
PROSE AND VERSE
IN TWO VOLUMES

BY
J. K. S. P. L. C. S.



THE
MUSEUM

OF THE
MUSEUM

OF THE
MUSEUM



T H E
P R E F A C E
T O T H E
R E A D E R.

THE age, of late, has been so pester'd with miscellanies, that the press ran as great a risque of being ungrateful to mankind, (not to call it a nuisance) as from those intolerable crowds of pamphlets, which are every day obtruded upon us ; such a glut of verse and prose, that, what with indifferent authors, mer-

iv The P R E F A C E.

cenary and partial pens, scandalous libels, and abominable panegyrics, one would almost forswear reading any thing that is new, to prevent the miseries of disappointment. Parnassus is in arms against itself, and the daughters of Helicon as mutinous as the execrable sons of the earth. The factious ensigns are every where displayed, and the various wits rank'd in formidable battalions. If a man sets up for a poet, he is immediately attacked by a satyrical party; destruction is the word; and, as for quarter, they give none: These are the blood-thirsty hussars of Parnassus, cut out of the ruin for others, tho' rarely with any great honour to themselves. Whence comes it, Gentlemen, that such
civil

The P R E F A C E. v

civil diffensions harrafs the Castalian plains ? Does not every chocolate-house furnish you with matter enough for your pointed wits ? And are there not follies and vices enough in mankind, but you must traduce one the other ? Let our age have its Bavii, and its Mævii too ; the ashes of our British worthies are no ways disturb'd at the recent account the two volumes give of them : But why foment an unneceffary (not to call it an unequal) war, between the ancients and the moderns. If Dryden nodded, so did Homer too ; if Virgil is inimitable, Milton can't be read without wonder and delight. The gallant easy wit of Horace is not always much superior to the Normanby's, the Dorset's, the Rochester's

vi The P R E F A C E.

and the Sedley's; nay, we have English Sapho's too: The immortal Cowley shew'd us, that in him alone were collected beauties to the Shespian dames.

Our Theatres have done no small honour to the tragic buskins; and Terence and Plautus would contentedly sit out the Old Batchelor. 'Tis not that we have no others, but to name them all would be endless; Bellamira, and the Mulberry Garden, shew, what an English pen can do, when in a gentleman's hand. Cleopatra dy'd not more gallantly in Alexandria, than by our Author in Drury-Lane. Why should we step back to Beaumont and Fletcher, to Shakespeare and Ben. Jehnson? We have later

Proofs

The P R E F A C E. vii

Proofs (though not greater) of the English genius. We have the the *utile dulci*, the natural and sublime. Thirst is not more easy, or more amorous, more tender or more taking in any part of the eclogues, than in what he is here; from our Author, Ovid might learn to love, and Martial to paint mankind.

As he liv'd in the most glorious reign of wit and mirth, so was he one of the glories of it: And if his untainted love to his country, had not commanded his most precious hours, we had been blest doubtless with more of his productions: But this we must say for his honour, and to discharge a debt in us, that his wisdom was our security, as his wit will ever be our delight.

Sir

viii The P R E F A C E.

Sir Charles Sedley had that felicity of thought, that solidity of judgment, that he could alter, but rarely mend.

If there is any thing that suits not with the the gravity of some nice, or rather supercilious pretenders to reformation, it is hop'd the generous will impute them to the freedom of those happy days, when he was young, and the kingdom blest in a long wished for return of their natural prince: So I leave the judicious and ingenious, the candid and the gay, to be charmed and improved: the captious and censorious, to the serpent and the file.

It may now be expected I should say something of myself, but I am as unwilling to give an ill character of myself

The P R E F A C E. ix

self, as of any other particular person whatever : That common method of begging pardon of mankind, whenever we appear in print, I think has more of self-conceit, pride and hypocrisy in it, than the generality of people are aware of. The affinity between Sir Charles Sedley and me gave the first honour of his acquaintance ; and his own candour and indulgence continued me in it, during that interval of peace we have since enjoy'd. His character is too well known to be endeavour'd to be drawn my me ; my vanity is not great enough to undertake it : His own merits have shewn him to the world : He was a man of the first class of wit and gallantry ; his friendship was courted by every body ; and no body went out of his company but pleas'd
and

★ The P R E F A C E.

and improved : Time added but a very little to nature ; he was every thing that an English gentleman could be ; and we have no reason to suspect ourselves, more especially when we are in a just scale with our affected neighbours. Honour, love, friendship and gallantry, receive as great a lustre from the Albion Muses as any : And if we have flagg'd some times, others have done so too, as haughtily as they carry themselves. But Sir Charles was a gentleman that needs no commendation ; he is beyond censure ; and I am glad of this opportunity to pay my last devoirs to so deserving a relation.

Reader, Farewel.

W. AYLOFFE.

T H E



THE
CONTENTS
OF THE
SECOND VOLUME.

	Page.
<i>THE Lovers Will</i>	1
<i>Upon a Gentlewoman's refusal of a Letter to one she was engaged to</i>	2
<i>An Ode</i>	5
<i>From Anacreon</i>	6
<i>The forward Lover</i>	7
<i>The Extravagant</i>	8
<i>The Resolve, and the Reply</i>	9
<i>The Cavaliers Catch</i>	10
<i>On the sovereignty of Claret</i>	11
<i>A Song</i>	12
<i>A Song</i>	13
<i>The same inverted</i>	14
<i>A Pindaric Ode</i>	15
<i>The Fall</i>	18
<i>To Phillis who slighted him</i>	19

Sophronia's

<i>Sophronia's Answer to a Coxcomb</i>	—	21
<i>To Clarissa upon dirtying her Lodgings</i>	—	23
<i>A Lady asking the opinion of two Gentlemen her Lovers</i>	—	23
<i>A Song</i>	— — —	ib.
<i>Songs</i>	— — —	24
<i>The Minuet</i>	— — —	26
<i>The Toper</i>	— — —	27
<i>The Mulberry Garden, a Comedy</i>	—	29
<i>Bellamira, or the Mistress, a Comedy</i>	—	109
<i>The Grumbler, a Comedy</i>	— —	195
<i>Venus and Adonis</i>	— —	243
<i>The Tyrant King of Crete</i>	— —	253





THE
WORKS
OF

Sir CHARLES SEDLEY.

The LOVER'S WILL.

LET me not sigh my last, e're I bequeath
Some legacies (great Love) I have to leave.
Mine eyes to Argus, if mine eyes can see ;
If they be blind, then, Love, I give them thee :
My tongue to Fame, t'ambassadors mine ears,
And unto women, or the sea, my tears.

My constancy, I to the planets give,
My truth to them who at the court do live ;
My silence t'any who abroad have been,
My money to a hungry capuchin ;

VOL. II.

B

My

My modesty I give to soldiers bare,
And all my patience let the gamesters share.

I give my reputation unto those
Which were my friends ; my industry to foes ;
To schoolmen I bequeath my doubtfulness ;
My sickness to physicians, or excess ;
To nature all that I in rhyme have writ,
And to my company I leave my wit.

To him for whom the passing-bell next tolls,
I give my physick books ; my writing rolls
Of moral counsels, I to Bedlam give ;
My brazen medals unto them which live
In want of bread ; to them which pass among
All foreigners, I leave my English tongue.

Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making me adore
That charming maid, with twenty servants more,
To give to those who had too much before.
To those that love where there no love can be,
I give and grant my incapacity.

}

*Upon a GENTLEWOMAN's refusal of a Letter from one
she was engaged to.*

NOT hear my message ! but the bearer shun !
What hellish fiend, enrag'd, cou'd more have done ?

Surely

Surely the gods design'd to make my fate,
Of all mankind, the most unfortunate.
'Twas but a letter, and the words were few,
Fill'd with kind wishes, but my fate's too true.
I'm lost for ever! banish'd from her sight,
Altho' by oaths and vows she's mine by right.
Ye gods! look down, and hear my sorrows moan,
Like the faint echoes of a dying groan.
But how is't possible so fair a face
Should have a soul so treacherous and base,
To promise constancy, and then to prove
False and unkind to him she vow'd to love?
Oh barbarous sex! whose nature is to rook,
And cheat mankind with a betraying look:
Hence I'll keep guard within from all your charms,
And evermore resist all fresh alarms;
I'll trace your windings through the darkest cell,
And find your stratagems, tho' lodg'd in hell:
Your gilded paintings, and each treach'rous wile,
By which so eas'ly you mankind beguile:
Winds are more constant than a woman's mind,
Who is to none but to the present kind;
For when by absence th' object is remov'd,
The time is quite forgot wherein she lov'd.
And is it not the very same with me,
To slight my love, when I must absent be?
Perhaps she's seen a more attractive face,
And a new paramour has taken place:
And shall my injur'd soul stand mute, and live,
Whilst that another reaps what she can give?

Glutted with pleasures, and again renew
 Their past delights, altho' my claim and due.
 Oh ! no ! my soul's enrag'd, revenge calls on,
 I'll tear her piece-meal e'er my fury's gone :
 Stretch out my arm all o'er th'inconstant stain,
 And then cleave down her treach'rous limbs in twain :
 The greatest plagues invention e'er could find,
 Are not sufficient for th' inconstant mind.
 I think I have o'ercome my passion quite,
 And could not love, altho' 'twere in despite.
 As for the man who must enjoy my room,
 He'll soon be partner in my wretched doom :
 He by her faith, alas ! no more will find,
 Than when she swore to me to prove most kind ;
 Therefore I'll leave her, and esteem her less ;
 And in myself rejoice and acquiesce.
 But oh, my heart ! there's something moves there still,
 Sure 'tis the vigour of unbounded will.
 Too much, I fear, my fetters are not gone,
 Or I at last again must put them on.
 Methinks I feel my heart is not got free,
 Nor all my passions set at liberty,
 From the bright glances of her killing eye.
 Down, rebel love, and hide thy boyish head,
 I'm too much man to hear thy follies plead :
 Go, seek some other breast of lower note ;
 Go, make some old decrepid cuckold doat.
 Begone, I say, or streight thy quiver, bow,
 And thou thyself, fall to destruction ; go.
 But oh ! I'm gone, my foes have all got ground ;
 My brains grow giddy, and my head turns round :

My

My heart's entangled with the nets of love ;
 My passions rave ; and now, ye gods above !
 Help on my doom, and heave me to your skies !
 Look, look, Mervinda's just before my eyes !
 Help me to catch her, e'er her shadow fly,
 And I fall downward from this rolling sky.

An O D E.

O YE blest pow'rs ! propitious be
 Unto my growing love ;
 None can create my misery,
 If Cloe constant prove ;
 Tell her, if that she'll pity me,
 From her you'll ne'er remove.

Each breeze of air, my groans shall bear
 Unto her gentle breast ;
 Silently whisp'ring in her ear,
 I never can be blest :
 If she refuse to be my dear,
 I never can have rest.

Ye groves, that hear each day my grief,
 Bear witness of my pain ;
 Tell her I die, if no relief
 I from her pow'r can gain ;
 Tell her, ah ! tell that pretty thief,
 I die through her disdain.

The WORKS of

Perhaps she may with piteous eyes,
When dead, my hearse survey;
And when my soul 'mongst deities
Doth melt in sweets away;
Then may she curse those victories
That did my heart betray.

From ANACREON.

I.

I WONDER why dame Nature thus
Her various gifts dispenses,
She ev'ry creature else but us
With arms or armour fences.
The bull with bended horns she arms,
With hoofs she guards the horse;
The hare with cunning runs from harms,
All know the lion's force.

II.

The bird can danger fly on's wing,
She fish with fins adorns;
The cuckold too, that harmless thing,
His patience guards, and's horns.
And men she valiant makes, and wise,
To shun or baffle harms;
But to poor women she denies
Armour to give, or arms.

III.

Sir CHARLES SEDLEY.

III.

Instead of all, she this does do,
Our beauty she bestows ;
Which serves for arms and armour too,
'Gainst all our pow'rful foes :
And 'tis no matter, so she doth
Still beauteous faces yield ;
We'll conquer sword and fire, for both
To beauty leave the field.

The FORWARD LOVER.

I.

TUSH! never tell me I'm too young
For loving, or too green ;
She stays at least sev'n years too long,
That's wedded at eighteen.
Lambs bring forth lambs, and doves bring doves,
As soon as they're begotten ;
Then why should ladies linger loves,
As if not ripe till rotten ?

II.

Grey hairs are fitter for the grave,
Than for the bridal bed ;
What pleasure can a lover have
In a wither'd maidenhead ?

8 The WORKS of

Nature's exalted in our time,
And what our grandames then
At four and twenty scarce could climb,
We can arrive at ten.

The EXTRAVAGANT.

I.

I Am a lusty lively lad,
Arriv'd at one and twenty,
My father left me all he had,
Both gold and silver plenty.
Now he's in grave I will be brave,
The ladies shall adore me ;
I'll court and kifs, what hurt's in this ?
My dad did so before me.

II.

My father, to get my estate,
Though selfish, yet was slavish ;
I'll spend it at another rate,
And be as lewdly lavish.
From madmen, fools, and knaves he did
Litigiously receive it ;
If so he did, justice forbid
But I to such shou'd leave it.

III.

III.

Then I'll to court, where Venus' sport
 Doth revel it in plenty ;
 And deal with all, both great and small,
 From twelve to five and twenty.
 In play houses I'll spend my days,
 For there are store of misses ;
 Ladies, make room, behold I come
 To purchase many kisses.

The RESOLVE.

FAIN wou'd I love, but that I fear
 I quickly shou'd the willow wear ;
 Fain wou'd I marry, but men say,
 When love is try'd, he will away.
 Then tell me, love, what shall I do
 To cure these fears whene'er I woo ?
 The fair one she's a mark to all ;
 The brown one each doth lovely call ;
 The black's a pearl in fair men's eyes ;
 The rest will stoop to any prize.
 Then tell me, love, what shall I do
 To cure these fears whene'er I woo.

B 5

REPLY.

R E P L Y.

Go, lover, know it is not I
 That wound with fear or jealousy;
 Nor do men feel those killing smarts,
 Until they have confin'd their hearts.
 Then if you'll cure your fears, you shall
 Love neither fair, black, brown, but all.

The CAVALIER'S CATCH.

I.

DID you see this cup of liquor,
 How invitingly it looks;
 'Twill make a lawyer prattle quicker,
 And a scholar burn his books:
 'Twill make a cripple for to caper,
 And a dumb man clearly sing;
 'Twill make a coward draw his rapier,
 Here's a health to J——s our king.

II.

If here be any prick'd round-head,
 That refuse this health to pledge;
 I wish he then may be confounded
 Underneath some rotten hedge:

May the French disease o'ertake him,
And upon his face appear,
And his wife a cuckold make him
By some jovial cavalier.

On the SOVEREIGNTY of CLARET.

HOLD, there's enough ; nay, 'tis o'er mickle,
'Tis worfe than cant in conventicle.
Is this the much fam'd friend to th' Muses,
Who thus their Helicon abuses ?
Whose praise on water thus is wasted ?
Claret the puppy never tasted :
What the devil was his humour
To raise so scandalous a rumour ?
'Tis well 'tis Greek, that few may know it,
Or 'were enough t'infect a poet :
It is high treason (I'll aver it)
Against the majesty of claret.
Sternhold and Hopkins heard it said so,
(Not that I believe they said so)
Therefore they gorg'd their muse with water,
And spew'd up eke, and also after.
To booze old wine, mad Pindar wonted,
'Till by a vintner be'ng affronted.
The peevish cur (what cou'd be ruder ?)
Forc'd on us *Aristonmeinudor*.

He water's damn'd encomium made,
 Maliciously to spoil his trade.
 But that sha'n't pass on me, by th' mass,
 If I drink water, I'm an ass.
 To two great kings I will be loyal,
 My monarch J——s, and claret royal :
 Nor shall I love that Greek of thine,
 Scarce any Greek, except Greek wine.

Who'd be of old mad Timon's mind,
 (Because he did) to hate mankind ?
 No, sovereign claret, I'll adore thee,
 Submissively fall down before thee ;
 And will by whores be burnt to tinder,
 If I adore that rebel Pindar.

A S O N G.

I.

DAMON to Sylvia, when alone,
 Did thus express his love :
 Fair nymph, I must a passion own,
 Which else would fatal prove.
 Can you a faithful shepherd see,
 Who languishes in pain,
 And yet so cruel hearted be,
 To let him sue in vain.

II.

Then, with his eyes all full of fire,
 And winning phrases, he
 Intreated her to ease desire,
 And grant him remedy.
 Allur'd with am'rous looks, the maid,
 Fearing he might prevail,
 Begg'd that he wou'd no more persuade
 A virgin that was frail.

III.

Fear not, dear nymph, replies the swain,
 There's none can know our bliss?
 None can relate our loves again,
 While this place silent is:
 Then Damon, with a lov'd surprise,
 Leapt close into her arms;
 With ravishing delights he dies,
 And melts with thousand charms.

A S O N G.

I.

EVADNE, I must tell you so,
 You are too cruel grown;
 No smiles nor pity you bestow,
 But death in ev'ry frown.

My

My lovè, tho' chaste and constant too,
 Yet no relief can find;
 Curst be the slave that's false to you,
 Though you are still unkind.

II.

Were you as merciful as fair,
 My wishes wou'd obtain;
 But love I must, tho' I despair,
 And perish in the pain.
 If in an age I can prevail,
 I happy then shall be;
 And cou'd I live, I wou'd not fail
 To wait eternally.

The same INVERTED..

I.

EVADNE, I must let you know
 Your cruelty is vain;
 For if you will no smiles bestow,
 I scorn your proud disdain.
 And since my love, tho' pure and true,
 No just relief can find;
 Curst be that fool shall doat on you,
 When you are still unkind.

II.

Were you a gentle, as you're fair,
 I'd strive your love to gain;
 But I can never court despair,
 Nor cherish needless pain.
 If in a week I cou'd prevail,
 Then I might happy be;
 But love and patience both will fail
 To wait eternally.

A PINDARIC ODE, *written in a Garden.*

I.

BLEST shade! where I securely stay,
 And taste the fragrance of the plain;
 Which wanton zephyr does convey
 In his refreshing play,
 To cheer the panting flock, and panting swain.
 Here on this flow'ry carpet laid,
 By nature's hand, in nature's pride array'd;
 My soul, unus'd to balmy ease,
 By sympathy at rest,
 Is lull'd within my breast,
 Unhurt by care or sorrow's worse disease.

II.

So have I seen the warb'ling lark,
 When winter's cheerless frosts were o'er,
 And noisy bear has ceas'd to roar,
 The day no longer cold, nor dark,
 The narrow compass of a cage forget,
 And broadling o'er a turf, in silent pleasure sit.
 Here solitude and gentle ease combine
 To give a taste of joy divine;
 Here ev'ry object seems design'd,
 Whither thro' blooming groves or flow'ry meads we stray,
 To drive anxiety away,
 And help philosophy to cure the mind.

III.

With joy I hear the tuneful choir,
 Which now are hov'ring o'er my head;
 Whilst I beneath supinely spread,
 Their various notes, and little cares admire:
 The bird that sits upon this bough,
 Fearless by me to be distress'd,
 Pursues the building of her nest;
 Sure she by instinct knows me now:
 But my harmonious friend, beware,
 In me tho' safely you confide,
 Thy nestlings for the future hide;
 All are not gentle, nor thy work wou'd spare.

.IV

I feel, ah ! lovely seats, I feel your influence,
 That native truth, and innocence,
 Which liv'd, e'er virtue was deprav'd by sense;
 E'er momentary trifles, transient joy,
 Did man's posterity destroy;
 E'er foul oppression had its rise,
 When all was blissful paradise,
 Before the birth of law, or its curs'd parent vice.
 Oh ! let me here, kind fate remain
 Upon this harmless, happy plain;
 Secure of peaceful virtue and content,
 In no inglorious ease and banishment.

V.

The sun withdraws his genial ray,
 And reddens in the western sky;
 The wand'ring rooks do homeward fly,
 And, 'till the morn appears, forsake the prey:
 The nightingale her mournful story trills
 In yonder hawthorn shade;
 The bleating sheep are laid;
 And on the earth the nightly dew distils:
 The shepherd hastes to sound repose,
 Such sleep the guilty never knew;
 'Till Phœbus shall again his beams disclose,
 Blest solitude, adieu.

The FALL.

I.

AS Cloe o'er the meadow past,
 I view'd the lovely maid ;
 She turn'd and blush'd, renew'd her haste,
 And fear'd by me to be embrac'd,
 My eyes my wish betray'd.

II.

I trembling felt the rising flame,
 The charming nymph pursu'd ;
 Daphne was not so bright a game,
 Tho' great Apollo's darling dame,
 Nor with such charms endu'd.

III.

I follow'd close, the fair still flew
 Along the grassy plain,
 The grafs at length my rival grew,
 And catch'd my Chloe by the shoe,
 Her speed was then in vain.

IV.

But Oh ! as tott'ring down she fell,
 What did the fall reveal ?
 Such limbs description cannot tell,
 Such charms were never in the Mall,
 Nor smock did e'er conceal.

V.

V.

She shriek'd, I turn'd my ravish'd eyes,
 And burning with desire,
 I help'd the queen of love to rise;
 She check'd her anger and surprise,
 And said, rash youth, retire.

VI.

Begone, and boast what you have seen,
 It shan't avail you much;
 I know you like my form and mien,
 Yet since so insolent y'have been,
 The parts disclos'd you ne'er shall touch.

To PHILLIS, who slighted him.

SINCE you no longer will be kind,
 But my embraces shun,
 Bacchus shall ease my am'rous mind,
 To his embrace I run.

Wine gives a pleasure unrestrain'd,
 Dispells the frantic spleen;
 Tho' wishes cannot be attain'd,
 Looks still are joyful seen.

The

The god within his gladfome cave
No care nor grief allows ;
He laughs to scorn the sober, grave,
And fighting lover's vows.

Then, Phillis, do whate'er you can,
I dully will not pine,
I'll ne'er forget I am a man,
But seek my cure from wine.

That sullen look, and hasty kiss,
That air reserv'd and coy ;
That cold denial of my blifs
Shall not my ease destroy.

If you no more can love like me,
Why shou'd it give me pain ?
Frail woman will inconstant be,
Nor art their will can chain.

As well I might cros winds deplore,
At rising tempests rave,
As hope a wav'ring mind to cure ;
Nature its course will have.

Then welcome more enduring joys,
Long shall my doctor be,
A club of witty, toping boys,
And love, adieu to thee.

SOPHRONIA's *Answer to a Coxcomb.*

I.

SATISFY yourself, fond youth,
I can believe you love ;
I know the charms of wealth and youth
Are charms which you approve.

II.

Regardless of my wit, and mind,
With truth and virtue fraught,
To meaner beauties you are kind,
By lust or int'rest taught.

III.

But know the person I shall choose,
Must have a taste like mine ;
I never shall consent to loose
The charms in which I shine.

IV.

To other nymphs your vows address,
Your fordid accents, prate
Of airs, complexion, mien and dress,
And cringe your empty pate.

V.

V.

You're handsome, fine, can caper, sing,
 Of coxcombs lead the van ;
 Yet have not sense, the only thing
 That I can like in man.

To CLARISSA, upon dirtying her Lodgings.

DUST from my earthy surface fell,
 And soil'd the fair Clarissa's cell ;
 Clarissa's eyes have pow'r divine,
 And with uncommon lustre shine ;
 I'm form'd of fordid earth, which must,
 When shin'd upon, be turn'd to dust ;
 This Phœbus' meaner force can do,
 Who is not half so bright as you ;
 Be not severe then in your doom,
 Since from yourself my fault did come ;
 'Twas wonder, when so near the ray,
 I did not moulder quite away ;
 She smiles, forgives ; I feel the pain,
 Be angry, charming nymph, again ;
 Better to die, than thus endure
 What, you, ah cruel ! will not cure.

A LADY

A LADY, asking the AUTHOR's Opinion of two Gentlemen, her Lovers, occasioned the following Lines.

WITH decent carriage, and an artful stile,]
The prudent Cynthio does the world beguile,
And hides the satyr underneath the smile.

}

Not so Astolpho, gen'rous and sincere,
He ne'er at common failings is severe,
Open his words, and undisguis'd his soul,
He let's no trifling humour spoil the whole :
Ne'er sooths the harmless foible of mankind,
Vainly, inhumanly, to laugh behind ;
Wisely, at nobler merit, he aspires,
And more the name of man than wit desires.

Teach me, kind heav'n, to make so good a choice ;
Let truth alone inspire an honest voice :
Far from me keep the frothy part of wit ;
Let me be dull,—but not an hypocrite.

A S O N G.

I.

UNVEIL, devinely fair, your eyes,
And from the downy bed arise ;
Ah ! did you Strephon's love partake,
You would not sleep, but ever wake.

II.

II.

Hence, hence, dull god of sleep, away,
 Let my Celinda bless the day :
 Insensibly you close those eyes,
 At whose each look, a shepherd dies.

A S O N G.

SINCE wine, love, music, present are,
 Let's banish ev'ry doubt and care ;
 This night is ours, and we'll enjoy,
 To morrow shall not now destroy.

II.

Let us indulge the joys we know
 Of music, wine, and love ;
 We're sure of what we find below,
 Uncertain what's above.

A S O N G.

I.

YOUNG Strephon, who thro' ev'ry grove,
 Had chas'd the fleeting god of love,
 Met Hymen once, who cross'd his joy,
 And chain'd the am'rous captive boy.

II.

II.

Happy the swains, who only stray
Where love and pleasure lead the way;
Where Hymen's arts can never move,
And love receives no tie, but love.

A S O N G.

I.

W H Y flies Clarissa from her swain,
Regardless of desire?
The wanton sees his pain,
And, of the conquest vain,
Derides the love-sick fair.

II.

Beware, ah! cruel! tempt not Fate,
Nor with love's arrows toy;
Tho' now unhurt, elate,
You'll surely find too late!
There's danger in the boy.



The MINUET.

A SONG.

I.

MY lovely charmer, will you dance
 With Strephon, your obedient slave;
 She look'd the kind consenting glance,
 And then her snowy hand she gave.

II.

The youth with joy the nymph receiv'd,
 And gently press'd her tender palm,
 Till music's sound the hand reliev'd,
 And robb'd him of his healing balm.

III.

The am'rous swain, thro' eager haste,
 Both time and measure did disdain:
 Twice careless, he the figure trac'd,
 And snatch'd the snowy hand again.

IV.

IV.

The blushing maid his flame approv'd,
 And with like gen'rous passion mov'd,
 Again, they round the figure glow'd,
 Then turn'd, and curtsy'd ; Strephon bow'd.

The T O P E R.

A S O N G.

I.

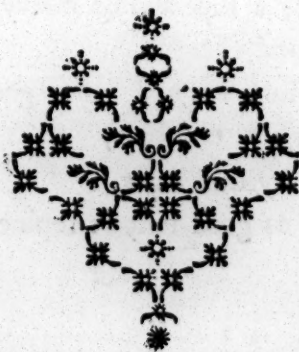
L E T's tope and be merry,
 Be jolly and cheery ;
 Since here is good wine, good wine.
 Let's laugh at the fools,
 Who live by dull rules,
 And at us good-fellows repine.

II.

Here, here, are delights,
 To amuse the dull nights,
 And equal a man with a god ;
 To enliven the clay,
 Drive all care away,
 Without it a man's but a clod.

III.

Then let us be willing
To spend t'other shilling,
For money we know is but dirt;
It suits no design,
Like paying for wine,
T'other bottle will do us no hurt.



T H E

Mulberry Garden:

C O M E D Y.

H E

C 3

Library of Congress

CONFIDENTIAL



To her Grace the DUCHESS of

RICHMOND and LENOX.

MADAM,

*'T*IS an unquestionable privilege we authors have of troubling whomsoever we please with an epistle dedicatory, as we call it, when we print a play; Kings and Princes have never been able to exempt either themselves or their favourites, from our persecutions. I think your grace (for a person of so great eminence, beauty, indulgence to wit, and other advantages that mark you out to suffer under addresses of this nature) has scap'd very well hitherto. For I do not remember your name yet made a sanctuary to any of these criminals: But, madam, your time is come, and you must bear it patiently. All the favour I can shew you, is that of a good executioner, which is, not to prolong your pain. You see, madam, here the unhappiness of being born in our time, in which to that virtue and perfection, the Greeks and Romans would

would have given temples and altars, the highest thing we dare dedicate, is a play or some such trifle. This that I now offer to your grace, you were so kind to when it was in loose sheets, that by degrees you have train'd it up to the confidence of appearing in print before you: and I hope you will find it no hard matter to pardon a presumption you have yourself been accessary to, especially in one that is intirely,

M A D A M,

Your Grace's Devoted and

Obedient Servant,

CHARLES SEDLEY.

P R O-

PROLOGUE.

NEW poets (like fresh beauties come to town)
 Have all that are decay'd to cry 'em down;
 All that are envious, or that have writ ill;
 For wits and heroes fain wou'd, dying, kill.
 Like statesmen in disgrace, they ill endure
 A better conduct shou'd our good procure:
 As an old sinner, who in's youth has known
 Most women bad, dares venture upon none.
 Our author, seeing here the fate of plays,
 The dangerous rocks upon the coast of praise,
 The cruel critic and malicious wit,
 Who think themselves undone if a play hit:
 And like those wretches who on shipwrecks thrive,
 Rage if the vessel do the storm outlive.
 By others loss he stood a while fore-warn'd,
 But against tempting hope no man is arm'd:
 Amongst great gamesters, when deep play is seen,
 Few that have money but at last come in;
 He has known many with a trifling sum,
 Into vast fortunes by your favours run:
 This gives him confidence to try his fate,
 And makes him hope he is not come too late:
 If you'll undo him quite, like rooks begin,
 And for this once in cunning let him win.
 He hopes the ladies at small faults will wink;
 And a new poet, a new servant think.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Sir JOHN EVERYOUNG.

Sir SAMUEL FORECAST.

HARRY MODISH.

NED ESTRIDGE.

JACK WILDISH.

SNAPPUM.

EUGENIO.

PHILANDER.

HORATIO.

Officers and Assistants.

Servant to *Sir* SAMUEL FORECAST.

Musicians and Dancers.

'Prentices and Sedanmen.

W O M E N.

DIANA.

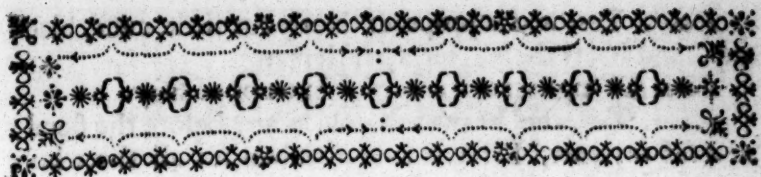
ALTHEA.

Widow BRIGHTSTONE.

VICTORIA.

OLIVIA.

THE



T H E

Mulberry Garden.

A C T I.

S C E N E I. *Sir John Everyoung's
House stands.*

*Enter Sir JOHN EVERYOUNG and Sir SAMUEL
FORECAST.*

Ever. **W**ELL, for all this heat, let's every one govern his own family as he has a mind to't: I never vex myself that your daughters live shut up as if they were in *Spain* or *Italy*; nor pray don't you trouble yourself that mine see plays, balls, and take their innocent diversion, as the custom of the country and their age requires.

Fore. They are my nieces, as they are your daughters, and I'll tell you, you spoil 'em with your own example; youth may well be allow'd to be stark mad, when they see age so extravagant: Is that a dress for my elder brother, and a reverend justice?

C. 6

Ever.

Ever. Yes, and a properer than your little cuffs, black cap, and boots there, for a gentleman.

Fore. Of eighteen I confess, but not of fifty.

Ever. Yes, tho' he were as old as any before the flood; and for my part, I'll not bate a ribbon for all the whole tribe of you can say; you know yourself every fool would fain be thought wise; and why an old man should not desire to be thought young, I see no reason; as long as I am whole at heart I am resolv'd my cloaths shall ne'er betray me.

Fore. There's no need on't, your face does it sufficiently: come, I'm aſham'd to see you every day set out thus powder'd and trim'd, like an old player, to act a young prince: your periwig I like very well, it serves to keep your bald pate warm; but that flirting hat there looks as 'twere made rather for your wit than your head: pray which is most a-la-mode, right reverend spark? points or laces; girdle or shoulder-belts? what say your letters out of France?

Ever. Lord, what pains you take to quarrel at my dress and mirth; as if age were not tedious enough already, but we must add neglect of ourselves and moroseness towards others: children now a-days are not so fond of their parents, that we need use any art to make 'em hate us.

Fore. Well, go then, and carry your daughters abroad, and break their bellies with syllabub, 'tis the greatest kindness you can do 'em now: as you have bred 'em, you may e'en keep 'em to yourself, and save their portions; I believe nobody will be very fond of a Hide-Park filly for a wife; nor an old boy that looks like a pedlar's pack for a father-in-law: but now I think on't, you are such a spark, they'd lose their reputations with you if they had any.

Ever. For ought I see, good brother, they stand as fair in the opinion of the world as yours, and have done nothing but what I like very well.

Fore. What, do you count it nothing to be all day abroad, to live more in the coach than at home; and if they chance to keep the house an afternoon, to have

the

the yard full of sedans, the hall full of footmen and pages, and their chambers cover'd all over with feathers and ribbons, dancing and playing at cards with 'em till morning?

Ever. Why, where's the hurt of all this?

Fore. O no hurt at all; but if they were my daughters, I should be looking for cradles and nurfs; I should be sorry to hear Diana or Althea went abroad without some discreet body to look after them; or were at home indeed without employing their time in some piece of husbandry, or at least some good book.

Ever. You and I shall never hit it; for now I think those women who have been least us'd to liberty, most apt to abuse it, when they come to't.

Fore. O this fine believing gentleman, I should laugh heartily to see him a grand-father without a son-in-law.

Enter to them VICTORIA and OLIVIA.

Vict. Sir, if you don't use the coach yourself, my sister and I wou'd go abroad this afternoon.

Ever. Take it children, but don't keep the horses out too late.

Fore. What! never ask 'em whither they're going? By your favour I'll put that question to 'em; come hither Victoria; what visits do you intend this afternoon?

Vict. None sir, we were only going a rambling.

Fore. A rambling! methinks that word sounds very prettily i'th' mouth of a young maid; next time I ask 'em whether they're going, I believe they'll answer me, to drink a bottle or two: but whither pray?

Oliv. For that, sir, we shall take counsel of the weather; either up into the city, or towards the park.

Fore. What, none but you two?

Oliv. We intent to call on my cousins Althea, and Diana.

Fore.

Fore. They took phyfic this morning, and are not yet well, you'll but lose your labour.

Vic. Sir, they sent for us but an hour ago.

Fore. You had better go without 'em, they are all undrest; to stay for 'em, would but make you lose the sweet of the evening.

Ever. Brother, what are you jealous of them too? I assure you they are no men in women's clothes.

Fore. I am not jealous of 'em, but since you'd have it so, I'd as I live they'd keep away.

Ever. And I'd as live you'd keep away, till you understand yourself better; what? you think your daughters, like your money, never safe, but under lock and key; who wou'd you have 'em converse with, if not with their relations?

Fore. With those that are a-kin to 'em in manners and behaviour, such as they may learn some goodness of; I see nothing they can learn here but vanity.

Vic. Sister, they begin to be angry, come let's leave 'em till the storm be over. [*Exeunt.*]

Fore. What are they gone? I warrant if we had been reading a play or romance, we shou'd not have been rid of 'em so soon; bnt I'll spoil their sport at my house.

Ever. A precious design, and worthy of your gravity! but if you do, brother, I'll tell you one thing, you'll go near to spoil a match at cross-purposes: farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II. *Modish's Chamber.*

Enter HENRY MODISH and NED ESTRIDGE.

Mod. Good-morrow Ned. I thought I had left you too deep engag'd last night, to have been here thus early.

Estr. Why, you sneak'd away just as the sport began; like

like a half-bred cock, that strikes a stroak or two briskly, and then runs.

Mod. Faith, I had so many irons in the fire for to-day, I durst not run the hazard of a disorder last night: but you know my heart was with you.

Estr. You wou'd not have repented it, if your whole body and soul had been with us; Jack Wildish sent for a dozen more of champaign and a brace of such girls, as we shou'd have made honourable love to in any other place; and Sir John Everyyoung was in the pleasantest humour, I'd give a piece I cou'd repeat the satyr he made of the country.

Mod. It wou'd be good news to his daughters for they say, now and then in a morning he is of another mind.

Estr. That's only while his head achs, they need not fear him; he swears he'll ne'er stir beyond Hide-Park or Coleby's at farthest, as long as he has an acre left, they shall come all to him: 'Tis a pleasant old fellow, he has given me a hundred pounds for my Gray-beard, and is to ride himself this day month twice round the Park, against a bay stone-horse of Wildish's for two hundred more.

Mod. Methought Wildish and you were very intimate, pray how long have you been acquainted?

Estr. Faith, about a week, or so, time's a thing only necessary for the friendship of vulgar spirits: O here comes the gentleman we are speaking of; now Jack, what small petticoat do you come from?

Enter WILDISH.

Wild. E'en such another as you are going to now with all this bravery: those cravats that design the right honourable, I'll lay a piece will be rumpl'd by a worse woman than they were wash'd, yet atore right.

Mod. Wou'd all the world were of his mind, we young men shou'd pass our time well.

Wild.

Wild. O never the better for that ; such Monfieurs as you, by your feathers are known to be birds of prey, and though you catch nothing, you scare all ; besides, every good man is not acquainted with this principle among you, that you can be in love with nothing but yourselves ; and may be jealous of his wife, when indeed you come innocently to take a view of your persons from head to feet in the great glass ; comb out your periwig, shake your garnitures, and be gone.

Estr. What, dost think we have no other way of entertainment ? no discourse, Jack ?

Wild. Yes, a little now and then about their dress ; whether their patches be too many or too few, too great or too small : whether her handkerchief be Point de Venie, or Rome ; and having left behind you some proof of your ability in the mode, return to shew yourselves at the last act of a play.

Mod. I dare swear, Jack, thy acquaintance puts thee to none of these criticisms ; a plain gorget and a black scarf are all their varieties ; and, are you well mistress ? and, what company have you kept lately ? thy most familiar questions. But raillery apart. Say it were a man's fortune to prevail upon one of these thou believest so impregnable forts, and to be receiv'd where never any but yourself came so near as to be deny'd ; were not that a conquest ?

Wild. As great as that of a place not tenible can be ; the present plunder indeed is somewhat, but upon the first siege you must look to be driven out : a lady's heart is a kind of fortification, that is easier surpriz'd by being well man'd, and makes ever the strongest resistance of itself.

Estr. 'Tis true, Modish, for I have still observ'd, that when one of these persons of honour, does a little forget herself, though at first through a secret sympathy, and invincible inclination (as they call it) for one particular man, she ever after loves the whole sex the better for it.

Wild.

Wild. Right ; for these good creatures, women, are like cats, if once made tame, any one may play with 'em ; if not, there's no coming near 'em.

Mod. Thou think'st thou hast mau'd 'em now ; why I tell thee, Jack, a Hector is not readier to pick a quarrel with a saucy creditor, and swear he will never pay the rascal, than a man is to have one with his mistress towards the latter end of an amour ; especially if it amount to a handsome occasion of leaving her ; 'tis the kindest thing she can do then. What think you, Estridge ?

Estr. Faith, I'm of your mind, yet I have known some unconscionable ladies make their servants wait as long for a just exception, and almost as impatiently, as they did for the first favour.

Wild. Favour and exception, gentlemen, are words I don't meet with in seven years, where I go ; my piece makes my compliment when I come in, and my excuse when I go away ; and 'tis ever well taken too : I have all the day to bestow upon my business, the night upon my friends, whilst you are kissing the cards at Ombre, or presenting oranges at a play-house.

Estr. Thou never knew'st, it seems, what 'twas to be in love then.

Wild. No faith, I never let the disease run on so far, I alwas took it in time ; and then a bottle of wine or two, and a she-friend as an approv'd remedy : there are men in the world though, who in that distemper prescribe some serious employment, continual exercise, spare diet, and the like ; but they are philosophers, and in my opinion make the remedy worse than the disease.

Estr. I do confess, yours is the pleasantest cure, if it be one ; but I doubt it only gives a little ease for the present, and like small-beer in the morning after a merry bout over-night, doth but make us the worse afterwards.

Mod. Ay, now you talk to him of what he understands.
What

Wild.

What do you tell him of love for? who, by his own confession, never knew what it was.

Wild. No, but I guess this same love you speak of, gentlemen, to be much like longing in women, a fantastical appetite to some one thing above all others, which if they cannot get, the lover miscarries of his passion, and the lady of her little one: or if they do, are both quickly satisfy'd, and it becomes for ever after very indifferent, if not loathsome.

Estr. Well, Modish, I perceive we shall do no good on him, let's take him to the Mulberry-garden, and see what the ladies can do.

Wild. You shall excuse me, I have a small ramble of my own for an hour or two this afternoon: and so your servant. [Exit.

Mod. 'Tis time we were going; I warrant they have walk'd every foot of the garden twice over by this time; they are mad to know, whether their friends in town have dealt faithfully with 'em of late, concerning the mode.

Estr. These country ladies, for the first month, take up their places in the Mulberry-garden, as early as a citizen's wife at a new play.

Mod. And for the most part are as easily discover'd; they have always somewhat on, that is just left off by the better sort.

Estr. They are the Antipodes of the court; for when a fashion sets there, it rises among them.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Enter VICTORIA, and OLIVIA.

Vic. Sister, whatever the matter is, methinks we dont see half the company that us'd to meet here a-nights, when we were last in town.

Oli.

Oliv. 'Tis true, but methinks 'tis much better than the long walk at home : for, in my opinion, half a score young men and fine ladies, well drest, are a greater ornament to a garden, than a wilderness of lycamores, orange and and lemon trees ; and the rustling of silk petticoats better music than the purling of streams, chirping of birds, or any of our country entertainments : and that I hope the place will afford us yet, as soon as the plays are done.

Vid. Sister, what wou'd you give to see Estridge come in now ?

Oliv. 'Tis impossible, he wou'd not miss his devotion to the park, for all I could give, such an evening as this ; besides, the two garnitures he brought out so France are foil'd, his feather broke, and, he has been out of humour these two days, there's no enduring him ; he lost his money too last night, I hear ; and losing gamesters are but ill company.

Vid. Fye sister, you make him a faver with a look ; and fine, in but thinking he is so : you deserve not so compleat a servant, but I hope you'll be as obliging to his face, as you are severe to him behind his back.

Oliv. The only way to oblige most men, is, to use 'em thus a little now and then, even to their faces ; it gives 'em an opinion of our wit ; and is consequently, a spur to theirs : the great pleasure of gaming were lost, if we saw one another's hands ; and of love, if we knew one another's hearts : there would be no room for good play in the one, nor for address in the other ; which are the refin'd parts of both. But what would you give to see Horatio ?

Vid. To see Horatio, as I knew him once,
I would all other happiness renounce ;
But he is now another's, and my aim
Is not to nourish, but to starve my flame :
I dare not hope my captive to regain,
So many charms contribute to his chain.

Althea's

Oliv.

Althea's slave, let false Horatio live,
Whilst I for freedom, not for empire strive.

Oliv. Fye sister, leave this riming at least.

Enter to them ESTRIDGE and MODISH.

Estr. Ladies, 'tis our wonder to find any body here at this time of day, and no less our happiness to meet with you; all the world is at the park, where we had been ourselves, but that we saw your livery at the gate.

Vid. I pray let us not keep you here gentlemen; your mistresses will curse us, and yourselves too, by and by, if the garden should not fill.

Estr. If we wish any company, ladies, 'tis for your sakes, not our own.

Mod. For my part, I wou'd ne'er desire a garden fuller than this is now; we are two to two, and may be hand to hand when you please.

Oliv. I don't know what you think, but in my mind the more the merrier, especially in these places.

Estr. Ay, for show, madam, but it happens in great companies, as at feasts; we see a great deal, and talk to heartily of nothing, and for the most part rise hungry: And 'tis with lovers, madam, as with great bellied women, if they find what they long for, they care not whether there be any thing else or no.

Vid. What in love already? sure the air of this place is a great softner of men's hearts.

Mod. How can it chuse, having so many lover's sighs daily mixt with it? but 'twere a much better quality in't, madam, if it could incline ladies to believe, and look with pity on those flames they raise.

Oliv. 'Tis too early to make love this two hours. Flames and pity would sound much better in the evening.

Mod. 'Tis not with love, madam, as with meaner arguments; I might entertain you with my passion for an age, and yet have as much left for anon, as if I had
not

not spoke one word ; the sea is easier emptied than a lover's breast.

Oliv. What say you, sir, is this your opinion too?

Estr. Yes faith, madam, and I think a lover can no more say at once, what he hath to say to his mistress, than a man can eat at once for his whole lifetime.

Oliv. Nay, if it be so endless, I should beg of my servant, whenever I have one, e'en to keep it to himself for altogether.

Estr. There you betray your ignorance, with your pardon, madam ; to see the fair Olivia, and not love her, is not more impossible, than to love her, and not to tell her on't. Silent lovers you may read of, and in romances too, but heavens forbid you shou'd e're meet with any.

Oliv. If they knew how little they were like to get by being otherwise, I'm confident I shou'd meet with none else.

Estr. Well, madam, I perceive love, like wine, makes our discourse seem extravagant to those that are not wound up to the same height : but had you any spark of what I feel, I shou'd have another answer.

Oliv. Why, what answer?

Estr. Nay, I know not, but some pretty one, that love wou'd have devis'd for you ; no more to be imagin'd by you now, than what you shall talk of next in your sleep ; in the mean time, ladies, will you do us the honour to eat syllabubs?

Oliv. Sister, let's go, so they'll promise to say nothing, but what they think, to us when we are there.

Mod. You may do what you please, Ned, but 'tis a liberty I dare not use myself to, for fear of an ill habit.

Estr. You are very confident of our good opinion, ladies ; I believe there are few women in town wou'd accept of our company on those terms.

Viz.

Vic. Faith, sister, let's bate them that circumstance, truth is a thing merely necessary for witnesses and historians, and in those places doth but curb invention, and spoil good company; we will only confine 'em to what's probable.

Mod. Content, and I dare swear 'twill be better for all parties.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Sir SAMUEL FORECAST'S House.

Enter ALTHEA and DIANA.

Dian. We two, or none, may of our stars complain,
Who nothing us afford to share but pain;
Each bears her own, and th' other's portion too;
This cruel wonder can high friendship do.

Alth. To us how cheap might they have joy allow'd,
Since both had had what they on each bestow'd!
But yet thy loss I rate above my own,
Fate on thy love till now did never frown:
Philander thee above the world did prize,
Thy parents saw him almost with thy eyes:
All thing, so prosp'rous were, thou cou'd'st not guess
An accident to wound thy happiness.
I wretched maid have but a passion lost,
Which if none else, my parents wou'd have crost:
My lowly hopes do but a step descend,
Whilst thine from their full height do headlong bend:
This hour that promis'd all can nothing pay,
And Hymen steals his lighted torch away.

Dia. Ah, dear Althea, let not thou and I
Contend who most exceeds in misery:
It is a dismal strife, since were my own
Loss, I'd share thine till they were equal grown.
Curse on ambition, why shou'd honour take

A present

A present back again that love did make ?
 On thee Eugenio did his life bestow,
 To me Philander did his service vow ;
 Yet both for honour have these ties despis'd,
 And now are fled, or must be sacrific'd.
 Unkind Philander, had love fill'd thy breast
 With half those flames thou hast so oft express'd,
 They had consumed in their purer fires
 All other thoughts, and thou wou'd'st never mind
 Who were for kings, and who for slaves design'd.

Alth. The noble sense they shew of the sad fate
 Of their dear country, sets a higher rate
 Upon their Love ; for who that had a grain
 Of honour in him, cou'd endure the reign
 Of proud usurpers, whose relentless will
 Is all the law by which men spare or kill ;
 And his true prince in banishment behold,
 Worthy of more than fortune can with-hold ?
 These monstrous with the crimes of prosp'rous fate,
 The other shining in his adverse state,
 So that each stroke of fortune does but seem
 A step for his heroick mind to climb
 Till he has got above her reach, and then
 The virtue she has try'd she'll love again ?
 Tho' I must truly mourn their ill success,
 I cou'd not wish Eugenio had done less.

Dia. Had their high virtue the least doubt endur'd,
 Ev'n with their death it had been cheaply cur'd :
 But this brave act is but to me and you
 A dangerous proof of what before we knew.

Alth. Tho' their true worth to us before were clear,
 This act has made it to the world appear ;
 None ever with that obstinacy lov'd,
 But they were pleas'd to see their choice approv'd :
 No joy compleat to worthy minds can seem,
 Which is not heighten'd by the world's esteem.

Dia. My heart, Althea, does less grieve it has
 Ventur'd its treasure in so lov'd a cause,

Than

A present

Than that Philander did not let me know
The danger he was like to undergo.

Alib. Sister, tho' laws of decency refuse,
We shining swords, and glitt'ring armour use;
Yet a decision of what's right or wrong,
As well as men's, does to our minds belong;
And we best shew it when we most approve
Those men that fight in quarrels which we love.
Tho' they of courage have the ruder part,
The virtue may become a woman's heart,
Tho' not her hand; and she that bravely dares
Expose her love, sure for her life not cares.
I knew Eugenio must that hazard run,
Nor cou'd consent he shou'd the danger shun;
And had Philander the like thoughts of you,
He without doubt had dealt as freely too.

Dia. I must confess my love cou'd never yield,
That he again shou'd win it in the field.
Let me the greatness of your mind admire,
Whilst I deplore the greatness of my fire.
A fire which lends no light, but that which serves
To shew how much what I expos'd deserves,
How much he hazards, and how far I am
From vent'ring him from the whole voice of fame,
Whose danger had I known, my eyes, alas!
Had wept a sea he wou'd have fear'd to pass;
But we so long of what is past complain,
As if no farther mischief did remain,
As if fate here had her whole malice spent,
And all the arrows from her quiver sent.

Alib. When fate wou'd harm where virtue does protect,
She does her guilt and impotence detect;
She can but rob the virtuous of that rest
She must restore again with interest,
And all the danger of these heroes past,
Must needs consider their high worth at last.

Dian. What we desire, how fain we wou'd believe,
And wish that fortune knew not to deceive!

But

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

11

But she profusely to some presents makes,
And as unjustly from some others takes.
I fear she's so much to their worth in debt,
She'll nothing pay because the whole's too great:
Like tyrants wealth her bounties still appear,
Who give to few what they from many tear.

Alth. In the mean time I fear our cruel friends
Will not consult our liking, but their ends:
I know they'll press I should Horatio wed,
And promise thee unto some stranger's bed.

Dian. They may such matches as they please provide
But here I vow I'll never be a bride
To any but Philander; in that heart
He taught to love, none else shall have a part.

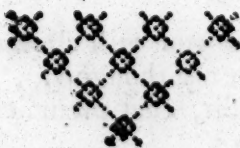
Alth. I the like vow to my Eugenio make,
Which fate's worst malice shan't have pow'r to break,
As trees expos'd to storms take deeper root,
Than those that do in peaceful valleys sprout;
So in all noble minds a virtuous love,
By opposition does the firmer prove.

Dian. 'Tis fit, Althea, I now take my leave,
While you prepare Horatio to receive.

Alth. Farewell, Diana, and be sure you do
Nothing unworthy of you love and vow.

[*Ring.*

Exeunt DIAN and ALTHEA severally.



A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Enter Sir SAMUEL FORECAST, ALTHEA, JACK WILDISH, and OLIVIA.

Fore. **D**Aughter, we're much beholding to Horatio; the portion I can give with you does not deserve a man of past half his fortune; fix thousand pounds a year, an estate well wooded, and I am told very improveable, it makes me young again to think on't: Eugenio I never lik'd, and as things stand now, I am right glad we had no more to do with him; but that I am one whose Affection and good-will to the state has sufficiently manifested itself, I might be thought to have a hand in their design, and so have been put in the Tower, and had my fortune seiz'd on: Eugenio shall never call a child of mine, Wife, as long as I live.

Wild. But, Sir your zeal to the cause had put you above these apprehensions.

Fore. You say right, Mr. *Wildish*; but we cannot be in this case too secure: And I am resolv'd Althea, to take off all suspicion, shall out of hand marry with Horatio.

Alth. Sir, I hope you will allow me some time to dismiss Eugenio from my thoughts.

Wild. And pray, Sir, what prejudice, what exception have you to Eugenio?

Fore. Originally, this only. His father made purchase of some land that lay next hedge to mine, and gave a thousand pounds more than it was worth, only to buy it
over

over my head. Think no more on him upon my blessings, he is not the man he was; he had an estate, 'tis now sequester'd, he dare not shew his head; and besides, I would not have a son-in-law of his principles, for six times his fortune: I should be sorry to see any child of mine solliciting her husband's composition at a committee.

Alth. Had I once had the relation of a wife to Eugenio, I should have thought nothing a trouble that had become my duty, and could as chearfully have shar'd an honourable suffering, as the most flourishing condition.

Fore. I charge you never receive visit or message from him more; and tell your sister Diana, 'tis my pleasure she quit all correspondence with Philander. They are both dangerous persons.

[Turns to WILDISH.

These young wenches, Mr. Wildish, have less forecast than pigeons; so they be billing, they look no farther; ne'er think of building their nests, nor what shall become of their little ones.

Wild. Sir, I think they're i'th' right, let 'em increase and multiply, and for the rest, trust him that set 'em a work.

Fore. Mr. Wildish, you are a merry Gentlemen; but I'll tell you, Mrs. Althea, as I have given you Life, I'll take care you shan't make it miserable.

Alth. Sir, the happiness of life lies not in wealth, in title, or in shew, but in the mind, which is not to be forc'd; and we are not the less slaves for being bound in chains of gold: A marriage with Horatio may make me appear happy to the envious world, but like those destructive arts, which while they seem to aid, consume our native beauties, indeed must prey upon my inward peace.

Fore. I'll warrant you peace within, and without too: Horatio is a well-natur'd proper Gentleman, and one that love you.

Wild. Now there, Sir Samuel, I'm on your side; for so the fan be plaid with, the hand kiss'd, in fine the passion hand-

handsomely discharg'd, its no great matter who does it: As children cry after their old nurses, but till they are acquainted with their new: So young ladies regret the loss of one servant, but till they have got the same familiarity with another, which, by the way, is seldom long first.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, therē's a man out of Pater-noster-Row with stuffs.

Fore. Bid him carry 'em into the next Room: Come *Althea*, let's in and look upon'em,

[*Exit ALTHEA and Sir SAMUEL.*]

Manent WILDISH and OLIVIA.

Oliv. We women are ever sure of your good word, *Mr. Wildish*; when you have a mistress, I hope she'll deserve it from you in particular, and have in perfection all those good qualities you so liberally bestow upon the whole sex in your discourse.

Wild. Why, Madam, I thought you had understood raillery; faith I have so good an opinion of the Sex, I am ashamed to own it but to one of them in private; this is only the way of talking I have got among my companions, where, when we meet over a bottle of wine, its held as great a part of wit to rally women handsomly behind their backs, as to flatter 'em to their faces.

Oliv. But why do you make us poor women the subject of your mirth?

Wild. You are grown of late so uncharitable and villainous hard-hearted, are encompassed with so many difficulties, as decency, honour and reputation, that we men that love our pleasure, begin to hate you worse than beggars do a coach with the glasses drawn up, despair of relief, and fall a railing.

Oliv. And if some kind-hearted wretch do chance to relieve one of you, like beggars you tell it presently, and send more: I warrant y^e are fine fellows, a woman is well help'd up, that has one of you to her servant.

Wild. Nay don't put me in among 'em, I am a meer apostate, tho' not resolute enough to endure the Matyrdoms

doms of being continually laught at by half a score of 'em : All that I have done of late has been meer compliance ; as papists go to church, for fear of penalty.

Oliv. Pray, Sir, to what fair saint do you owe your conversion ?

Wild. Faith there are many in the world now would make you guess this half hour, telling you first the colour of her hair, her age, her country, and perhaps the first letter of her name ; But I hate that way of fooling—'tis yourself—whom I love.

Oliv. Impudent fellow ! don't you expect I should forbid you the house, or at least, for punishment of such rudeness, condemn your guilty passion to eternal silence and despair ? what ! men have liv'd years in desarts for their mistresses' sake, and yet have trembled when they spoke of love ; which you venture at with as little ceremony, as you'd ask me how I slept last night.

Wild. I know not what romances order in this cause, I ne'er thought it would be mine, and so han't much study'd it : But prithee don't baulk a young beginner ; 'tis my first fault, and so been't too severe, I shall relapse else beyond redemption.

Oliv. Well, I'm content for once your ignorance should plead your pardon.

Wild. Nay Mrs. *Olivia*, consider me a little further : I have lost the pleasures of mirth, of wine, and company ; all things that were before delightful to me, are no longer so ; my life is grown but one continued thought of your fair self ; and is a pardon all that I must hope for ?

Oliv. Come, leave your fooling, your old humour does better with you a thousand times than this whining love ; As there are some perfumes so strong, that they lose that name with most : So compliments may be so gross, that they become injurious.

Wild. Why here's it now ; there are so many cheats in this trade of love too, that like beggars, the true go unreliev'd, because we meet with now and then a counterfeit : On my life Mrs. *Olivia*, the plenty I have

ever liv'd in, puts me as much out of countenance to ask a charity of this kind, as I could be, should fortune constrain me to intreat one of the other; and would not trouble you, could my pain admit redress from any but yourself.

Oliv. Sure, Mr. *Willish*, you would think I had an excellent opinion of myself, or an implicit faith in whatever you say, should I believe all this now.

Wild. If I told a surgeon, I had broke my leg, do you think he would not take my word?

Oliv. Yes sure.

Wild. Why should not you take it then for a wounded heart? They are neither of 'em matters to brag on; and I would no more lead the life of a lover if I were free, than I would that of a sick man if I were well.

Oliv. Methinks the sick men, as you call 'em, live so like the well, as one can scarce know one from the other.

Wild. In your chamber, perhaps; but abroad we find a thousand differences.

Oliv. As how, I pray?

Wild. Why, your true lover leaves all company when the sport begins: The table when the bottles are call'd for; the gaming-house when the cards come up; is more afraid of an engagement than a lawyer in term-time; would less miss the last act of a play, the park, or indeed any abominable old ladies, where he may hope to see the party, than a young wench can Gray-Inn-Walks, the first Sunday of her new gown?

Oliv. What, is this all;

Wild. Not half: Ask him to sup, he has business; or if he promise, 'tis ten to one he fails, and if he sees his mistress, is so transported, that he forgets to send his excuse; if he cannot find her, and so chance to keep his word, sits in such dismal dumps, that he spoils the whole company.

Oliv. And will you be such an animal for my sake?

Wild. Faith I'm afraid so; but if not well us'd, I shall find the way home again.

Oliv.

Oliv. Whatever you think, Sir, I shall contribute no more to the keeping you my servant, than I did to the making you so.

Wild. Well, do but use as proper means to keep me your servant, as you have done to make me so, and I am satisfied.

Oliv. Why, what means?

Wild. As your beauty bred my affection, so let your kindness nourish it.

Oliv. Mr. Wildish, you have been so pleasant upon this new argument, that I had almost forgot my visit to Diana.

Wild. I'm upon equal terms with you there; for I have made Ned Eltridge and Harry Modish stay this half hour for me at the French house; and so your servant.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter ALTHEA.

Alth. Under what tyranny are women born !
 Here we are bid to love, and here to scorn :
 As if unfit to be allow'd a part
 In chusing him that must have all our heart ;
 Or that our liking, like a head-strong beast,
 Were made for nothing, but to be oppress'd :
 And below them in this regard we are,
 We may not fly the cruelty we fear :
 The horse may shake the rider from his back,
 The dog his hated master may forsake ;
 Yet nothing of their native worth impair,
 Nor any conscious sting about them bear :
 But if a virgin an escape contrive,
 She must for ever in dishonour live,
 Condemn'd within herself, despis'd of all,
 Into worse mischiefs than she fled from, fall ;
 Duty commands I should Horatio wed,
 Love does as strongly for Eugenio plead :

My mind, distracted thus, a storm abides,
Like seas, when winds blow full against their tides.

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Madam, methinks you look not pleas'd: I fear
My hapless passion did too late appear
For my content; and only now can prove
The wretched triumph of some elder love:
But, fair Althea, you were much to blame,
With your own breath to blow a hopeless flame:
Ah! had you to its childhood been severe,
As now to its full growth you cruel are,
'T had dy'd with half that pain it now must bear:
Young plants with ease up by the roots we tear;
But when well grown, the ax must be employ'd,
And they with force and labour are destroy'd.

Alth. Generous Horatio, forbear to blame
Me, as the cruel Author of your pain:
How could I know that you my lover were,
Until yourself your passion did declare?
How had it look'd in me to have complain'd
Of thoughts, perhaps, you never entertain'd?
How could I check, alas, those hopes in you,
Your heart did never harbour, that I knew?

Hor. Not know, *Althea*? Why should the same eyes
So slowly see, so suddenly surprise?
The very minute I beheld your face,
You might in mine my growing passion trace:
Now trembling fear did her pale colour spread,
Then springing hope brought back the native red:
Joy may been seen, and grief itself unfold,
And so my love, though it be never told;
In every look my passion was confess'd,
And every action my high flame express'd:
As foolish witnesses their cause o'erthrow;
My arts to hide it, did it clearer show.

Alth. But as fond parents will not seem to know
A fault they needs must punish when they do;
So I at first was loth to see a crime
In one, I otherwise did so esteem:
For know, *Horatio*, setting love apart,

None

None than yourself is deeper in my heart :
Your worth and honour I can value, though
I no requital to your flame allow.

Hor. You can give all things else above their due;
And yet wrong that which most belongs to you :
Madam, these words sooth with a cruel art
Where I less feel, and wound a mortal part :
With friendship and esteem you strive in vain,
Kind maid, to ease a lover of his pain :
For where your beauty once has rais'd a flame,
To offer less, and nothing, are the same.
Love and ambition of their aim deny'd.
No other way can e'er be satisfy'd.

Alb. You that could faithless to Victoria prove,
Methinks should blush even at the name of love ;
Her numerous charms your loud accusers are,
And call Horatio false, as she is fair.

Hor. You should with pity, not displeasure see
The change that your own self creates in me :
The Roman Senate had their greatness worn
Perhaps till now, had Cæsar ne'er been born :
Darius self could not his Persians blame,
Because that Alexander overcame :
In love, like war, some victor still there grows,
Whose spreading empire nothing can impose.

Alb. Countries are fixt, and cannot fly, although
They apprehend a certain overthrow :
Lovers the force they can't oppose, might shun,
And may with safety and with honour run :
Who then would pity him that stays to die,
When virtue and his duty bid him fly ?

Hor. *Albica*, in love's wars all heroes are,
Death does less terrible than flight appear ;
As gamesters, when they lose, still deeper set,
Helping ill fortune, to increase their debt :
So lovers, when a nymph gets half their heart,
Themselves, alas, betray the other part.

Alb. Victoria's wrongs my gratitude deter ;
Your gifts to me are robberies from her.

Hor. I came at first, *Althea*, 'tis most true,
With love to her, and but respect to you.
But, ah ! how soon within my tortur'd breast,
You of each others places are possesit !

Alth. Beauty, the wrongs of beauty should revenge,
And the fair punish, when the faithless change.

Hor. I change, *Althea*, but (as pious men
Become blest saints) never to change again :
If none your matchless beauty must adore,
But such alone as never lov'd before,
You do unjustly, and too high advance
In love th' already too great pow' of chance :
Since that you should their first affection be,
Let's you their fortune, not their passion see.

Alth. It lets me see they falsehood never knew,
And gives me leave to hope they will be true.

Hor. Sure none can faithless to such beauty prove
He that's in heaven can no higher move.

Alth. A lover's heaven in his fancy lies,
Which beauty oft neglects, and oft supplies.

Hor. 'Tis not, *Althea*, that you question mine,
But 'tis *Eugenio*'s faith does brighter shine ;
'Tis he that makes *Victoria*'s wrong your pain,
My love a crime, a virtue your disdain :
These tales of falsehood, and of former love
Reproaches only, where we like not, prove.

Alth. *Horatio*, I am glad your disrespect
Has turn'd so soon to justice my neglect :
You that reproach me with a former love,
Yourself unfit but for my anger prove.

[*Ex. Alth.*]

Hor. O stay awhile ! sure you must joy to see
The torture you're so pleas'd to work in me :
Not that I hope I shall your pity find,
But that the sight may glut your cruel mind :
Nature inconstant to her own designs,
To a fair form a cruel temper joins :
She make the heedless lover reel in vain,
And in loves temple to adore disdaine.

[*Ex. Hor.*]

Enter

Enter Sir SAMUEL FORECAST and JACK WILDISH.

Fore. When I am to see your fair and wealthy cousin, Mr. Wildish?

Wild. This minute if you please, sir.

Fore. I doubt you are not stirring in the business; you do not lay the necessity of marrying home enough to her: I might have got access e'er now else, and our council have been drawing the writings..

Wild. It must be done by degrees: If I should have been too forward, it might have caus'd in her a suspicion of my purpose, and so my worthy friend Sir Samuel have come to her upon some prejudice; which I would not for half her fortune.

Fore. Pray, Mr. Wildish, is she so concern'd for her late husband, as the world talks?

Wild. Ten times more: looks upon his picture all day long, as earnestly as if she were to copy it: since he dy'd, has us'd no pocket-handkerchiefs, but what were made out of his old shirts, and wets two in a day of 'em with her tears: because he dy'd on a Monday, fasts that day of the week: takes none into her service but Thomas's, because, 'twas his christian name; and has now sent into Wales for a Thomas ap Thomas to be he gentleman usher.

Fore. 'Tis strange she shou'd so affect his name! what think you then, if you call me Sir Thomas Forecast?

Wild. Faith, Sir, what you please; but I think it will be altogether needless, and if she shou'd come to discover it, might spoil all, s'light, she might mistrust your particular, if shou'd find you put a trick upon her in your name.

Fore. Well, I'll be rul'd by you, Mr Wildish, you know her humour best.

Wild. I can't but think how she'll look upon me when I talk to her of another husband; but I'll venture, Sir

Samuel, to serve you. Come let's away, her house is hard by.

[*They enter the Widow's House.*]

Wild. I show the way, Sir.

[*They find her looking upon her Husband's Picture, and does not seem'em*]

Fore. Excellent woman, she sees us not! O the endless treasure of a virtuous wife! It extends even to our memories, and pictures.

[*Wildish goes up and speaks to her.*]

Wild. Madam, here is Sir Samuel Forcast come to wait on you.

Wid. Sir I hope you'll pardon me, if I have let my grief employ any part of that time which was due to my acknowledgment for this favour; you were my husband's friend, and as such will ever be most welcome to me; and though his too scrupulous kindness allow'd me not the acquaintance, scarce the sight of any man, yet I did always place a value where he gave his esteem, especially so highly as he did to you.

Fore. Madam, I am much bound to you for your good opinion, and come to condole with you: Your husband was an honest, and a wealthy gentleman, kept good hours, and even reckonings, lov'd me well, and we have drank many a dish of coffee together.

Wid. Sir, whilst you repeat his virtues, you do but count my loss, and telling me how good he was, makes me but more sensibly want him.

Fore. He and I were just of an age, and we were boys of a strength.

Wid. And what of that, Sir?

Wild. Why, cousin, it makes me think that Sir Samuel would make as loving a husband to you, as your last was, and I'll swear it troubles me heartily to see thy pretty coz, here not yet out of danger of smooth fac'd younger brothers, such as marry wives onlp to keep wenches, and never bring them to town but to pass away some part of their estates.

Fore.

Fore. Some such there are : but heaven blefs the estate and widow of my good friend your husband out of such hands.

Will. Now I have brought you together, I'll leave you ; cousin, you are not afraid to be left with Sir Samuel? [Exit.

Wid. I know his virtue, and my own too well.

Fore. Don't you find, madam, business very troublesome ?

Wid. I do indeed, and have the misfortune to be involv'd in it.

Fore. Have you many law-suits ?

Wid. But one considerable, which being with a man in power, in these corrupt times, a woman unfriended and unknown as I am, must expect to lose.

Fore. Of what value ?

Wid. Five thousand pounds : I shall have enough left however, to make me happy with a man that loves me.

Fore. Enough left ! such another word would make me forswear, not only thee but thy whole sex ! five thousand pounds well disposed, why I tell thee, 'tis able to procure us judgments on half the young prodigals of this age ; thou and I might live comfortably on the forbearance money, and let the interest run on.

Wid. I did but put the worst, not that I doubt my title, if I have common justice.

Fore. No, thou shalt secure thy title, I am a near kinsman to the judge, add a by-way to his favour.

Wid. How do you mean ?

Fore. Why I have many times bought a thousand pounds worth of other men's lands of him for a hundred.

Wid. I would not corrupt justice for a world.

Fore. What agen widow ? nay then I perceive thou do'st it on purpose to lose my heart : But to say truth, it were unreasonable to expect thy tender years should understand the true worth of money, so far, that for its sake to trample on those unprofitable and foolish principles the honourable beggars of former times governed their lives by : But thou wilt one day know, that age hath

hath its beauties too, as well as youth, and more universally ador'd.

Wid. Gravity and wisdom, Sir, I know men may expect, but our sex has no pretence to them.

Forc. No, wealth and power, widow, which awe the grave and wise: gold and silver are the best red and white; the other, every milk-maid may boast equal with a countess.

Enter Sir JOHN EVERYOUNG, MODISH, and ESTRIDGE
with Fiddles playing.

Wid. What rude fellow's that?

Ever. Hold, let's parlee first.

[*To the Music.*

Faith widow, one that loves you but too well.

Wid. Love me! upon what acquaintance? I ne'er saw your face before in my days.

Ever. And do'st thou like it now?

Wid. Not so well as your self, you may be confident.

Ever. All this shan't cross my honest purpose, I came in mere charity to prevent thy ruin; and if thou be't not lost to all sense and reason, nay even all natural appetite, I'll do it.

Wid. I know no ruin near, this the worst accident has befallen me a good while.

Ever Hear me but out, and thou shalt bless it; canst thou be such a traitor to flesh and blood, as to count it nothing to be joined to that old trunk there? If he encrease or multiply, it must be thy bags; Interest, and brokerage are his best instruments.

Wid. You don't consider that all this might be as well applied to your sweet self.

Ever. Yes, most properly; why 'tis that makes me hate matrimony, and puts me at a distance with, To have and to hold; I confess my tick is not good, and I never desire to game for more than I have about me. Now second me.

Mod. The minute you marry, widow, you are not worth a groat, all is your husband's; and if hereafter you shall

shall come to a sense of your unequal choice, and endeavour to repair it in some young and worthy friend; the old gentleman takes pet, turns you over to a tedious suit for alimony, which your friend furnishes you with money to follow for a while, and in time grows weary of it himself.

Estr. Then like an old gamester, that has lost all he has upon the square, your only way is to turn rook and play upon advantage.

Wid. Why, do you know these gentlemen?

Forc. I, to my shame, the ring-leader of 'em is my brother, there is no remedy but patience.

Wid. Gentlemen, you talk at a strange rate for the first time; but whomever I marry, my virtue will secure him of my constancy.

Mod. Pray madam, don't prophane that honourable name; 'tis meer obstinacy to an old man, a fault methinks you have too ingenuous a countenance to be guilty of.

Ever. If thou should'st be so improvident, as to neglect the comfort of a gallant, thou'llt never 'scape the scandal, having such a husband.

Mod. If you are precise, madam, they'll give you your chaplain; if you love business, your lawyer; if you keep a gentleman usher, you are undone.

Estr. If you take some honest gentleman (which by my troth I think is your best course) upon the first hard journey, as the world goes now, 'tis ten to one he falls lame of an old bruise.

Wid. You are very tender of my credit; if you had been as careful, gentlemen, of your own sobriety, I fear I had miss'd all this good counsel.

Ever. O! are you edified? it is good counsel then, and for the warmth that ripen'd us to this care of thee, be thankful, and enquire no further. But brother, methinks you are over serious for a man that comes a suitoring.

Wid. He does not find your mirth take so well.

Enter WILDISH apart.
Wild.

Wild. 'Slight here's Sir John Everyyoung, he'll spoil all, if I dont take him off instantly.

WILD. goes out, and brings three of the widow's maids.

Fore. Brother, brother, these frolics do you no right in the eye of the world.

Ever. Hang the World, give me the pretty black eye of the widow. [A song.]

Wild. Gentlemen, here's work for you.

Ever. A mufs, a mufs! You see Wildish, we found the house, though you wou'd not tell us where it was, 'tis dangerous to give a hint to men of our parts. Brother, take your widow, shew her you are so far qualified towards a bridegroom, as to lead a country dance.

Wid. I'll have no dancing in my house.

Fore. You see they are a little merry, humour 'em in this, they'll be gone the sooner.

Wid. Well Sir Samuel Forecast, any thing to serve you.

[They dance, and FORECAST steals away.]

Mod. Sir Samuel gone?

Ever. Faith then the sport's at the best, let's all be gone: farewell widow, I have done my part, if thouallest now, say thou hadst fair warning.

[Exeunt omnes.]



A C T III.

SCENE I.

Enter EUGENIO *and* PHILANDER.

Eug. **D**EAR friend, I am in doubt whether I shall
This scape, a blessing or misfortune call;
Since now I live to hear Althea must
Be to her duty, or to me unjust:
Ye powers that were so kind my life to spare,
Oh why was not my love as much your care?
You sav'd my life, that I might live to feel
Despair can wound as mortally as steel:
My cause till now my antidote has been
'Gainst all the mischief it could plunge me in:
The strictest prison I have freedom thought,
And been on scaffolds without terror brought;
But these few words (Althea is a bride)
More wound my soul than can the world beside.

Phil. Why does Eugenio fancies entertain,
That are Althea's wrongs, and his own pain?
Like boys, who in the dark strange shapes create
In their own brain, themselves to tremble at:
Despair's the portion of the damn'd below,
And in a gen'rous mind should never grow:
Trust to Althea's virtue, trust her love,
And you will safe in either of 'em prove.

Eug. But sure no friend could so my quiet hate,
As this report, of nothing, to create.

Phil.

Phil. Perhaps her father does no less intend,
And she, awhile, her answer may suspend:
Not that her virtue doubts what it shall do,
But that she may gain time to speak with you:
Ev'ry black cloud does not with thunder swell,
Nor ev'ry symptom a disease foretel:
Some storms blow over: tho' thy fate appear
Thus gloomy now, anon it may be clear.

Eug. It may, but who can unconcerned be,
A tempest heard, and his whole wealth at sea?
I with more ease all other harms could bear,
Than of Althea's loss but simply hear.

Phil. All that we hear, we are not to believe.

Eug. Our hopes do oftner than our fears deceive.

Phil. The advantage man o'er beasts in reason gets,
He pays with interest in fond conceits:
They cannot fear misfortune till it fall,
And when 'tis gone remember't not at all:
But man 'gainst his own rest in battle plac'd,
Feels mischiefs e'er they come, and when they're past.
The smiles of fortune you so false have found,
Methinks, you should not mind her when she frown'd;
How would Althea's virtues grieve to find
Themselves, suspected in Eugenio's mind!
Like Princes murder'd on the royal throne,
Where, till that minute, they had brightest shone.

Eug. Sure my Althea cannot disapprove
These fears that spring but from excess of love:
Of love and courage none too much can share.

Phil. But 'tis their use, that does their worth declare;
Courage, when brutal, ceases to be brave,
And love, grown jealous, can no merit have.

Eug. A higher mark of love there cannot be,
We doubt no lover, whom we jealous see.

Phil. So fevers are of life sure proofs we know,
And yet our lives they often overthrow:
Diseases, though well cur'd, our bodies mar,
And fears, although remov'd, our loves impair:
True love, like health, should no disorder know.

Eug.

Eug. But who, alas ! such love or health can show ?
 Our passions, like ourselves, are fram'd to die.
 And have still something they must perish by :
 We none (brave friend) for being hapless blame,
 But all allow, 'tis baseness to be tame :
 He that has rais'd this tempest in my mind,
 Shall in the billows his own ruin find :
 I'll fight him instantly, and make him know,
 I am not more his rival than his foe.

Phil. Thy life, alas (dear friend's) no longer thine,
 Thou hast engag'd it in a brave design ;
 Thy bleeding country, and thy prince's right,
 Are the only quarrels that thy sword should fight ;
 If you into the tyrant's hands should fall,
 'Twould pull a sudden ruin on us all :
 Which, if you stir, we may have cause to fear,
 Since tyrants eyes and hands are ev'ry where.

Eug. Now thou hast toucht me in the tender'st part,
 Tho' love posses, honour must rule my heart :
 My nation's fate's too great a sacrifice
 For me to make, tho' to Althea's eyes ;
 No, I am calm'd, and happy am to have
 A friend so full of temper when I rave ;
 And hope the gods, whilst I my own neglect,
 To fight their quarrel, will my love protect. *Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Enter VICTORIA and OLIVIA.

Vic. Sister, I doubt we are a little too free with our servants, this Modish, and his friend Estridge : few plays gain audience by being in print ; and fewer women get husbands by being too much known.

Oliv. But ours are most accomplish'd monsieurs, must be assaulted on all parts e'er they'll yield ; must have their

their ears charm' as well as eyes: 'twere ill husbandry in a mercer to be too thrifty in his patterns, it often disparages a good stuff: and too great reservedness in one of us, especially at the first, might have a discouragement to our further acquaintance.

Vid. Now might I have my wish, I would come all new, nay my voice and name should not be known: where I would be lik'd, I would have the few charms I am mistress of, make their assault at an instant, all at one time:

For sure Horatio did their pow'r subdue,
By conqu'ring one, e'er he another knew.

Oliv. Fye, sister, think no more of him: but to the matter in hand, who ever caught any thing with a naked hook? nothing venture, nothing win, and for my part I am resolv'd to allow all innocent liberty: this matrimony is a pill will scarce go down with a young man without gilding; let *Esfridge* believe I am in love with him, and when he leaves me he'll find I am not.

Enter to them WILDISH.

Wild. So he will, when he marries you, or I am deceiv'd, madam.

Vid. What, turn'd eves-dropper, Mr. Wildish?

Wild. No ladies, but your heads are so taken up with these heirs apparent, that you can't see a younger brother when he comes into the room.

Oliv. Not when our backs are towards him, but otherwise as an elder, any where but before a parson.

Wild. You are in the right; jointure, and allowance for cloaths, have clearly got the better of us: dear madam, I consider not your portion, but your person; give your estate where you please, so you will but settle your affection upon me, my fate depends upon your answer, and the like artillery of unlanded lovers: but I never re-
pine

pine at that, for fine women, like great tables, tho' they are maintained by men of fortunes, are never open to men of parts.

Oliv. Why now, Wildish, you talk like yourself again; ever since I saw you last, I have been in terrible apprehension of a whining copy of verses.

Wild. Expectation you mean, madam, but 'tis not come to that yet; tho' I talk a little extravagantly when I see you, I am not so thorow-pac'd a lover but I can express myself in prose.

Vict. But you, being a new convert, can't give too many marks of your devotion: and I should mistrust I were not as I ought to be in my servant's heart, if did not run sometimes in his head, and then verses follow infallibly.

Wild. Faith, madam, that's much as the head lies: there are some you may search every cranny over, and not find three thimes; very good lovers too; and, to say truth, 'tis unreasonable a man should be put to seek fresh words, to express that to his mistress, which has been as well said already by somebody else. I think 'tis very fair if he set his hand to't and that I am ready to do to the most passionate copy of verses you can find.

Oliv. How much love and constancy will you engage for then?

Wild. As much as you can find in that paper there.

[He gives a paper to OLIVIA, she gives it to VICTORIA.]

Oliv. Sister, here read 'em, I shall put the accent in the wrong place, stop out of place, or one mischief or other, and so put my poor servant into an agony.

Vict. To a very young lady. [Reads the title.]

Oliv. That's I, Wildish; come you have been dabbling: proceed, sister, I fear 'em not, I have no more pity on a rhiming lover, than on a baggar that begs in a tone.

Vict.

Vid. Are not these verses somewhat too weak to alone?

Wild. Faith, madam, I'm of yor mind; put a tune to 'em, 'tis an easy stanza.

VICTORIA sings.

I.

*A*H Chloris? that I now could fit
As unconcern'd, as when
Your infant beauty could beget
No pleasure nor no pain.

II.

When I the dawn us'd to admire,
And prais'd the coming day,
I little thought the growing fire
Must take my rest away.

III.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay,
Like metals in the mine:
Age from no face took more away,
Than youth conceal'd in thine.

IV.

But as your charms insensibly
To their perfections prest,
Fond love as unperceiv'd did fly,
And in my bosom rest.

VMy

V.

*My passion with your beauty grew,
And Cupid of my heart,
Still as his mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming dart.*

VI.

*Each glory'd in their wanton part:
To make a lover, he
Employ'd the utmost of his art,
To make a beauty, she.*

VII.

*Though now I slowly bend to love,
Uncertain of my fate,
If your fair self my chains approve,
I shall my freedom hate.*

VIII.

*Lovers, like dying men, may well
At first disorder'd be;
Since none alive can truly tell
What fortune they might see.*

Serv. There's an old gentleman below in a chair enquires for Mr. Wildish, as fine as an emperor; my master Sir John is nobody to him; as he peeped through the glass, I thought it was Sir Samuel Forecast.

Pier. It is impossible it should be he.

Wild. Yes faith it is ladies, I am privy to the plot.

Oliv. Good Mr. Wildish bring him up, I would give any thing to see him.

Wild.

Wild. Do you step into that closet then, for I must swear the coast is clear : set the door a little open, and you may see him perfectly : his bravery on my word is not design'd for this place ; and he is so politic, that he will think your seeing him may be a prejudice to his design.

[*WILDISH goes out, and brings in Sir SAMUEL FORECAST.*

Wild. Sir Samuel, now you shine indeed ; my cousin will be ravish'd to see you transform yourself thus for her sake.

Fore. She is a tender piece, and tho' her discretion helps her to conceal it, in her heart cannot but love a little bravery : I have two laces in a seam more than my brother Everyyoung, and a yard more in my cravat.

Wild. Nay, you are most exact, and in this dress methinks not unlike Sir John.

Fore. I came only to show myself to you, and am for my widow presently : Shall I have your company.

Wild. I have a little business here, but I'll be with you by that time you are there ; I see you came in a chair.

Fore. Do you think I had a mind to have the boys follow me in the streets ? pray be secret, Mr. Wildish, for I would have nobody know I am in this dress but yourself, and your fair cousin, for a world ; and therefore I will make haste from hence, do you follow me according to your promise.

[*Exit.*

Wild. I shall, Sir Samuel.

Oliv. I never saw a city bridegroom so friz'd, so lac'd, so perfum'd, and so powder'd in my life.

Via. I think verily he was painted too ; I vow I should not have known his worship, if you had not given us a hint of his bravery before.

Wild. Well, I must recover my old knight : Farewel ladies.

Oliv. Pray be here anon, and give us an account of this adventure.

Via. Certainly it must be very pleasant.

Wild. I shall obey you ladies.

[*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Sir JOHN EVERYOUNG; VICTORIA and OLIVIA laughing.

Ever. Hey day ! what are the girls mad ?

Vict. No, Sir, but I think my uncle Forecast's little better.

Ever. Why, what of him ?

Oliv. He is, Sir, at this time the greatest spark in London ; drest so like you, that if his condition requir'd it, I should think, Sir, he were going to a scrivener to personate you for a good sum.

Ever. Well, I'll handsel his new cloaths, and put him as much out of conceit with bravery as ever he was in his life : boy, call in the three prentices were brought before me for breaking windows last night.

Enter three Prentices.

I suppose, young men, you would not scruple at a small piece of service to the man that should procure your liberties.

Omnes. Free us, and command us any thing.

Ever. Well then follow me, and when I show you a certain chair, take the gentleman out of it and cudgel him ; I'll be at a little distance, and if you want help, be ready to assist you : besure you call him Sir John Everyoung, and tell him of a lady he affronted

1st. Pren. We shall call him what you please, and beat him as much as you please.

[Exit VICTORIA and OLIVIA.]

Scene Changes.

FORECAST coming by in his chair.

Ever. That's the chair.

[They take out FORECAST and cudgel him.]

Fore. If you have humanity, if you had women to your mothers, be more merciful, gentlemen, I never injur'd you, nor saw any of you in my life.

E

Pren.

Pren. I perceive, Sir John Everyoung, you have forgot the affront you did a lady last night.

Fore. What affront, Sir, what lady?

Pren. The affront, Sir, was a great affront, and the lady a great lady, that thinks fit to have you beaten for't.

Fore. You mistake, gentlemen, you mistake; for as I am a true servant to the state, I never did kindness or injury to any lady since I was in commission.

2d. Pren. A true servant to the state, and a man in authority! he shall have three kicks more for that.

Enter ESTRIDGE and MODISH.

Estr. What, three upon one! who e're he be, the cause becomes a gentleman: let's rescue him at all adventures.

[They draw, the Prentices run away.]

Fore. Estridge and Modish! nay then I am utterly undone, I have only scap'd a little more beating, to be laugh'd at as long as I live.

Estr. Sir, we are very happy that our occasions led us this way, since it has given us an opportunity of serving a gentleman, especially oppress'd by odds.

Fore. I shall take some other time, if you will let me know where to wait on you, to give you thanks for this your seasonable assistance: now gentlemen, my hurts require a chirurgion.

[He offers to go away.]

Mod. Nay, Sir, take your hat and sword along with you; there they be: I never heard any man speak so like Sir Samuel Forecast in my life.

[He looks a little for them.]

Estr. But he is dress'd very like Everyoung; a meer medley between the two brothers: but we'll see who he is before we go,

Mod. Have you receiv'd any hurt in your face, that you cover it with your handkerchief?

Fore. A slight one only.

Estr. I have sympathy powder about me, if you will give me your handkerchief while the blood is warm, 'twill cure it immediately.

[MODISH snatches it off and discovers him.]

Estr. Sir Samuel Forecast! why do you hide yourself thus from your friends? we expected nothing for our pains, neither is your hurt so dangerous, but it might endure the air.

Mod. Methinks you should rather have hid yourself from your enemies: but, Sir Samuel, whatever the matter is, I never saw a man so fine in all my life.

Fore. Now the brokers take all fine cloaths, and the gaol all that love 'em; they have help'd me to a fine beating.

Estr. Why do you think the rogues would have had more mercy on your high crown'd hat, black cap, and boots?

Fore. No, but they took me for my brother Ever-young, who, it seems, has lately affronted a lady, and I suffer for it.

Mod. The best advice we can give you, is to go home and shift, for fear of more mishaps.

Estr. Farewel, Sir Samuel.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



A C T IV.

SCENE I. *The Mulberry Garden.**Enter JACK WILDISH.*

Wild. I WAS to blame no earlier to use myself to these women of honour, as they call 'em; for now, like one that never practis'd swimming, upon the first occasion I am lost: there are men would have fool'd with Olivia, and fool'd her too, perhaps by this time, without ever engaging in one serious thought: your good fencer always thrusts in guard; he's but a novice that receives hit for hit: this Modish and Estridge, I know not what to make of their continual visits; methings love and jealousy come too quick upon a man in one day,

Enter MODISH and ESTRIDGE.

Here come the men; they are open enough to let me know all at large; but I would fain contrive it, that the ladies might be witnesses of their servant's most invincible secrecy; I'll steal off ere I'm seen, and think on't.

*Enter VICTORIA, and OLIVIA; as goes
out he meets them,*

Wild. Slip into that arbor, ladies, and trust me for once for a quarter of an hour's diversion.

Oliv. Pray sister let us go, he has somewhat in his head, I'm confident.

*[He puts them into an arbor, and meets
MODISH in a walk.*

Wild.

Wild. Your Servant, Mr. Modish.

Mod. O, your servant.

Estr. Your servant, Mr. Wildish.

Wild. What, is there store of game here, gentlemen?

Mod. Troth little or none; a few citizens that have brought their children out to air 'em, and eat cheese-cakes.

Wild. I thought this place had been so full of beauties, that like a pack of hounds in a hare warren, you could hunt one for another: what think you of an arbor and a bottle of rhenish?

[WILDISH brings 'em to the next arbor to the ladies.]

Estr. I like the motion well.

Wild. And how go the ladies? will they go abroad alone? are they come to kissing yet?

Estr. What ladies?

Wild. Why Sir John's daughters.

Mod. You are merry, Mr. Wildish.

Wild. I should be so indeed, if it were with me as it is with you, gentlemen, that have two such fine women in love with you, and every night sitting up together till morning.

Mod. I go only to entertain Victoria in meer friendship to Ned Estridge; 'tis he that is the happy man.

Estr. 'Tis a part of friendship that you discharge very willingly and very effectually; for sometimes we see neither of you in an hour, and then you return, exclaiming against the heat of the weather, and cruelty of your mistress.

Wild. What, that she kept him a little too hard to'r, or so?

Mod. Fie, Wildish, they are women of honour.

Wild. Well, here's their health, to make them amends: and faith they lose none with me in being civil to an honest gentleman, 'tis the only wealth is left poor women to exercise their good nature with: a friend at court may get you a place, a general of an army give you an employment, a bishop a church living, and a fair lady a good turn; every one in their way; and I hold him un-

grateful that buries an obligation of any sort in silence : besides, 'twere meer robbery to your friends, not to let 'em rejoice in your good fortune.

Mod. But say I have made a vow to the contrary ; not that there is, or ever was any such good fortune ; and women's favours, like the gifts of fairies, if once spoke of, vanish.

Wild. O, your servant ; what say you Estridge ? are you under a vow too, or are the favours you have receiv'd, only such as the hope of further obliges you to secrecy for a while ? but you are so serious, I doubt you intend to commit matrimony.

Estr. Not as long as I can have simple fornication for love or money : I am not for those ladies that deal by wholesale, a bit off the spit serves my turn as well as the whole joint, and methinks has a prettier relish.

Wild. That is, metaphorically saying, you have sped with your Mistress ; my service [*Drinks to him*] to you, remembering the bit off the spit : and how, is she buxom ? does she think happiness consists in motion, or in rest ? what sect of philosophers is she of ?

Estr. A Pythagorean ; I, Sir, in all these cases say nothing.

Wild. Nay, you had as good speak out now, and make me your confidant.

[*MODISH takes ESTRIDGE aside.*]

Mod. Jack Wildish is an honest fellow ; 'tis not a pin matter what we say to him ; and they are two of the prettiest women in town : it sounds handsomely to boast some familiarity ; you understand me : he knows 'em not, and will never find us out : I'll begin with him—I wonder, Wildish, we could never get you along with us ; the ladies have not vow'd virginity, they are not such bugbears as you take 'em for.

Wild. I take 'em for honest women, or which is e'en as bad, pretenders to it.

Estr. There is no harm in pretending to it ; that like a high price, only serves to keep off ill company.

Wild. Yes, yes, I know what kind of cattle they are well

well enough ; there's no having a simple kiss amongst 'em without a journey into the country ; nor getting 'em abroad without a filter, or a cousin at least ; and then they must be at home too by ten o'clock, have the syllabubs and tarts brought into the coach to 'em ; drink more sugar than wine, and so foul all the glasses ; put you to four or five pounds charge, and let you see nothing but themselves that's man's meat for't : I have been once or twice plagu'd with such animals as these.

Mod. Can't thou imagine, Wildish, we would fool away our time with such shadows of women as thou describ'it ? we have solid and substantial pleasures.

Wild. What ! a ribbon, or a lock of hair, I warrant.

Mod. No, two young juicy girls, that stick as close to us, as bark to a tree, and part as unwillingly from us, as green fruit does from the stone, and all this through the reputation of sober and discreet servants to their pleasure ; If such a scandalous fellow as thou come into the house without our introduction, the ladies would cry out, O my honour ! as far as they could see.

Wild. Methinks Sir John Everyoung (an old smell smock as he is) should take the alarm, and so remove these so juicy girls.

Estr. I hope you don't think we mean his daughters all this while ? (that were a trick indeed) we speak of two ladies that shall be nameless.

Wild. Faith, gentlemen, I can speak of none such, for all my acquaintance have two or three names apiece, I assure you.

Mod. Well, Jack, to return your civility in the last health you began, here's to all those incomparable ladies, that, like Roman conquerors, have two or three names a-piece : But if thou would leave rambling, thou wouldst lose nothing by it : there's as hard drinking in gentlemen's houses now a-days, as at taverns, and as hot service in many a ladies chamber, as at Gifford's.

Wild. But how should a man do to get into reputation ? there are your men of fashion, as well as stuffs, and they go out again nobody knows how.

Mod. 'Tis true, in the first place you must shake hands with your old friends Hoquemore and Burgundy for a while : leave your chaste ling and la fronds, dine with my lord such a one, one day : my lady what d'ye call 'em another ; and be sure to talk on it the next company you come into : drink wine and water at table, a dish of tea after dinner, like nothing but what is French before the ladies, lose your money very much like a gentleman to 'em in the afternoon, and the work's done.

Wild. This is a hard chapter.

Estr. If thou knew'st once the pleasure of such a sprightly girl as Olivia, the kind quarrels, the fondness, the pretty fullness after a little absence, which must be charm'd out of it with kisses, and those thousand other devices that make a lover's happiness, thou would'st think all this as easy, as lying a-bed in the country in a wet morning.

Mod. Or if he could but see Victoria's reservedness a little mollified, and brought to hand with a good supper and the fiddles.

Estr. Or Olivia in her morning dress, with her guitar, singing to it most enticingly ; and then as kind in her discourse, her little breasts swelling and pouting out, as they came half way to be kiss'd.

Mod. Or the other's haughty look melted into smiles, the pretty combat of pride and pleasure in her face at some certain times.

Estr. My mistress is in the very spring of beauty.

Mod. And mine in the midsummer of perfection.

Estr. Mine is——

Wild. Nay gentlemen, one at once, and no quarrelling I beseech you ; you are happy men both, and have reason to be in love with your sweet lives : but I thought Victoria had so obstinately doated on her old servant Horatio, that there had been more hope of winning a widow at her husband's funeral, than of any favour from her now.

Mod. People will be talking, but on my word she'll ne'er break her heart for Horatio ; I and my fellow-labourer Time, have done his business.

Wild.

Wild. You are the great masters of your art ; these are the two beauties that the whole town runs mad after.

Estr. We know it, we know it ; and its no small part of our felicity, to have that lord send his coach and six to carry 'em to the Park ; this gentleman offering to play at Angel-beast with them, tho' he scarce know the cards, and has no more visible estate than what he may lose at a sitting : a third begging to give 'em the four and twenty violins, which his father in the country hears of, and disinherits for : whilst the ladies put 'em off with some slight excuses, and send the whole town over after us.

Wild. You have 'em, it seems, in most excellent order.

Mod. O there's no true pleasure but in your person of quality ; the other love all men so well, they can love none best : they are indeed (like your more generous creatures) somewhat hard to tame ; but I have seen a lion as gentle as an ox ; time and industry will do any thing.

Estr. Come, drink a glass round.

Mod. I can't get down a drop of this wine more without a frolick.

Wild. Every man name the woman that has oblig'd him last, and drink all their healths in a brimmer.

Mod. Content : begin Estridge.

Estr. Olivia : now Modish name yours.

Mod. Victoria, Victoria : we must have your person too, Wildish.

Wild. Mrs. Betty.

Mod. Betty what ?

Wild. Nay faith, I can go no further, and may very well be mistaken in that too.

Estr. Here's a lock of hair, shall I dip it for one glass more ?

Wild. Whose is it first ?

Estr. Olivia's, whose should it be ? black as jet, and shining as her eyes ; here's her picture too in little.

(*Wildish* *sops* a little *aside*, and looks upon it.)

Wild. O impudence ! his sister's picture, he forgot he shew'd me a month ago ; this lock of hair produc'd so confidently, frighted me a little, till I saw the colour.

Enter to them Snappum.

Snap. Gentlemen, I beg your pardon for pressing thus rudely in your company ; but the business concerns no less than all my fortunes : I've been long a suitor to a rich widow, and have at last prevail'd with her to marry me suddenly.

Estr. What is that to us, sir ?

Snap. Wildish, you'll I hope make my excuse to your friends : coming into the garden about half an hour ago, I lost a bracelet of her hair, wrought with her own hands, so that there's no deceiving her with a counterfeit : a waiter here tells me, he saw one of you take up such a thing.

Wild. Is this it ?

Estr. That's mine, and compos'd of hair so dear to me, that I would fight with Hector, the top of your order, for the least of 'em.

Snap. And I with Hercules for mine : but pray Mr. Wildish let me see it ; if it be that I look for no body will quarrel for't, for 'tis full of grey hairs, I assure you.

Wild. Shall he see it ?

Estr. No.

Wild. I'll make bold for once tho'. *[Shows it him.]*

Snap. 'Tis my old woman's.

Wild. By the mark I'll swear, for 'tis as grizled as a silver-hair'd rabbit ; I may venture to let him have it, Estridge, I suppose, mayn't I ?

Estr. Yes, yes, now I remember me, I sent mine to have a new string put to it.

[Snappum goes off, Wildish follows him a little way.]

Wild. Adieu, *Snappum.*

Snap. Are any of these gentlemen good bubbles, Mr. Wildish.

Wild. What do I know, you had best ask 'em.

Snap.

Snap. No, I thank you, fir, I can be satisfied on easier terms; but you were always a lover of ingenuity, pray tell me?

Wild. Away, away. [*Ex. Snap. Wild. returns.* I'm sorry your mistress has grey hairs so young, I doubt you are not kind to her, Estridge?

Mod. Nay, Wildish, don't insult upon a mistake.

[*Estridge is out of countenance, and looking up and down, sees the women in the next arbor.*

Estr. I think we have neighbours in the next arbor, and fine women, they seem to be in their masks.

Mod. Let's entertain 'em—What, ladies, come a padding for hearts here in your vizards? a pretty device to make a man in love with he can't tell who.

Estr. What, rob us of our liberties without one word? not so much as, stand and deliver?

Oliv. If we should rob you of your hearts, gentlemen, 'twere but petty larceny; Victoria and Olivia would never send hue and cry after us.

Mod. You know us, madam?

Oliv. Yes, gentlemen, somewhat better than we did this morning, tho' I always suppos'd no less.

Estr. Than what?

Oliv. Than that you were the vainest coxcombs in the whole town; fellows that would hate a woman that were kind to you, because she takes from you the pleasure of belying her.

Estr. Olivia?

Oliv. The very same, fir, whose picture you have in your pocket, and about whose hair you had like to have quarrell'd so manfully but now; who sends all the town after you, and puts others off with slight excuses; the obliging lady, whose health you drank by that name.

Estr. 'Twas another Olivia I meant, one I knew abroad.

Viſt. And another Victoria that you meant, *Mod.*

Mod. Right, right, my landlady's daughter at the Cheval d'Or, since gone into a monastery.

Oliv. The daughters of a French Everyyoung, I warrant too.

Estr. La Jeunesse was their father, which is all one with Everyyoung in English.

Mod. On our honours, ladies, we were ever most tender of your dear credits, and are heartily sorry our mistresses chance to be of your names.

Oliv. Pray will you do me the favour to let me see my picture, I'm confident 'tis very like me.

Estr. Your French name-fake's you mean, madam ; that mal-adroit Wildish let it fall and broke the crystal, and I sent it just now away to have a new one put to it, as I hope to be sav'd, madam.

Mod. But, madam, could you think me so senseless, as to discourse of you at this rate ? here's Jack Wildish has heard us speak of these wenches a hundred times.

Wild. 'Slight these fellows [Wildish apart. will lie themselves into credit again, if I han't a care of 'em instantly : gentlemen, I understand no winks, the few lies I'll venture upon I am resolv'd to keep for my own use.

Estr. Prithee Wildish help us but this once.

Wild. No, no, go on, methinks you are in a very fair way ; I am a stranger, the ladies won't mind what I say.

Oliv. Yes, yes, we'll take your word.

Wild. Why then ladies, I assure you, upon the honour of a gentleman, and by my friendship to those worthy persons, I dare answer, they are too much servants to discourse so long of any thing but yourselves ; and for the French women, you know as much of 'em as I, having never heard a tittle of 'em till this minute.

Via. You have brought a very sufficient witness with you gentlemen, we do believe him.

Mod. Ours is not the first good cause has been lost by ill witnesses : but I perceive, ladies, you don't know Jack Wildish, he is the veriest droll in the whole town, has a hundred of these fetches.

Estr. Pox on't, thou must bring all off yet.

[To Wildish apart.
Wild.

Wild. Faith my conscience won't give me leave to deceive a lady in a friend's behalf: to do it now, and in my own, is all I can obtain of it. [*aloud.*]

Estr. S'death, Sir--- [*Estr. comes up to Wildish.*]

Wild. Nay *Estridge*, no huffing, you know I mind it not, and 'tis uncivil to fright your mistresses.

Mod. But that we are two to one, and scorn advantages, you should not carry it off thus.

Wild. I should be more afraid if you were three to one; but some other time for these matters.

Oliv. Never blame *Wildish*, we were all the while in the next arbour, so that if he had taken your cue never so ready, 't had done you little service.

Vid. Gentlemen, this matter will bear no more railery; we are sensible of our honours, and the injury your extravagant discourse might have done us, with any but so worthy a person as Mr. *Wildish*; but he, we are confident understands himself too well to have any ill thought of us from your vanity: we can do no less than forbid you our house, and pray forbear it without further ceremony.

Wildish takes Victoria, Estridge offers to take

Olivia, she refuses.

Oliv. No, Sir, you'll say I come to pick you up in the garden one time or other.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SIR SAMUEL FORECAST, *above.*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, there are some soldiers below say they must search your house for some suspicious person.

Fore. I warrant they mean *Eugenio* and *Philander*, I am utterly undone, suspected for a traitor, and all along of those ungracious girls: I am very glad I have got my christian cloth on again: go and let 'em in.

Enter

Enter EUGENIO like an Officer, and three more.

Eug. Sir, I hope you'll excuse us, we do but follow our orders, and having searched your house for some dangerous persons, will leave it you again in peace: Eugenio and Philander were your sons, and therefore most probably have made your house their sanctuary.

Fore. My house their sanctuary! I had rather it should be their grave: since they made the state their enemy, I have been so too.

Eug. Then you have no thoughts of 'em for your daughters?

Fore. No, Sir, I assure you; and to remove all doubt, Althea's shortly to be married to Horatio (one that will bid you welcome, Sir, if you please to come to the wedding) and I hope to dispose of Diana e'er long to some honest gentleman of our party.

Enter ALTHEA.

Fore. I command you on my blessing, to answer all things this gentleman questions you about precisely, as it were myself.

Eug. Sir, you do well, but you must retire a little whilst we examine your daughters; a man tho' never so well meaning himself, can't answer for others.

[Exeunt Forecast.

Eug. Lady, your father here has shew'd himself a faithful subject to the commonwealth; it now remains to know what correspondence you entertain with Eugenio and Philander, your former servants.

Alth. Upon my honour not the least, we are too strictly watched to have a correspondence with any man, and are too careful of ourselves to hold one with persons so obnoxious.

Eug. Are you resolv'd you never will?

Alth. As things are now they never shall.

Eug. Must you then marry Horatio?

Alth. My father tells me so, and I have hitherto been dutiful.

Eug.

Eug. Horatio's an accomplish'd gentleman.

Alib. He is, Sir, and worthy of more happiness than I can bring him to.

Eug. By heaven, she loves him. [aside.]
You lov'd Eugenio once, and gave vow for vow.

Alib. I did perhaps.

Eug. A stranger and an enemy as he is I pity him.

Alib. 'Tis noble in you, Sir, but we must all obey our fortunes.

Eugenio lets fall his disguise.

Eug. And curse 'em too, if they be all like mine,
That love where beauty, and not virtue, shine.

O that the tyrant knew that I were here !

Death does more lovely now than life appear.

Since thou art false, 'tis she alone has charms ;

Neglected love rests only in your arms :

When I am dead you may your choice avow

Without reproach, which sure you cannot now ;

And I shall want the sense of all my wrongs,

My death both to my rest and thine belongs.

Alib. Can this Eugenio be, and so unkind,

What strange distemper rages in thy mind ?

Could once my soul of a base thought allow,

He that believes me false, should find me so.

Eug. Must you not, madam, with Horatio wed ?

'Tis a belief that your own words have bred.

Alib. Forgive my fear if any word of mine

Unto that hateful sound seem'd to incline :

Your rude appearance of a soldier, made

My tender heart, and very love afraid :

I durst not speak, what most I did believe,

But us'd such words as you would best receive.

Eug. Alas, Althea ! what you told me here,

Did not create, although increase my fear :

That you must make him happy, is not new,

Nor did I learn the killing sounds from you ;

The streets are full of it, and every where

I can of nothing but this Hymen hear.

Alib. 'Tis true my father does a match design

'Twixt me and this Horatio, and does join

Threats

Threats to commands ; urges the uncertain state
 Of your affairs, your party, and the fate
 Of such as do a well form'd power invade,
 How they are always conquer'd or betray'd.
 My beauty fatal to itself the while
 Inflames Horatio, and discourse like oil,
 Foments the fire ; of such a love he tells,
 As would prevail, but where your image dwells :
 But still in vain, the heart I gave to you,
 The one does threaten, and the other woo.

Eug. An absent lover ill maintains the field :
 Does not my image to his presence yield ?

Alth. I'm sure it ought ; reproaches so severe,
 They that deserve 'em not will never bear.
 'T were just that faith which you so ill deserve,
 For one of nobler thoughts I should reserve.

Eug. We oft are made by a too great concern
 (Like too much light) unable to discern.
 'T he leave I gave to your surprize so late,
 Now for my own distraction I intreat.

Where there is much of love, there will appear,
 Mixt with our boldest hope, some little fear.

Alth. That fear in a true lover soon would die,
 Which to my virtue is an enemy.

Eug. Hope is the passion of a calmer breast,
 But high concernments are with doubt oppress'd.
 To few, alas ! is such assurance given
 Not to fear hell, although they hope for heaven.
 I not your virtue, but my fate accuse,
 Which still does me with highest rigour use.

Alth. Tho' fate Eugenio for misfortune meant,
 I would refuse to be the instrument :
 Thas dire necessity it seldom gave
 Of harming them, whom we would only save.

Eug. But hark, I think I hear a noise of swords.

Alth. The sound, alas, no room for doubt affords.
 You might perhaps be safe in your disguise.

Sold. Where are the rest of 'em ? down with the doors
 there.

(Spoke with a by soldiers.

Eug.

Eug. Their sudden coming all such hope denies :
 'Tis me they seek, I am betray'd ; but yet,
 Since I can't shun, I'll strive to break the net :
 This paper will inform your sister where
 She may of her unhappy servant hear :
 Make him remove, help him to shun that fate
 Which does for the unblest Eugenio wait :
 My rival at their head ! by all the gods,
 Horatio, this is an unmanly odds ;
 Yet if on thee I can but fall reveng'd,
 I life for death most happily have chang'd.

Hor. Eugenio here ! I thought of nothing less,
 But my clear meaning this will best express.

(He fights on Eugenio's side.)

Officer. Down with 'em both.

The soldiers prevail, they are taken.

Eug. Sir, let my life the cruel forfeit pay,
 And bear not rashly so much worth away.
 Horatio was too far by virtue led,
 And sav'd that blood he nobly should have shed :
 He being my rival fear'd the world might say,
 He for my hated life this train did lay :
 Honour engag'd his sword in my defence,
 And honour is a kind of innocence.

Hor. Eugenio, leave to intercede for me,
 I only grieve I could not rescue thee,
 That so thou might'st thy preservation owe
 To the same virtue thou so ill didst know :
 And I some fitter time might make thee own
 The injustice of thy mean aspersions.
 To think I came thus rudely to invade
 The place where all that I adore is laid ;
 And then to take my rival in a snare,
 Where if I would I knew, I could not spare ;
 Was an affront thou with that life hadst paid,
 Which I defended : but revenge shows base,
 Which on our honour more dependance has.

Eug. Some other time for this dispute, we'll take
 Revenge, by threatning, we the harder make.

Off.

Officer. Come, gentlemen, you must away, my orders press; you will have time enough to talk of these things in the tower.

Enter two soldiers bringing in Sir Samuel.

Officer. Sir, you must along.

Fore. Who I! for what?

Offic. For harbouring Eugenio here, a known enemy to the state.

Fore. You brought him with you for what I know, I ne'er saw his face, I answer'd an officer, and two soldiers that came to search for him even now; and as I thought, gave 'em satisfaction, but when I heard the clashing of swords, because I wou'd not be made accessory to any thing that might happen, I confess I retir'd into a corner of my garret.

Offic. Sir, this won't satisfy, the receiver is as bad as the thief: I have found a traitor in your house, and you shall answer it.

Fore. Eugenio, you are an honest gentleman, pray speak, did I know any thing of your being here?

Eug. Not in the least, Sir: but my word I fear will do you little service.

Enter Wildish.

Wild. What, Sir Samuel, again under persecution? nay, faith, I can do you no service now, these are a sort of gamesters I dare not meddle withal.

Fore. I am undone! here's Eugenio found in my house, and they are carrying him to the tower.

Wild. Come, bear up, Sir, if there come a turn, you'll be a great man.

Fore. I shall be hang'd on that side, and to speak my own conscience, I have deserv'd it.

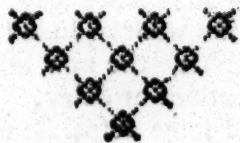
Wild. No, to lie in prison for concealing cavaliers, will be great merit; and let me tell you as a friend, there's like to be a turn suddenly, 'tis thought the general will declare like an honest man, I say no more; therefore carry yourself moderately, this accident may chance to do you good service, if you have the grace to make

make the right use on't : but how came Eugenio and Horatio of a tide ?

Fore. I came but just now among 'em, and know nothing ; but 'tis a strange thing a man can't be believ'd in his own defence : carry me to prison ? I'll see what justice's hand they have for't.

Offic. We shall find hands enough, ne'er fear it.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



ACT

A C T V.

SCENE I.

Enter PHILANDER Solus.

Phil. 'TIS strange I nothing of Eugenio hear,
 So long an absence may be worth a fear :
 His friendship was not wont to hide from me
 Of most secret thoughts, the new decree.
 I doubt his love impatient of delay,
 Has to Althea found some desperate way,
 His passion con'd not my slow cure attend,
 On which alas, he did in vain depend.
 I was to blame, no sooner to provide
 Against deluded hope's unruly tide ;
 Which now I fear has born him on a shelf,
 Where he'll unkindly perish by himself.

Enter Diana in Man's Cloaths.

Ha ! a strange face ! wou'd I had not been seen :
 But 'tis too good for treason to lurk in.
 Sure, gentle youth, the place you have mistook,
 I cannot be the man for whom you look.

Dian. Philander, in your troubled face I read
 Some apprehensions that you are betray'd :
 But when you shall my woful story hear,
 A juster sorrow will remove your fear.

Phil. Thou hast my name, and yet I know thee not,
 Quickly untie sweet youth this painful knot.

Dian.

Dian. Know you this hand ?

Phil. Alas, it is my own,
This from Eugenio cou'd be had or none :
Speak, is he dead ? is this his legacy ?
And has he sent it, gentle youth, by thee ?
Has he Horatio fought ? killing or slain,
He almost equally wou'd breed my pain.

Dian. He and Horatio fought, but on a side.

Phil. What wonder beyond this can fate provide ?
I knew, Eugenio, thou wert always brave,
And that thy love was still thy honour's slave.

Dian. On your friends part you have the virtue
But 'twas Horatio for Eugenio fought. (brought,

Phil. Such a prodigious union cou'd not fail.

Dian. A band of soldiers did o'er both prevail.

Phil. Is my unhappy friend a prisoner made ?

Dian. He is, and close in the white tower laid :
He bad me tell you so, that you might shun
The desperate hazard that his life must run.

Phil. How came he, gentle youth thus to expose
My life to one whom he so little knows ?

Dian. I am his near relation, and have been
Privy to all designs he has been in.

He bids you to remove without delay,
For y'are endanger'd hourly by your stay :
The soldiers about him a paper took,

Which, though obscurely, of your lodging spoke,

Phil. In vain we to that wretch good counsel give,
Resolv'd to perish, and unfit to live :

When he is gone, what business have I here ?

What can again be worth a hope or fear ?

The hour he dies this shall be my relief,

If I cou'd need another wound than grief.

[pointing to his sword.

Dian. How can you hope to please Eugenio's ghost,
In killing him whom he esteems the most ?

In life our friends we chuse, but those we hate

We rather wish companions of our fate :

If I a present to his shade wou'd send,

It

It shou'd be of his foe, and not his friend.
But yet I hope Eugenio may escape;
Safety has come in an unlookt for shape.

Phil. That hope alone makes me consent to live.

Dian. Can you for life no other reason give?

Phil. None that, alas! is fit for thee to hear.

Dian. Does then Diana's heart so vile appear?

Phil. I hope thou wilt my better genius prove,
Since thus thou know'st my business and my love.

Dian. She tells me you have often fill'd her ears
With gentle words, and wet her arms with tears;
Vow'd that your hope and fear, grief, and delight,
Her frowns or favours only cou'd excite.

Phil. Why so I did, sweet youth, and told her true,
But I'm amaz'd it should be known by you.

Dian. Of late she has worn a face of discontent,
That seem'd neglected friendship to lament:
Eugenio to her sister found a way,
Though various hazards in his passage lay.

Phil. Unwisely he the short-liv'd pleasure sought,
Too soon 'twas paid for, and too dearly bought;
Like Orpheus for one poor untimely look,
He has the hope of all he lov'd, forsook.

Dian. That hast express'd a passion, though to blame:
Impatience is of love the best extream.

Phil. That heir's accurs'd, that for a present sum,
Relinquish the hope of all he has to come.
I wou'd Diana to the world prefer,
And for her venture any thing but her.
But, gentle youth, methinks thou speak'st as tho'
Thou mad'st a doubt, whether I lov'd or no.

Dian. Pray heaven Diana mayn't: your fault was
To think of honour when the day was set (great
For Hymen rites; when nought else could destroy
Your hopes, which then were ripening into joy,
You were a traitor to the state declar'd,
And to the glittering toils of fate ensnar'd.

Phil. Be witness heaven, and all ye powers above,
That see our infant passions weakly move,

E'er

E'er they have force into the face to climb,
Or in one action can our wills incline,
If ever, for one moment, in my breast
I gave to any (she inspir'd not) rest.

Dian. Why did you then such daring projects frame,
And danger court that not concern'd your flame?

Phil. 'Tis true, before I knew Diana's charms,
I courted fame in danger and in arms,
And thought no cause could lasting glory bring,
Like the just quarrel of our injur'd king.
Eugenio's friendship too that fire improv'd,
And made me wed that cause I ever lov'd:
What since I did was on a former score,
My fate she can't condemn, but must deplore:
I was in honour pre-engag'd too far,
E'er to retire, yet to merit her.

But whence couldst thou this hated knowledge gain:
He worse than kills who makes me live in pain:
Thy beauty, youth and words do all persuade,
Thou happy in her nearest trust art made.

[*DIANA here drops a ring, pulling out a handkerchief.*

Ye gods! the ring I to Diana sent:

Do not frail man beyond his nature tempt:

The good thou'st done, I thus forget it all,

And let my vengeance on my rival fall.

Draw, or I'll leave thee dead upon the ground.

[*he draws.*

[*She pulls off her peruke.*

Dian. I dare not draw—and sure you dare not wound.

Phil. With sudden light I for a while am blind;

I fought a rival, and a mistress find:

Where I thought all my rage, my love is due,

So high a pitch my wishes never flew:

I am not by degrees to pleasure led,

Nor slowly made the doubtful steps to tread.

But in an instant, my exalted mind

Feels all her hopes set free, and fears confin'd:

So kings in battles that they gave for gone,

Redeem their own, and win another crown.

Dian. That faith, which nothing should in question
From a few words you doubt, and from a ring: (bring,

How can I hope a lasting friendship, where
So light appearance brings so mean a fear?

Phil. Such a surprise, a jealous pang might give
To any breast, where so much love does live:
But why, Diana, in this strange disguise?
Was it to make me happier by surprise?

Dian. Could I my fear as well as love o'ercome,
You'd been preserv'd, and never known by whom?
Such a concern I would not have betray'd,
Till I were surer of your passion made.

Phil. What accident, ill understood, cou'd prove
Of that dire force to make you doubt my love?
You needs must know how we were all betray'd,
And the hard scape I and Eugenio made:
And since it had been fatal to be seen,
So that this chamber my whole world has been.

Dian. What made me doubt, it matters not to know,
Let it suffice I do no longer so:
The dreadful sword which at my breast you held,
'Tho' with much fear, I with more joy beheld:
For he that truly does his rival hate,
Declares he loves his mistress at that rate.

Phil. Look on thyself and measure thence my love,
Think what a flame so bright a form must move:
That knot, be confident, will ever last,
Which passion ty'd, and reason has made fast.

Dian. Farewel, Philander, think on what I've said,
And kindly judge the weakness of a maid.

Phil. Thou art too cruel in so short a stay:
Thus would I gaze my very sight away.

Dian. Tho' for your safety nothing was too dear,
Now give me leave for my own self to fear. [*Ex.*

Phil. She has appear'd like lightning to my sight,
Which, when 'tis vanish, leaves a darker night.

[*Exit Philander.*

Enter Estridge and Modish.

Estr. 'Twas certainly that rogue Wildish that betray'd
us; the arbor and bottle of wine were his motions.

Mod.

Mod. Without all peradventure; you saw the ladies, when they threw us off, took him home with 'em; nothing could be plainer——what think you if one of us fought him?

Estr. Why faith I think we had e'en as good let that alone: hang him, he'll fight: 'twas only a trick he put upon us, and let's rally it off, and serve him in his own kind.

Mod. As how?

Estr. Do you remember a certain cousin of his that Everyyoung carried us to, the widow of a rich alderman, who died suddenly, and left her all he had? This widow he intends for Sir Samuel Forecast, and I make no question but he is to have a round sum for his good word: what think you now if I order it, that one of us marry this widow, then I hope we are sufficiently reveng'd?

Mod. But how is 't possible?

Estr. Nothing so easy: her maid has promis'd me to persuade her to take a walk in the Mulberry Garden: this is a time there is little or no company there; 'tis but waiting at the door with a trusty servant or two, and we may force her whither we please, and then, of her own accord she'll marry either of us.

Mod. Why so?

Estr. If for no other, for the same reason that men eat horseflesh in a siege, because she can come at nothing else.

Mod. If it were a foolish girl, we might do somewhat with her indeed; but these widows are like old birds, not to be tam'd: she'll fight and scratch, and fly about, there will be no enduring her.

Estr. Fear nothing: when she considers she has no other way to save her reputation, she'll hear reason.

Mod. Well, but being equal adventurers, how shall we agree about the prize?

Estr. He that marries her shall give the other a statute upon his estate for two thousand pounds, a pretty good sum, and will serve to stop a gap.

Mod. Content, and I wish thee joy of her with all my heart.

Estr. You shall find me as good a paymaster as her husband the old alderman would have been : but stand close, here she comes.

Enter the WIDOW and her MAID, they seize them.

Wid. Thieves, murderers, villains ! what do you mean ?

Estr. Nothing, nothing, but I'll make bold to stop that pretty-mouth of thine, widow, for once.

[They carry them off.]

Mod. Whither shall we carry 'em ?

Estr. To a little house. I have taken a quarter of a mile off for that purpose, where nobody could hear 'em, tho' they had falconers or huntsmens voices.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Sir JOHN EVERYOUNG and Sir SAMUEL FORECAST.

Ever. Give you joy, brother, give you joy.

Fore. Of what ?

Ever. Why, of your lieutenancy of the tower ; I know you can be here upon no other account ; and indeed your fidelity to the public claims no less.

Fore. Sir, give you joy of your new suit, and fair peruke there.

Ever. Faith, brother, it fits with no fortune to day, whate'er's the matter ; I was never worse put together in all my life, and but to congratulate your advancement, would not have left the company I din'd with.

Fore. I hope to return your kind visit in the fleet, and see your daughters sell ale and cakes there, and your worship with fewer trappings on, for thither your extravagant courses point.

Ever. May my peruke never know a good day, nor be taken for my own hair again, but come off always with my hat, if it cost me above twelve pounds.

Fore.

Fore. Pox on your hat and peruke, can you tell how I shall get out?

Ever. No more than how you got in; but you are wise, and know business: alas! I know nothing but how to sort ribbons, make horse-matches, throw away my money at dice, and keep myself out of the tower.

Fore. O my ungracious girls!

Ever. What of them? have they broke prison, and taken sanctuary in the arms of some sturdy 'prentice, fencing master, brother of the blade, or any other inferior rascal? you were so strict to 'em I never look'd for other.

Fore. Not so fast; but if you can be serious for a minute, do: they are virtuous, but Eugenio, a former servant to Althea, since declar'd a traitor to the state, was taken in my house, and I suspected to have been privy to his being there, was brought along with him hither: I protested my innocence to the officers, urg'd my former service, but all would not do.

Ever. 'Slight! I hope you had more wit: This is the happiest accident that ever beset mortal, for an old notorious round head to be taken for a cavalier at this time; why I ne'er thought it had been in you, this was a stratagem might have become Machiavel himself.

Fore. Why, what's the matter? all's well I hope.

Ever. Yes never better; the general has this day, to some persons of quality, declar'd for the king: all cavaliers are immediately to have their liberty, therefore make haste to reconcile with Eugenio and Philander: I have an order for the delivery of all such prisoners as are here upon the account of loyalty to their prince.

Fore. Philander and Eugenio, on my daughters account, will do me all the service they can; and I hope to make some advantage of this imprisonment.

Ever. I'll go and release Eugenio, and bring him to you; Horatio is discharged already: though we fall out now and then about trifles, we are brothers, and ought to serve one another in matters of concern.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter VICTORIA, OLIVIA and WILDISH.

Wild. You see now, ladies, what fellows you cast your good opinions on: If I said any thing that was disrespectful to either of you, it ought to go for nothing; I was meerly your decoy in the business.

Oliv. We are very well satisfied on all hands.

Vic. Sure they'll never have the impudence to trouble us again.

Oliv. Now would I were married to Estridge, that I might plague him soundly.

Wild. How can you make that a plague, madam?

Oliv. A hundred ways: I would never come home till three o'clock in the morning; tumble my own handkerchief myself, to make him jealous; break his soundest sleeps in commendation of his bosom friend, and never leave till I have made them quarrel; fold up all manner of papers like love letters, and burn 'em just as he comes into the room.

Wild. I can tell you how to be reveng'd on him beyond all this.

Oliv. Prithee how, Wildish?

Wild. Why, marry me, make a good wife to me, and let him hang himself for rage.

Oliv. I am not so inveterate an enemy, I'll forgive him rather: If I were your wife, I must board half a year with a friend in the country, tumble about the other half in most villainous hacknies; lie two pair of stairs high, and wear black farandine the whole year about; see you when you had no money to play, and then be kiss'd out of a ring or a bracelet.

Wild. I would not use a city widow of five and fifty so, with seven small children: and am I to suffer nothing all this while?

Oliv. What can you suffer?

Wild. Why, the loss of that which is dearer than life, my liberty; be known for a married man, and so put myself out of all capacity, of breaking gold, promising marriage, or any other way of ensuring myself to scrupulous young virgins I shall like hereafter.

Oliv

Oliv. That is to be taken from the occasion of playing the rascal, is that all?

Wild. Not half: if I make but love to a chambermaid I shall be answered, you have a sweet lady of your own, and why will you wrong her? if I get acquainted with any young woman, after the fourth or fifth visit, be look'd upon by her father and mother, worse than the tax gatherers in a country village; all this you count nothing.

Oliv. Not to a lover, Wildish.

Wild. Well, there is no service so desperate that a gallant man will shrink at, if he like his reward; and to give his hand thus to a woman, in him that rightly understands what he does, is as bold an action as Mutius Scævola's: yet, that I may use it hereafter where and when I please, upon my dear Olivia I'll venture it.

Oliv. Softly, when you please, and where I please.

Wild. Content, madam; will you do us the favour to be a witness?

Vil. Well Mr. Wildish, I'll dance barefoot to serve you.

[*Wild. leads off Oliv.*]

Oliv. Hold, hold, Wildish, my heart fails me.

Wild. 'Slight, I had a qualm too, there's certainly a more than ordinary providence attends me; I shall scape yet, I am now in a twitter, like a gamester upon a great bet, that is heartily afraid he shall lose it, and yet his love to the money won't suffer him to draw stakes. I must have her.

Vil. Nay, now you are come thus far, e'en go on.

Oliv. Well, Wildish, give me thy hand; the first time thou anger'st me I'll have a gallant; and the next make thee a cuckold.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter HORATIO and ALTHEA.

Hor. Madam, you know your father does command; That you should shortly give me your fair hand Before a priest; but since I find no part Goes along with it of your generous heart,

My mind the charming present can refuse,
 Fearing t'indulge a passion you refuse :
 My joy with your least trouble weigh'd, must still
 Appear to my own self the greater ill.

Alb. Such words as these, Horatio, but heap more
 Upon a debt that was too great before ;
 I'm cover'd with confusion when I weigh
 How much I owe, how little I can pay :
 You may with ease a fairer mistress find,
 And with more ease such worth will make her kind ;
 And if I e'er that happy virgin know,
 I'll sue to make her pay you what I owe.

Hor. To change your thoughts, I will no longer try,
 But with the stream I cannot turn, comply :
 I to Victoria will my suit renew,
 And hope to find an advocate in you.

Alb. You may command me, and Victoria's mind
 Is of itself to you too well inclin'd,

Hor. All this methinks should your belief persuade
 I no contrivance with those villains had,
 To take my rival in so mean a way,
 But only came their sudden rage to stay :
 All that confusion and surprise could do,
 My passion made me apprehend for you.

Alb. Horatio's honour does too brightly shine,
 To be accus'd of such a low design ;
 Had you within the bounds of friendship staid,
 Yourself and me you had both happy made.

Hor. With ease from friendship we to love are led,
 That slippery path who can securely tread ?

*Enter Sir SAMUEL FORECAST, Sir JOHN EVERYONE,
 and EUGENIO.*

Alb. I see my father, and Eugenio here,
 And in all faces sudden joys appear.

[*Fore. Ever. and Hor. seem to discourse.*]

Eug. Fortune, I pardon thee thy short liv'd spite,
 If for thy constant temper took a fit,

Th'art

Th'art kind, and gentle, and 'tis we are blind,
Who do mistrust the ways thou hast design'd
To make us blest, though better than our own.

Alth. Can you have joy, and yet Althea none?

Eug. May I all misery first undergo,
'Ere joy divided from Althea know.

Alth. What is this wonder hangs upon thy tongue?
Delay does only to ill news belong.

Eug. Madam, your father licenses my flame,
And you alone can now oppose my claim:
That cause which armies did in vain support,
And noblest spirits did, successful, court,
We shining in a bloodless triumph see,
Without the dire effects of victory.

For in the general's breast (the noblest scene)
The fate of England has transacted been:
On Albion's throne he will our monarch place,
Our neighbours terror, and our nation's grace,
Whilst at his blest approach all factious minds
Vanish like leaves before autumnal winds.

Alth. Such truth in love and loyalty y'ave show'n
What less for both cou'd by just heaven be done?

Eug. This happiness, though great, yet is not all,
My dearest friend I soon shall brother call;
Diana must his deathless flame repay.

Alth. Fate to be pardon'd, had no other way.

Eug. See how your father kindly strives to evade
His former promise to Horatio made.

Alth. That work's so nobly in his breast begun,
That a few words will finish what's undone:
Horatio does all happiness despise,
From my obedience, which my love denies.

[*Fore. to Eug.*

Fore. Horatio has releas'd me of my promise to him,
and seeing your changeless love to one another, was re-
solved to have mov'd it to me, if I had not prevented
him.

Eug. Such honour, noble youth, I must confess,
Gives wonder equal to my happiness.

Hor. Althea I resign, my guilty flame
Was too unjust to reach so fair an aim :
Victoria's wrongs did my success oppose,
And my lost passion its own penance grows.
So some offenders are their duty taught
By th' ill effect and nature of their fault.

Eug. My apprehensions by these words are clear'd,
And I dare love that virtue which I fear'd.
In love alone this mystery we find,
Men best agree when of a different mind.

Hor. There now remains but one thing more to do,
'Tis that Philander may be sent for too.
But see he comes.

Enter PHILANDER.

Fore. Brother, if your daughter were here we might
have a dance. Sir, you are heartily welcome, I kept my
girl safe for you, she has not been so much as blown upon
since you saw her ; I knew honest men wou'd not be al-
ways kept from their own, there wou'd come a time.

Phil. Sir, I was ever most oblig'd to you——
Eugenio here ! when I am doubly blest,
And only fear to be with joy oppress'd.

Eug. The joys of friendship well prepare our mind
For the high raptures we in love shall find :
The name of brothers we shall soon obtain.

Phil. Friendship so perfect by no name can gain.

Enter DIANA.

Fate is at length assam'd, or weary grown,
Upon a flame you smil'd so long, to frown :
As vessels toss upon the raging main,
With greater joy the wish'd for port obtain :
Our love this short fierce tempest having past,
Will joys more high, since less expected, taste.

Dian. But in the storm did you throw nothing out ?

Phil. Wrong not my love with so unkind a doubt.

Enter

Enter EVERYOUNG, VICTORIA, OLIVIA, and WILDISH.

Ever. Wildish, thou'rt an honest fellow, I am glad I found thee.

Wild. Sir, the honest fellow desires to be known to you by another name, having newly married your daughter Olivia.

Ever. When, pray Mr. Wildish?

Wild. Just now, Sir, the words are scarce out of our mouths.

Ever. Well, this is a day I could not have been angry if thou hadst got her with child upon a contract: but you might have ask'd my leave e'er you went about to make me a grandfather.

Wild. If I had had a good jointure to offer, so I would? but if I do make you a grandfather, its not done maliciously, I'll swear.

Hor. My guilty cause myself I dare dot plead,
But beg your innocence will intercede:
Since all my fault your matchless beauty made,
Your goodness now should my excuse persuade.

Alth. I in Victoria will my int'rest try;
You and me both, she hardly shall deny.

Hor. Victoria's mind I cannot hope to move,
Unless a parent's power assist my love:
Her duty will not your commands withstand,
She'll take a worthless servant at your hand.

Ever. I am sure she can have no exception to so deserving a person as Horatio; lovers, like spaniels, do but show their mettle in a little wrangling: though you had a twittering to Althea, you will make ne'er the worse husband to Victoria: Victoria!

Vic. Sir, what's your pleasure?

Ever. That which will prove yours in the end: I charge you upon my blessing, give Horatio your hand, go and be married with you cousins, and make but one work of it.

Vic. Sir, I am all obedience; who e'er strove
At once against her duty, and her love?

Wild. But Estridge, what fine lady have you got there.

Estr. A certain widow which I have cast myself away upon: a kinswoman of yours, Wildish, that you formerly design'd for the right worshipful Sir Formal there: Do you know her now?—Sir we made bold with her without your consent.

Wild. Old acquaintance, I' faith, how is't? I have made as bold, and been as welcome too as e're you'll be, Sir: but why did you steal a marriage thus?

Wid. You know I always lov'd stol'n pleasures, but this marriage stole me; your old knight was uncertain, came on by inches, this gentleman leap'd into the matter, forc'd me into a coach, and marry'd me in an instant: I cou'd have been content to have been a lady, that I might have taken place of my mistress when she comes to town. But a bird in the hand—

Estr. Why, have you a mistress?

Wid. As sure as you have had a hundred, and now have a wife.

Mod. I doubt as things go, I shall scarce find you as good a pay-master as the old alderman.

[*Estr.* pulls his hand from her, and looks angry.]

Wild. Nay never use her ill now, 'twas none of her fault, she is a very good creature, and one that I plac'd to personate my cousin, on purpose to catch Sir Samuel Forecast; you know he took the forfeiture of a mortgage that concern'd a very good friend of mine, and I was resolv'd to be reveng'd of him; if you will needs run your head into the noose that's prepar'd for another, who can help it? My cousin is married in Ireland, whither she went last summer to look after some money, due to her last husband.

Wid. I am her house-keeper though, and can bid you welcome till she returns.

Oliv. A pretty pert thing, I like her humour, she carries it off well: but Wildish, you shall visit her no more now we are married.

Wild.

Wild. Fear not, Estridge will take order for that.

[*Hor. to Viſ.*

Hor. How I do hate myself ! that could so long
At once such beauty and such goodness wrong.

Viſ. My kindness has forgot you were to blame,
Your guilt consum'd in your reviving flame.

Ever. Now you are all pair'd, let's have a dance.

After the dance, a great shout within.

Eug. I hear the people's voice in joyful cries,
Like conquering troops o'er flying enemies :
They seem to teach us, in a ruder way,
The honour due to this all-healing day.

Phil. Let's part a while, and vie who shall express
The highest sense of this great happiness.

[*Exeunt omnes.*



EPILOGUE.

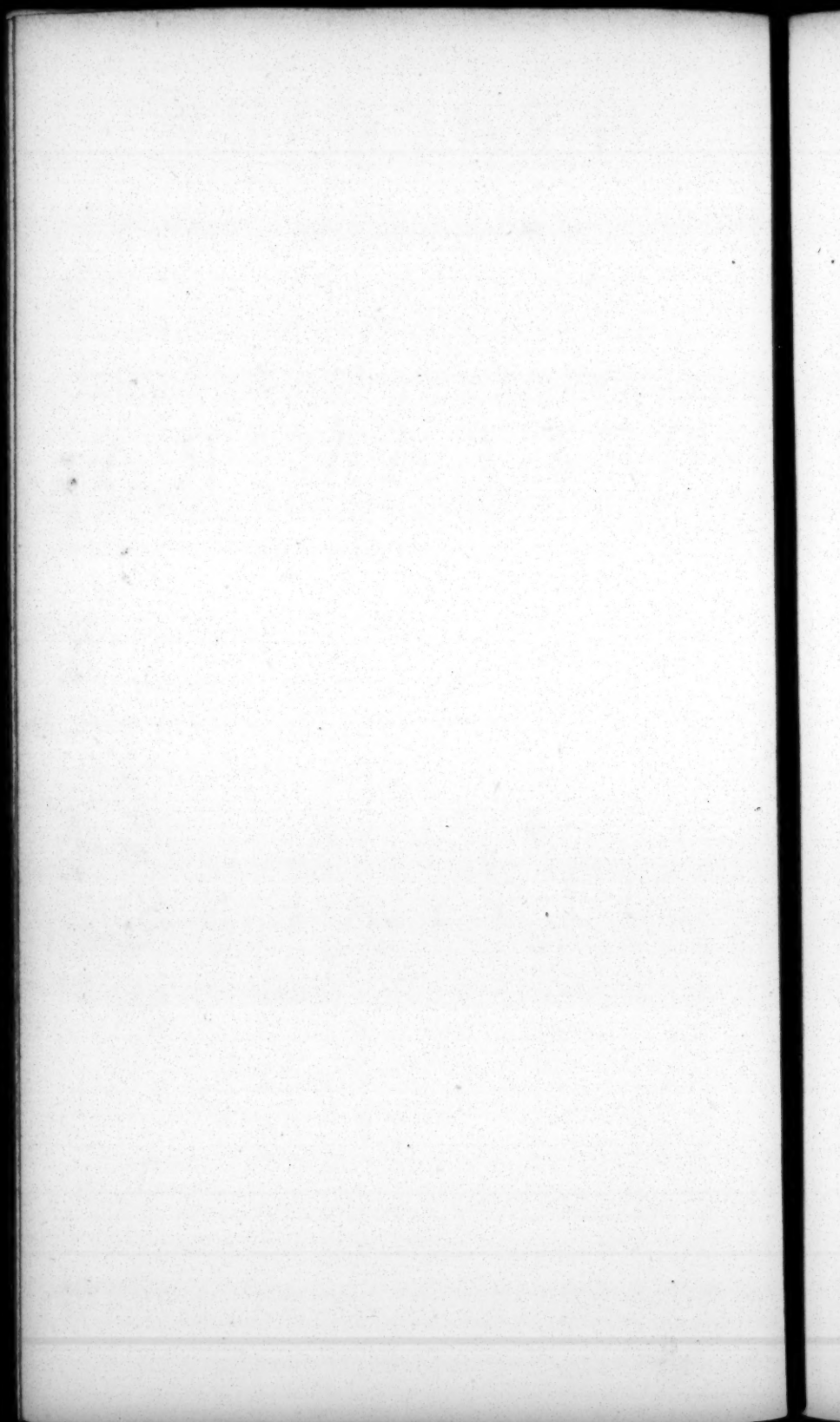
*P*OETS of all men have the hardest game,
Their best endeavours can no favour claim.
The lawyer if o'erthrown, though by the laws,
He quirs himself, and lays it on your cause.
The soldier is esteem'd a man of war,
And honour gains, if he but bravely dare.
The grave physician, if his patient die,
He shakes his head, and blames mortality.
Only poor poets their own faults must bear;
Therefore grave judges be not too severe:
Our author humbly hopes to 'scape your rage,
Being no known offender on the stage,
He came by chance, is a mere traveller;
All countries civil unto strangers are:
Yet faith he's arm'd, howe'er your censures go,
And can prevent the harm, tho' not the blow.
No poet can from this one comfort fall,
The best ne'er pleas'd, nor worst displeas'd you all.

BELLA.

BELLAMIRA:

OR THE

MISTRESS.



PROLOGUE.

*IS it not strange to see in such an age
 The pulpit get the better of the stage?
 Not through rebellion as in former days,
 But zeal for sermons and neglect for plays.
 Here's as good ogling yet, and fewer spies;
 For godly parents watch with whites, of eyes.
 Here gallants do but pay us for your room,
 Bring if you please, your own brisk wit from home.
 Proclaim your drunken frays three benches round,
 What claps y' have met with, and what punks are found,
 Who are the bully-rocks: and who gives ground.
 We take all in good part, and never rage;
 Tho' the shrill pit be louder than the stage.
 There you must sit demure, without a word;
 Nor peruke comb'd, nor pocket tortoise stirr'd.
 Here you may give the lie, or draw your sword;
 Be loud and senseless, buff, dumb-sound and roar;
 Till all the ladies and some gallants scoure.
 What free born subject, or true English heart,
 Wou'd with such rights and privileges part?
 When our two houses did divide the town,
 Each faction zealously maintain'd their own,
 We liv'd on those that came to cry us down.
 Our emulation did improve your sport:
 Now you come hither but to make your court:
 Or from adjacent coffee-houses throng
 At our fourth act for a new dance or song.
 To set all right, we yet could make a shift;
 Had we a few good livings in our gift.
 Your hearts are ours, and let whoever preach
 The young and fair will practice what we teach.
 Our play old virtuous Rome the Eunuch nam'd
 But modest London the lewd title damn'd,
 Our author try'd his own and cou'd not hit:
 He now presents you with some foreign wit.*

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

MERRYMAN.
KEEPWELL.
LIONEL.
EUSTACE.
CUNNINGHAM.
DANGERFIELD.
SMOOTHLY.
PISQUIL.

W O M E N.

BELLAMIRA.
ISABELLA.
THISBE.
SILENCE.
BETTY.

Bullies, Bayliffs, and Linkboys.

BELLA-



BELLAMIRA:

OR THE

MISTRESS.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

MERRYMAN and KEEPWELL.

Mer. **I** EVER told you, this woman would be the ruin of you: all must go to make her fine, and every new gown you give, gets you a new rival.

Keep. Thou thinkest all money thrown away, that is not spent in a tavern: thou hast no taste of love, scarce any remains of lust, or thou would'st never rail at so divine a creature as my Bellamira.

Mer. You are resolved to go to her again; notwithstanding the damn'd trick she serv'd you with the sea captain, and your noble resolution to the contrary, I'll see her hang'd first! no, tho' she beg it a thousand times, and with a thousand tears, I'll never go near her!

Keep.

Keep. Did I say such bug-words?

Mer. Yes, and a great deal more.

Keep. 'Twas when I was in my altitudes; what! rebel against my lawful sovereign Bellamira! I'll go to her tho' and shew her I am not such a cully as she takes me for.

Mer. Have a care what you do: If you once begin and don't go through with her, you settle her empire for ever; and when she finds her own strength, that you are not able to leave her, she will use it like a tyrant: and tho' you be the injured party, after six kind words, and a false tear or two, you must make your peace with a present of china, or a French petticoat.

Keep. These are sad truths; but when my Bell frowns I had rather be in a sea-fight for the time, I'll say that for her, tho' 'tis soon over. I gave her but a dozen pair of Marshal gloves, and she was in the purest humour all day! We took the air in the afternoon, sup't and went to bed together.

Mer. That was a gaudy day indeed, but I fear you will give so long, till you have nothing left.

Keep. I had rather give a little money, than lie, flatter, and forswear myself as the gallants of the town do: I love to go to sleep with a good conscience.

Mer. And rise with ne'er a penny in your pocket! if she lov'd you she would not be so expensive.

Keep. 'Tis all to please me. Before I knew her she wore a gown six months; and had but one poor point of her own making.

Mer. Matters are well mended with her indeed since that time.

Keep. I had the most to do to make her accept of an imbroider'd toilet.

Mer. How so?

Keep. She said 'twas money thrown away.

Mer. And wou'd have it in guineas, I warrant.

Keep. Thou art a witch, she cares not a farthing for fine cloaths; and but for fear the women of the town should get me from her, would not dress herself in a month.

Mer.

Sir CHARLES SEDLEY. ITS

Mer. You are too indulgent a keeper: the poor fin-
ners of the town complain of you; you raise the market
upon 'em.

Keep. Why what would a man do?

Mer. Let one nail drive out another: take me a fresh
wench, a bottle of wine or two, and go hear some scan-
dal at the rose—But here she comes, who with one
look will confound all our devices.

Enter BELLAMIRA.

Bel. Oh, my dear Keepwell! I am afraid thou art
jealous of me, because I did not let thee in sooner; the
news of it put me into such fits, all our maids were too
few to hold me.

Keep. The news of what?

Bel. Of a duel I was told thou hadst fought: there was
nobody to run to the door; but thou saw'st there was no
man with me.

Keep. I saw no man indeed, but am much mistaken if
I did not hear one leap out of your low window into a
boat.

Bel. This summer one or other is leaping into the ri-
ver all night long.

Keep. Oh, that you lov'd like me; or I like you!

Bel. Why, my dear Keepwell?

Keep. Why, then you'd never use me thus, or if you
did, it wou'd not thus afflict me: my heart is as full of
jealousy as an egg full of meat.

Bel. I swear by all that's good there is no man on
earth so welcome to these arms, as thy dear self.

Keep. Why did you not let me in sooner then?

Bel. I was just rising out of a bath, and I will be seen
naked by no man living.

Mer. Kind soul! first she was in fits for fear you were
hurt; but now she was coming out of a bath, and could
not in modesty let you in.

Keep. She fell in fits just as she came out of her bath.

Bel. I have always your good word: but I had rather
you shou'd say any thing of me, than kill my dear Keep-
well

well with drinking. But now I'll tell you the business I came about : can your drunken friend keep a secret ?

Mer. If it be a truth ; but if it prove a lie, a sham, a wheedle, 'twill out : I shall tell it the next man I meet.

Bel. My father was a merchant, and breaking here in town, my mother went to Jamaica, and took me with her.

Mer. This may be kept secret.

Bel. There a person of quality fell in love with her, and amongst other presents, gave her the finest girl I ever saw, stol'n out of England by some kidnappers..

Keep. What are they ?

Bel. Rogues that make a trade of stealing children and selling them.

Mer. Was she a gentlewoman ?

Bel. She said so, and she seem'd so.

Keep. Not so pretty as thou art, I warrant her.

Bel. Her father and mother were dead ; her brother's name she told us ; my mother bred her as if she had been her own child, so that most people thought us sisters ; I came back with a friend, the only person I had then a concern with, who gave me all I have.

Mer. These are two whiskers !

Bel. Why so ?

Mer. Because you were never true to one man : nor did he give you all you have ; my friend here having presented you with two thousand pound at least.

Bel. Will you let me go on with my story ? my mother left this pretty creature Isabella almost grown a woman, to an uncle of mine, for some money that she ow'd him, and could not otherwise pay : he thinking she might yield a good price, carries her over into Spain, and there sells her to one Dangerfield, who buys her and puts her to wait on his sister : he is now in England, and offers her to me.

Mer. Did he know that she was formerly your companion ?

Bel. Not in the least ; but since hearing of my concern with you, he seeks all the excuses he can ; not to perform his promise ; and says that he knows as soon as I have

I have her he shall be slighted, and you received; for he has heard how dearly I love thee.

Keep. All the town knows there is no love lost. Is this all?

Bel. No, I have a small request to thee, my dear.

Mer. Now for a coach, new bed, or the payment of an old debt.

Bel. You are mistaken, Sir; cou'd I help it I wou'd not put my dear *Keepwell* to the charge of one of your drunken clubs in a year.

Mer. You spend it him in coach hire, puppy-water and paint, every day of your life.

Bel. Peace, thou moving dropsy, that walkest with fat, worse than a goose with egg.

Mer. No man that had to do with you, e're lost his shape; fluxing and sweating are great preservatives.

Keep. This is rudeness and not wit; come thou art my best companion, and she my dearest mistress. As our modern poet has it;

"If not in friendship, live at least in peace."
what is it thou woud'st command?

Bel. Command! only a trifling suit I have.

Keep. It must be a strange one if I refuse it. Is it in my power?

Bel. It is.

Keep. Then speak and be sure to obtain it; as if thou ask'd it of thy self. I have not given thee any thing all this day.

Bel. 'Tis no money matter: there are many reasons why I wou'd have this *Isabella* from *Dangerfield*: first, because we were bred together like sisters, and of all the world I love her next thy dear self; and if I could restore her to her friends, who I hear are very considerable, I doubt not of a good reward, so that I shall never need trouble thee for any thing more.

Mer. This is a good wheedle.

Keep. But how will you get her? you say *Dangerfield* repents him of his promise.

Bel. 'Tis but thy going into the country for a day or two, and I shall easily persuade that swaggering fool out of her. You don't answer me.

Keep.

Keep. What shou'd I answer thee, thou worst of women?

Mer. She wou'd only lie with this roaring rascal a night or two, while you are in the country : can you have the heart to deny her?

Keep. If I deny her, she'll be outrageous ; and if I do not, I shall have elks horns at my return. I understand you ; Isabella, and you were bred up like sisters, you wou'd restore her to her friends, and so Dangerfield must be received and I banished ; and why ? but that you love him better than ever you did me, and are afraid this young wench should get the lusty stallion from you.

Bel. She loves me so, she wou'd not be my rival, tho' in thee, young, kind, and handsome as thou art.

Keep. Is this soldier then the only man that made a considerable present ? When has my bounty fail'd ? Did not you ask the other day a black-a-moor, and then an eunuch, out of mere humour, because princes use 'em, and straight I pawn'd a ring to buy 'em for you ? I should not urge my bounty, did I not find that you forget it. There was a settlement drawing too.

Bel. Nay, rather then you shall take it ill I will renounce this Isabella, the dear companion of my youth, for ever, and all the world beside.

Keep. Did not you say you could renounce this Isabella and all the world for me ?

Mer. Yes, rather than lose your settlement.

Bel. I did ; and will my dear ! I can go into a cloister ; since I have lost my power with you, I care not for the rest, I'll to a monastery, and there I'll pray for you.

Keep. I scorn to be outdone in kindness ; I will go into the country for a day or two, and let Dangerfield do his worst. Go into a monastery ! I had rather hold the door myself.

Mer. When she's a nun I'll be a friar : they all say as much.

Keep. But if she should, I have such another dear, pretty, sweet rogue ?

Mer.

Mer. There are hundreds as fine women to be had, by the day, by the week, or how you will.

Keep. 'Tis not the first time she has threatned to go into a monastery, upon discontents between us : I was forc'd to give her a new bed, the last summer, and plate for her chamber, or I had lost her.

Bel. 'Tis but two days, and I am thine for ever.

Keep. Hang two days among friends.

Bel. 'Tis I shall be the greatest sufferer, who must endure the man I loath, and part with him I love. Besides, this Dangerfield is such a troublesome quarrelsome fellow, I shou'd never have one minute's quiet, if you were in town together, for fear of some mischief or other.

Keep. Nay, there wou'd be blood shed every hour, that's certain ; I never cou'd endure a rival in my life.

Bel. I know thou art both brave and jealous, that makes me so afraid for thee : If he should kill thee, poor dear, he has nothing to lose, and wou'd easily get his pardon ; but should'st thou kill him, all the world can't save thee, thou hast been such a whig. Besides, I am too honest a woman to have any interest at court.

Keep. It shall never come to that, I'll away into the country, and, as it happens, have a little business there ; I shall come up so vigorous, and so loving ; we'll have a sack-posset, and go to bed together, tho' it be at noon-day : but see, my friend the black-a-moor and eunuch be delivered to Bellamira in my absence.

Mer. I will carry them myself, and try what mettle Bellamira is made of in his absence : she is the prettiest wench in the town, and his present will make me welcome.

Keep. For two long days and tedious nights, farewell.

Bel. I fear, my Keepwell, thou think'st me one of those little creatures of the town ; but I have told thee nothing but the truth : nor is there man on earth I would prefer to thee. All I do, is merely in compassion to pretty Isabella, in hope to restore her to her brother, whom

whom by some tokens she gave me, I thing I have found, and am this night to treat with.

Keep. Farewell, my dearest Bellamira, I am gone.

Bel. Well, now I see thou dost deserve my love.

[*Exit Keep. and Bel.*]

Enter CUNNINGHAM and EUSTACE.

Cun. Yonder's Merryman, fat, smooth, and looks young still; a very Bacchus incarnate.

Mer. I swallow more wine, than pills or diet drink, sit up till three, and drink my three bottles.

Cun. I met the prettiest creature in new Spring-garden! her gloves right marshal, her petticoat of the new rich Indian stuffs, her fan Colambor: angel-water was the worst scent about her. I am sure she was of quality.

Mer. And I warrant you think she came to meet you there?

Cun. Not so: She came to take her fortune among the young fellows of the town, and chance threw her upon me; I have found she lies in the Mall.

Mer. There are whores of all sorts; but if she had lain in an alley, you might have more hope of her.

Cun. Have not you the best wine and tobacco, where you come?

Mer. Yes, that I have.

Cun. Why then should you not think, a man that makes it his business as I do, may have the finest women?

Mer. I pay 'em well, and get custom to taverns where I go; a wench may starve that has to do with you; no man will venture upon her, who has any reverence for his nose: nor have you any thing to give 'em but the pox.

Cun. You can do as little to a woman as I can give: and for your soundness, if palsy, gout, and dropsy may be called so, your drunken impotence is the reason of it.

Eus. Will this quarrel never be at an end? Cunningham is the darling of the ladies, and Merryman the delight of all good fellows. What's become of our old friend Keepwell?

Me

Mer. We have lost him : He was once an honest well humour'd fellow, tho' he had never much wit, but since his acquaintance with Bellamira.

Eust. What, she that was so well known at Jamaica?

Mer. That's true, but he won't believe it : She has persuaded him 'twas an elder sister : She is handsomer, and he more in love with her than ever. You know how miserable he was.

Eust. He always grudg'd his club, if it came to about half a crown.

Mer. How plain he went ?

Eust. He bought all his cloaths of a wholesale man.

Mer. Now there's no taylor curious enough for him.

Cun. 'Tis a great change, but I cannot blame him ; she is a delicate creature, and I was one of the first that debauch'd her.

Eust. I thought you wou'd not have confess'd so much age.

Cun. I mean I was one of the first had her after she came over : She lov'd me dearly, poor rogue, but I was not able to maintain her.

Mer. One man may as well satisfy, as maintain her ; she is the most expensive jade I ever knew ; she has run Keepwell a thousand pound in debt within this twelve-months : I have been at a woeful parting between them.

Cun. He has not turn'd her off, I hope ? For I go and sup there sometimes, upon the old account. She is one of my *piz allez*.

Mer. No, she has turn'd him off for two days : He has left an eunuch in town, which I am to present her for him anon.

Cun. I'll tell you a secret, I had like to have been surprized there by Keepwell himself e'en now ; we were just got to bed together.

Eust. And how got you off ?

Cun. She made him knock half an hour at the door, whilst I leapt out of her lower windows into a boat that waited for me. But Merryman, you must say nothing, upon honour, now you are trusted.

Mer. Not I, I have told him of thy lying with her and forty others, an hundred times, and he will never believe me; he is the most incorrigible cully; I begin to be of her side.

Cun. I will drink a bottle more with thee at night for that: A man of honour should always take the ladies parts.

Eust. What made you run away? I thought you had been allowed to visit.

Cun. I am so, but not in my shirt and night-gown, as I was with her. She was just out of a bath, the sweetest, whitest, plumpest, kindest rogue!

Eust. 'Twas a damn'd disappointment.

Cun. Not quite, I took my leave of her like a gentleman.

Mer. I wonder Keepwell continues sound, coming after thee in this manner.

Cun. There was a plague in fixty-six, but what is that to London now? there was a fire too: but it is since new built, and more beautiful than ever: are not you sober now tho' you were drunk last night?

Mer. Not quite.

Cun. A dish of coffee or two will make you so, and do you think there's no redemption in others cases? When they were first acquainted, I writ all his billet-doux for him, for Keepwell, you know, has nothing but the purse and dotage of a good lover; he would give me now and then five guineas for a song for her, which I let her know was mine; when I saw her next, we laugh'd at the poor fool together.

Mer. I'll say that for him, he is fitted with a friend and a mistress.

Cun. You know he is but a dull silly fellow.

Mer. And therefore you may very honestly pretend friendship, borrow his money, and lye with his mistress.

Cun. A pious citizen that goes to church twice a day, will play the knave in a bargain; a lawyer take your fee and for a good sum of money, be absent when your cause is try'd; a parson marry you to a great fortune without

a licence; we are all rogues in our way, and I confess a woman is my weak side; and yonder goes an odd fellow, with a very pretty wench, what a toils she has with her head, and a jet with her breech?

Mer. 'Slife, 'tis Smoothly, Dangerfield's man, carrying that pretty creature to Bellamira, for a present from his master.

Cun. She has as good a face as Bellamira herself.

EUSTACE's Man brings him a Note.

Eust. Smallwit, Wildman, and Lionel, have sent their excuses, and cannot dine.

Mer. Let's give the house something, and dine there to-morrow: I am invited to a venison pasty, and a dozen bottles among four.

Cun. I have some ladies to entertain at Knightbridge; and hate a nasty tavern.

Eust. Since you are all provided so, I'll shift for myself. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter BELLAMIRA and THISBE.

Bel. He's gone, and we are free as mountain air.

This. You have absolute dominion over him; but to make him accessory to his own disgrace, was such a masterpiece!

Bel. Now will he entertain a better opinion of me than ever: he'll think I do nothing without his consent, since I once ask'd him it, and in so nice a point.

This. What said Merryman, my sweet guardian?

Bel. All he could, you must take him off for me.

This. I am but his second inclination; a drawer in a good tavern has more interest in him than I.

Bel. But Keepwell is the loyallest cully! nothing will make him mutiny.

This. Sure you think he can read in no book but his own, or you durst never use him so.

Bel. There are few of those clerks now-a-days: This is a learned age. When saw you Cunningham?

Thi. He comes sometimes and professes his love and soundness to me.

Bel. Believe him in neither, they say he's a false fellow.

Thi. I heard he was formerly a great servant of yours.

Bel. What a lying world this is ! I never saw him in my life.

Thi. That's strange, and live about this town.

Bel. Is he handsome, black or fair ?

Thi. Between both.

Bel. Has he much wit ?

Thi. As if you did not know !

Bel. I swear, not I.

Thi. Jilting devil ! I'd not know him so well for a thousand pound : But 'tis the trick of most of 'em ; tho' they own twenty, they will forswear some one.

Bel. Oh, that I had thy youth and beauty !

Thi. You have enough of both, considering your judgment and experience.

Bel. We women are easiest deceived, when we are most worth it : Cunning and wrinkles come together.

Thi. You have no reason to complain ; all the young fellows that come out of France, pay tribute to you, as certainly as to the groom-porter : I wonder Keepwell is never told of it.

Bel. He has been told it a hundred times : Two or three stories that the authors have not been able to make out, have done me great service ; and so confirm'd my empire.

Thi. But you are in continual fear.

Bel. I have broke him of all his censorious acquaintance.

Thi. That was a great point gain'd ; but how ?

Bel. I tell him such a one will cheat him, another will bring him into quarrels, a third speaks ill of him behind his back, a fourth is obnoxious to the great ones, and will hinder his preferment : So that I have scarce left him one friend that will tell him a true word.

Thi. You are a great politician.

Bel.

Bel. There goes more to our trade, than a good face : I have known many of these unthinking butterflies, debauch'd, pox'd and in jail, the same summer : Let's up in my chamber, I must set myself out for Dangerfield, he'll be here anon.

Thi. Will you use the paint was sent in by the French woman this morning ?

Bel. By all means : Lying and painting are sure baits to catch a fool with.

Thi. What sort of a fellow is that Dangerfield ?

Bel. A beau garçon of fifty, with a blue chin, stiff beard, and so forth. Loves the old fashion'd greasy way of giving treats, will dance country dances till he sweat like a running footman ; tires himself first, and then makes love.

Thi. They say he has been handsome,

Bel. 'Twas so long ago every body has forgot it, but himself : He is a pretender to wit, but his is worse than none ; as a country scraper is worse than no music at all.

Thi. And yet this fellow for a little money——

Bel. No, for a great deal of money. I will make the presents he gives me, my baits to catch others with : Fine cloaths, and rich furniture, are great provocatives to those that don't pay for 'em, which are the men for our turn.

Thi. Like the gentlemen that live in town, you have your pleasure in one place, and receive your rent from another : 'Tis the way to have your tenement thrown into your hands.

Bel. Keepwell has taken a lease for life, and laid out so much in improvements, that I am secure of him ; and for the rest, they shall pay me as they are able.

Thi. My guardian and I have now and then a small quarrel, about my keeping you so much company.

Bel. What, Merryman ! I thought he had made love to you.

Thi. He does sometimes.

Bel. He has then forfeited his charter, and ought to talk no more like a guardian.

Thi. Perhaps he does not like it as a lover.

Bel. Does he not see that we govern the town ? have power and plenty follow us ? we visit, dance, play at cards, go to Hyde-park, St. James's, sup together, and are a world among ourselves.

Thi. But like the inhabitants of the other world, you neither marry, nor are given in marriage ; and he wou'd have me fit for a husband.

Bel. Get money enough, and you can never want a husband. A husband is a good bit to close one's stomach with, when love's feast is over. Who would begin a meal with cheese ? Come into my chamber, and I will instruct thee farther in these mysteries.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

MERRYMAN and KEEPWELL.

Mer. **W**HAT, not gone yet? hovering like a ghost about your treasure?

Keep. I stay'd to see how my presents took: you have delivered 'em, I hope; what says my Bellamira?

Mer. The meat's hardly out of my mouth, and I am for no exercise upon a full stomach: 'tis too far to walk yet.

Keep. Take a coach.

Mer. That's as bad as the rack, to a man of my intemperate and voracious appetite: I am so full I should spill terse at every jolt. We drank gallons a piece.

Keep. You are drunk then.

Mer. No, sober enough to be your worship's pimp, and deliver your human gelding to Bellamira.

Keep. But will you go about it instantly, and make haste?

Mer. Survey my bulk; it was not built for haste: 'Tis the slow product of tuns of claret, chines of beef, venison pasties, and so forth.

Keep. Now you are in this humour, you will talk some wit to her and spoil all.

Mer. I'll be there before you are half a mile out of town, and say the sweetest things of you!

Keep. Thou think'st I cannot leave my Bellamira, now it comes to the point?

Mer. I am somewhat doubtful.

Keep. Yes, if it were three days now I am resolved.

Mer. What, a whole three days ! thou hast a heart of iron.

Keep. Could you be sober so long ?

Mer. Yes, to save the nation or so.

Keep. Nothing less serve the turn ?

Mer. Yes, or to oblige Mrs. Thibbe, my charge.

Keep. Thou hast always wine and women in thy head together ; a sure sign thou art but an indifferent tilter. Well, I am in haste, before you go, and omit nothing that may endear my small present to her. [Exit.

Mer. He's gone ; but here comes our rival's servant, with that beautiful young creature, again. It seems Belamira was not at home. I'll step aside and observe her.

Enter SMOOTHLY and ISABELLA.

Smo. There is as much difference between man and man, as between man and beast : This fool my master gives away this pretty young creature to a stale wench, I am but a servant, and must obey ; but were I to choose.

Isa. Peace, impudence ; were I to choose, I'd choose a halter before either of you.

Smo. I was not always thus a servant, as you see me, I am a gentleman, and once had an estate, but now 'tis gone, must live on others, as others did on me.

Isa. Perhaps so.

Smo. I now am fain to lie and flatter for my bread, shift for my cloaths, and humour every idle coxcomb to get a piece or two : Does my patron lose ? fortune favours fools : Does he win ? sweet is his hand, and happy are his servants : Is he dwarfish ? his strength is the more compact : Is he tall ? such the first monarchs were, when kingdoms went by choice : Is he ugly and witty, which must ever be ? such Ovid was, whom Julia to priz'd : Is he handsome ? Such was Adonis, whom fair Venus lov'd.

Isa. And were you never cudgel'd for this nauseous flattery ?

Smo.

Smo. There are a sort of men who think themselves the first in all kinds, and are the last; these I get acquainted with; nor do I attempt to please 'em with my wit, but win their hearts an easier way, by applauding theirs. If any of 'em tell an old tale, that I have read in print, straight I never heard any thing so well, and listen to it as if it were my father's last will and testament. Does he offer a jest? I die with laughing, before his mouth opens. Does he walk home without taking cold? he is hardy and fit to be a general.

Isa. You are a fine rogue all this while! and what else.

Smo. In short, I say as they say, deny what they deny, like what they like, and if they dispraise it again, I am ready to do so too; and find my account very well in it; while those fops, that are fond of shewing their own wit, are hated by all my customers; who are the only men there's any thing to be gotten by.

Mer. This is a notable fellow; and if he finds men fools, is enough to make 'em mad. [*Afide.*]

Isa. Were I a man, I had rather die than sell my words, and prostitute my voice to every fool.

Smo. Don't lawyers, physicians and courtiers, when they take money for a good turn, sell their words? There was a blunt comrade of mine of your mind; but I found him the other day all in rags, not a penny in his pocket, nor a friend to help him: I have nothing, and yet want nothing; strong and able; other men's meat and drink, and wives serve my turn.

Isa. Leave your prating and move forward.

Smo. Sure you are some disguis'd princess, you take upon you so.

Isa. What I am I know not, and am only sure I am miserable.

Smo. What's here, my rival's friend Merryman, before Bellamira's door? I knew him when I was last in town. Your humble servant, worthy Sir.

Mer. Yours, honest Smoothly.

Smo. Will you not go in?

Mer. I have no business at present.

Smo. You may be welcome, for your friend Keepwell's sake. Do you see nothing here you would not see?

Mer. Nothing but thyself.

Smo. You keep your old blunt way; but, look you what here is! look you what here is! what will not Bellamira do for such a bribe.

Mer. Every dog has his day.

Smo. Let me not keep you here, you were going somewhere else.

Mer. Not I.

Smo. Pray then, will you introduce me to madam Bellamira?

Mer. You need not fear admittance with such a present.

Smo. But perhaps you stand here, to see that no man brings any message from Dangerfield.

Mer. You are pleasant! but if I did I'd cudgel you farther off.

Smo. He is angry and the fat fool is stout. I'll not provoke him.

[*Exeunt Smo. and IJa.*]

Mer. Yonder's Lionel, Keepwell's younger brother, he comes in haste, and seems to have something in his head.

Enter LIONEL.

Lio. I am undone! ruin'd! I have lost the sight of this pretty creature, and shall never find her more! which way shall I go? whom shall I enquire of? what shall I do, to have a glimpse of her? I have only this comfort; where'er she is, she is too beautiful to be long conceal'd. From henceforth I blot all former faces out of my heart: I am tir'd with these daily beauties of the town, whom we see painted and patch'd in the afternoon in the playhouse, in the evening at the park, and at night in the drawing-room; so that we have half enjoy'd them before we speak to 'em.

Mer. Lost! Undone! Beautiful! I am sure I heard these words plain: He is in love, and after that
sort

sort of madmen, is talking to himself, of his mistress: If he be, we shall have fine work; there are ten Keepwells in that Lionel; he'll commit rapes, burglaries, fire houses, or any thing, but he'll have her; and for money, he'll throw it away like dirt. I pity his poor father; but he grudg'd his money for honest use, and so he's right enough serv'd.

Lio. Eternal palsies on that Cunningham's hands, may he never be able to put his dice into the box, but when he does may he throw out forever. May he win of beggars--and lose to bullies, and doat on whores as rotten as himself. But I was mad to mind him: How I envy yon' Merryman, whose sluggish blood moves in an even stream, and never knows these storms!

Mer. What's the matter? You look as if you were drunk.

Lio. I am worse, I am mad, I am any thing, I am in love.

Mer. How Keepwell will laugh at you! But with whom?

Lio. Not with a stale wench, like him; nor any of the tinsel, short liv'd beauties of the town, squeez'd into shape by taylor's, and starv'd into it by their mothers.

Mer. How then?

Lio. A new turn of a face, unknown till now to Nature's self, in all her numberless varieties.

Mer. 'Tis wonderous, you are maul'd, Cupid has shot you with a blunderbuss.

Lio. What eyes! Teeth! White——

Mer. As a new tobacco pipe.

Lio. Peace, prophane wretch, thou art not fit to mingle in these mysteries. Her own complexion; her body solid and full of juice; the noblest fabric of unstinted nature!

Mer. Her age?

Lio. Seventeen.

Mer. I have drank excellent hockamore of that age.

Lio. Damn thy dull hockamore, and thy base jaded palate, that affects it; could I but get this divine crea-

ture into my hands, by fraud, force, price, prayer, any way, so that I enjoy her, I care not.

Mer. Who is she? she may be a person of quality, and you may bring an old house upon your head.

Lio. 'Tis but a duel or two that way; and if her relations be numerous, we'll fight six to six, and make an end on't.

Mer. What country-woman is she?

Lio. I know not.

Mer. Where does she live?

Lio. I can't tell.

Mer. We are upon a very cold scent: Where did you see her?

Lio. In the street: with a servant behind her.

Mer. How came you to lose her?

Lio. That's it I was cursing at, as I met you: Nor do I think there is a man whom all the stars conspire against like me. What crime have I committed, to be thus plagu'd?

Mer. The stars are pretty twinkling rogues, that light us home, when we are drunk sometimes, but neither care for you, nor any man.

Lio. You know Cunningham?

Mer. Intimately: A good honest fellow; a little too much a servant to the ladies, given to gaming.

Lio. Pox on his character!

Mer. The pox is part of his character indeed, but I had forgot that.

Lio. Will you not let me go on with my story? This fellow meets me in the nick of time, while I was following this divine creature, pulls me aside, and tells me I must be his second; I go with him, we fight, disarm our men, but when I came back the bird was flown, nor could I learn any news of her.

Mer. That's very unlucky.

Lio. 'Twas a disaster never to be recovered, a total overthrow to all my happiness: I had not seen him neither these six months.

Mer. Why did you not refuse him?

Lio.

Lio. He's a malicious fellow, and would have told the whole town of it, if I had; it was impossible. I lost her in this street.

Mer. Are you sure of that? I'll be sober twelve-months, if this be not the very young woman Dangerfield presented this afternoon to Bellamira, your brother's mistress.

Lio. There was a man follow'd her.

Mer. The very same: And that was his servant Smoothly.

Lio. You know her then?

Mer. Not I, but I know whither she went.

Lio. Dost know where she is, my dear Merryman?

Mer. Don't I tell you she was presented to Bellamira by Dangerfield, your brother's rival?

Lio. A mighty prince this Dangerfield, that is able to make such a present: My brother will have a hard time on't.

Mer. You would say so indeed, if you saw his present.

Lio. What is it?

Mer. An eunuch.

Lio. What, that ill-favour'd fellow he bought yesterday, that looks like an old woman or a Guiney ape?

Mer. The same.

Lio. He that carries him will be kick'd out of doors with his present.

Mer. I hope not so; for I have promis'd to deliver him.

Lio. I did not know Bellamira was our neighbour.

Mer. She is lately come hither.

Lio. Is she very handsome?

Mer. She is well.

Lio. Not comparable to mine.

Mer. That's your fancy: Of children, mistresses and religions, our own are still the best.

Lio. But is there no way to come at her? Thou usest to be good at a dead lift: I'll fire the house, and then at least I shall see her again.

Mer. Violent ways are to be us'd at last: I'll see what I can do for you.

Lio.

Lio. Oh happy eunuch ! that art to live in the same house with this divine creature.

Mer. Why so ? The nearer he is to a fine woman, the more sensible must he be of his loss.

Lio. But he'll see continually his fair fellow servant, sit by her sometimes and talk with her, eat with her, and if nothing else, sleep near, and hear her breathe.

Mer. What if I should make you this happy man ?

Lio. It is impossible ! but speak ; men past recovery are pleased to talk of remedies.

Mer. I am intrusted to present this eunuch to Bellamira : What if you put on his cloaths, and went with me in his room ?

Lio. I'd gladly change conditions, fortunes, and every thing but one, with him.

Mer. I will present you instead of him ; and you shall enjoy those rare felicities you reckoned up but now ; you shall sit by her, dress and undress her, touch, play with, and sleep near her ; your age and face will easily pass you for an eunuch, and somewhat mend your brother's ill-favour'd present.

Lio. You say right : I never knew a better design ; let's about it instantly, undress me, dress me, and bring me to her immediately.

Mer. You are too hot : I was but in jest all this while.

Lio. Cut my throat, stab me, if thou wilt not go on with this design.

Mer. Let me think a little : Is not this plot too fine spun to hold ? You must be gelt indeed, or 'twill never pass ; you will betray yourself.

Lio. Never fear it, my face is not so much as known among them, the plot is admirable, and cannot fail, what should I do there, if I were gelt ?

Mer. You might look upon, touch, and sleep near your fair fellow servant.

Lio. That won't do : I must and will enjoy her ; thou'lt hear of me in bedlam else.

Mer. I shall have all the blame : Besides, 'tis a dishonest action.

Lio.

Lion. To save a friend's life, is an honest action; nor can it be any wrong to cozen those that cozen all the world.

Mer. I'll serve you for once; but if any mischief comes on't, thank yourself.

Lio. I'll die, and never accuse thee.

Mer. You are strangely smitten at the first sight!

Lio. No. I saw her once when I was last in Spain, kneel'd by her at mass, and talk'd of love to her; but could not learn her name or quality: Next day she said, she was to come for England. I might have been drest and there by this time, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter BELLAMIRA, ISABELLA and TRISSE.

Bel. My dearest Isabella! Now I have gotten thee here, I could hug thee to pieces.

Isa. I am your slave, your servant, and all my hopes the creatures of your goodness.

Bel. How did thy youth and beauty 'scape the roaring Dangerfield?

Isa. He plac'd me with his sister in the house, and she took care of me; but if at any time he offer'd to be rude, I held a dagger to my breast, and vow'd to kill myself.

Bel. How chance he did not take it from thee?

Isa. He did, and then I vow'd I'd starve myself to death: he laugh'd at me a while, but when he saw me pale and weak, fully resolved to perish, he gave it me again; and so I escap'd.

Bel. My Isabella, tell me truly, wert thou ne'er in love?

Isa. What mean you, madam?

Bel. Did'st thou never find a man more charming than the rest, whose every word reach'd thro' thy ears, thy heart, whom thou could'st sit and gaze upon all day, and sigh, and wish for all night?

Isa. I have so many defects already, why will you press me to own a weakness, perhaps you will despise me for?

Bel.

Bel. No, I myself have been in love, and have had always some one friend to whom I would gladly sacrifice what I got from others.

Isa. If that be to be in love, I never was.

Bel. That's our way, who know the perjuries and villanies of men; how they all begin alike, with vows, oaths and protestations; and end alike with slights, and scorn and falsehood: Some difference there may be for a while, but no great matter.

Isa. And are they all of this deceitful make?

Bel. All that ever I met with: What is it a false hearted man won't swear to such a pretty young creature as thou art?

Isa. And will they lie too, when they have sworn?

Bel. Most certainly; but we that have experience, mind words no more than they themselves do, and only regard their presents. Say a kind thing! every pitiful fellow can do that: Give me a man that will do a kind thing.

Thi. Are you upon that subject? I have a couple of servants, one is as much too lean as the other is too fat; I would not lose one of them for the world, they are admirable in consort, grumbling base and squeaking treble.

Bel. What, Merryman your guardian, and Cunningham?

Thi. The same; men of wit both: One a plain substantial drunkard, I am sure to hear of him when he gets a bottle in his head; for then he ever thinks of women, as cowards do of quarrelling; and most commonly I am she.

Bel. How does the other behave himself.

Thi. He's seldom in a condition to drink wine; but he will sit a whole afternoon at cards, and say the softest things!

Bel. And the sharpest behind your back.

Thi. 'Tis all one for that, 'tis like I am even with him at the year's end.

Bel. But pretty Isabella will not make her confession to us.

Isa.

Isa. 'Tis not worth your hearing. When I was sold to Dangerfield by your wicked uncle, in Spain I saw a man——

Bel. That's my dear girl! Come, up with it.

Isa. Of the divinest form these eyes had e'er beheld.

Thi. Ne'er be ashamed; Love, like the small-pox, since it must be, is best had while we are young.

Isa. He kneel'd by me one day at mass, and look'd, and said, and sigh'd, the kindest things! He seem'd surpris'd with me, and I was charm'd with him.

Bel. Damn'd wheedling rogue! And all this at first sight I warrant.

Isa. We never met but then: Next day I came for England; but sure I never shall be won to love another.

Bel. Pretty innocence! This is a nation of such men thou talk'st of; every street affords a dozen of them. Come, thou shalt love, and love, and love again, never fear it.

Thi. We'll shew her the park, the playhouse and the drawing-room.

Bel. She needs no paint for complection, but 'twill not be amiss to use juniper water, for good humour; she is so melancholy, and looks as if she would not be acquainted.

Thi. It is fit men make the advance.

Bel. Some are such jades, they must be spur'd up, with a quick eye, or wanton glance.

Enter SILENCE and BETTY.

Sil. Madam, the picture-drawer stays for you: He says you need not sit above half an hour.

Thi. This is some new intrigue: Who is this picture for?

Bel. It was begun for Keepwell, but I have promised it to Dangerfield. I hate the boisterous fool, he may have that, but never the original, tho' he shall pay for every inch on't.

[Exit *Bel.* *Thi.* and *Isa.*

Bel. We are but servants and must be diligent in our calling. I am sorry we are like to be troubled with this
puling

puling Isabella, there's more ado with her, than with my mistress herself: She is so proud and melancholy one can't get a word from her in a day.

Sil. Who can blame her? she is well born, of a good family in Devonshire; her father and mother died when she was a child, she has no friend left but her brother, and him she knows not where to find yet; and if she should, 'tis doubtful, after being so long lost, whether he would own her now.

Bet. As the world goes 'tis like he may be willing to save her portion.

Sil. She has nothing at present to depend upon, but the friendship of Bellamira: And if she be virtuous, as I believe she is, what a trouble must that be to her! go and see if she wants any thing.

Bet. Let's both go, I hate a strange face.

Sil. Especially if it be better than your own.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT

A C T III.

SCENE I.

DANGERFIELD *and* SMOOTHLY.

Dan. I FEAR poor Bellamira will lay it to heart, I have not seen her yet : How does she like my present ?

Smo. She is ravished with it : Yet seems to prize the giver incomparably beyond the gift.

Dan. I'll say that for Dangerfield, and a fig for him, he makes his presents with the best grace of any man in England, they are always well received.

Smo. I have observ'd it ever. A beating is better taken from you than any man living.

Dan. I thank 'em for that ; who dares do otherwise ?

Enter MERRYMAN *and* LIONEL.

Mer. Hold your countenance, for yonder's Dangerfield.

Lio. Never doubt me : Tho' I could laugh heartily at this martial dress, and furious mein.

Dan. Whatever was bravely perform'd in the army, I still had the honour on't ; the general would have it so : To others he was not so favourable.

Smo. He that has your wit will make a small service go a great way ; and often reap in safety the fruit of other men's dangers.

Dan. Right : Not but I venture my body as bravely as the meanest soldier, when the general will let me ;
but,

but, to say the truth, he seldom will, he loves me ~~so~~ intirely.

Smo. You charge as if you were shot free.

Dan. 'Tis my comfort, that he that shoots one bullet into me, may chance to drive another out. The general wears me next his heart, and often trusts the army to my single conduct.

Smo. It shews he is well skill'd in men.

Dan. And if at any time he's tir'd with impertinence of suitors, the noise and tumults incident to his great charge, he steals away with a friend or two to me, there he unfolds his wrinkled brows, and steeps his cares in wine within my tent.

Smo. The general, it seems, understands his pleasure, and knows good company.

Dan. No man better. The officers began to envy me, and mutter some odd things; speak out, the boldest of 'em dare not. How does this feather become me?

Smo. Most victoriously; you look like the black prince when he had just plum'd the prince of Denmark.

Dan. Thou art a pretty historian, I have been told I am like him: But I'll tell thee, a certain young captain, bolder than the rest, seeing me gay and frolic, lashing every body with my wit, as thou know'st my way is; sneer'd me in the face, and ask'd me, if I would never have sown my wild oats? I told him I could never sow 'em in a better time than when there was such a goose as he by to pick them up.

Smo. Ha, ha, ha! You put the goose upon him finely there; but what said he?

Dan. Nothing: The whole company laugh'd on my side, and he sneak'd away like a dog with a bottle at his tail.

Smo. I'll say that for you, you are the best at repartees!

Mer. This is the most flattering knave, and Dangerfield the greatest coxcomb, I ever saw.

Lio. He swallows any thing: They are well met.

Dan.

Dan. Did'st never hear how I serv'd the Colonel, at Bartholomew fair?

Smo. (He has told it me fifty times; but I must prepare to laugh at it again.) Never, Sir, I long to hear it.

Dan. I had a pretty wench with me; he star'd her in the face somewhat rudely: At last I told him, I wonder'd he that was but a hare himself, should have a mind to a coney!

Mer. That's one of the vilest quibbles I ever heard.

Lis. Let's hear how that rogue will flatter him for it.

Smo. Ha, ha, ha! You had as good have call'd him coward: A hare is the fearfulest of all beasts. Ha, ha, ha! I could die with laughing, methinks I see him, poor fool!

Dan. I meant it so; but he durst not understand me. From that time forward I kept the whole town in awe with my wit.

Smo. I would not come under your lash for a thousand pounds.

Dan. No, no, thou art an honest fellow, and a great judge of wit and parts. Thou shalt hear me sing a song that I made upon a Spanish princess.

S O N G,

I.

When first I made love to my Cloris,
Cannon oaths I brought down
To batter the town,
And I fir'd her with amorous stories.

II.

Billets-doux like small shot did ply her,
And sometimes a song
Went whizzing along,
But still I was never the nigher.

At-

III.

At last she sent word by a trumpet,
 If I lik'd that life
 She would be my wife,
 But never be any man's strumpet.

IV.

I told her that Mars would not marry,
 And swore by my scars,
 Single combats and wars,
 I'd rather dig stones in a quarry.

But is Bellamira satisfied I have no concern for Isabella?

Smo. Have a care of that: On the contrary, do all you can to make her jealous; 'twill keep her in awe: And when she names Keepwell, besure you to answer her with Isabella: If she commend his dancing, besure to praise her singing: If she speak of his shape, extol her face: Give her as good as she brings, 'twill make her mad.

Dan. Ay, if she lov'd me.

Smo. How can she chuse? Your person, your parts, and your reputation, are able to charm any woman living: They all love soldiers; and while she expects, and loves what you give, she loves you, and will fear that the stream of your bounty should turn another way.

Dan. Thou say'st right! I wonder I shou'd not think on it myself.

Smo. If you had thought at all, you would certainly; and of a thousand better devices than my poor brain can furnish you with.

Enter BELLAMIRA, and SILENCE.

Bel. I think I heard the thundering voice of my brave man of war: Welcome, my hero, my Hercules! what would thy enemies give that I could hold thee thus for ever.

Dan.

Dan. It would save 'em ten thousand men's lives, besides castles, towns and their dependences: But my life, my joy, how dost thou like my present? Is't not a fine girl; I could have had what money I would of my general abroad, or here; but I thought that below a man of honour: We had like to have quarrell'd about her.

Mer. This is a bragging coward, as sure as a painted whore has an ill complexion of her own: How bravely he begins with his own honour, his courage and his general?

Lio. And how he magnifies his own present! which to say truth, another could not praise too much.

Mer. I have a small present from your banish'd servant, Keepwell; but you are going out.

Bel. Not yet, but anon I must.

Dan. What, do we stay? I am in a fever, I have not had woman these two days.

Mer. I will but deliver what was committed to my charge for her, and then leave the fever you complain of to her cure.

Dan. Some rare business, I warrant, we know the depth of Keepwell's purse.

Mer. You shall see that this girl here is of Ethiopia, of the royal blood there. I'll out lie him, if possible.

Dan. I bought a better for five guineas, and gave her this morning to my landlady's daughter.

Sm. She looks like a warden roasted in the embers, or the outside of a gammon of bacon.

Mer. Come forward, here's an eunuch; a rare jewel, how like you him?

Bel. He has a very good face! How long have you been an eunuch?

Lio. I never remember myself otherwise.

Mer. What says Dangerfield and Smoothly, ha! what fault do you find? They are silent, that's praise enough for an enemy. Try him in Italian, French, Spanish, music, dancing.

Dan. If I had this eunuch alone, he should find I were none.

Bel.

Bel. Go in, Pisquil, and look to your charge.

Mer. And yet, madam, my friend that sends these gifts, does not ask that you should live for him alone: Nor does he tell of his fights, battles, storms, sieges: Nor does he boast of his scars as some do; but when it shall be no trouble to you, and when you please, think it enough if he then be received.

Dan. You are very officious for your friend! Sir,

Mer. I shall take a time to tell you what you are, Sir.

Smo. Officious for your friend! Ha, ha, ha! You had as good have call'd him pimp.

Dan. What dost laugh at?

Smo. At what you said to him even now.

Mer. Thou that canst stoop to flatter him thus, wou'd'st eat fire in a fair for thy living, or rake thy meat off from a dunghill.

Bel. Let's not go together.

[*Exit. Mer.*]

Dan. I long to play my lower tier of guns at thee.

Bel. Go before to the walk you know of by Kensington, and I'll meet you there.

Dan. I'll fly thither, as if I were to beat up an enemy's quarters.

[*Exit. Dan. and Smo.*]

Bel. If Eustace come hither, when I am away, desire him to stay: If not, to come again: If he cannot, bring him to me; you know where I sup: Befure you take care of Isabella, and let none come to her but the eunuch.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter LIONEL and ISABELLA.

Isa. Why dost gaze and follow me thus, as if thou wer't my shadow?

Lio. I am the shadow of a man indeed.

Isa. Leave me; and when I want thy attendance, I will send for thee.

Lio. Bellamira charg'd me not to stir from you, it would ill become me to disobey her first commands.

Isa. Thou art my goaler then?

Lio.

Lio. Not so; I am your faithful servant, and hope my attendance, as it is to me a pleasure, is to you no burthen.

Isa. Wert thou ne'er in Spain?

Lio. Why do you ask?

Isa. I know not, only a foolish curiosity I had: But 'tis impossible. Joy seeks out crowds, and numbers, but griefs, like mine, affect retirement.

Lio. You do indulge your melancholy too much; If I may be so bold, it strikes an air of sadness through the house.

Isa. I would not have my griefs infectious: Go play among your fellows.

Lio. I have no power to stir.

Isa. How so?

Lio. I fear you'll do yourself some mischief when I am gone: I dare not trust the tempest on your brow.

Isa. It is a harmless storm, and will fall suddenly in tears. The more I look upon this youth, the more I think on him I lov'd in Spain: Those eyes, that face, and that bewitching shape! Pray leave me.

Lio. If I have offended, be gracious, and chide me; but do not thrust me from your presence.

Isa. Alas! I find no fault with thee at all; 'tis fate and my unhappy stars that I repine at.

Enter BETTY.

Bet. Madam, the bath that was commanded is prepared.

Isa. There I may steep my limbs, but not my grief assuage. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter. EUSTACE.

Eust. The more I think of Bellamira's sending after me in this manner, the more I am to seek what she means. When I went first to her, she entertained me

VOL. II.

H

with

with a deal of discourse, far fetch'd, nothing to the purpose: At last she ask'd me, how long my father and mother had been dead? I told her a great while; then if I had not a seat in Devonshire, near the sea? which I have. May be she has a mind to it, and thinks to get it of me. At last, if I had not lost a young sister, who she was with, and what she had about her when she was lost? What she ask'd all these questions for, I cannot guess? unless she would put herself upon me for that sister; but if she be alive, she cannot be above seventeen; and Bellamira is as old as myself. Now she shall speak her mind plainly, or trouble me no more. Is your mistress within?

Enter SILENCE.

Sil. No; but she desires to speak with you to-morrow, about the old business.

Eust. Come hither, let me talk with you a little about the old business.

Sil. I'll come no nearer; I know your tricks well enough.

Eust. Will ten guineas do you any harm?

Sil. Nor twenty neither; but what shall I tell my mistress? Will you come?

Eust. I go into the country to-morrow.

Sil. Pray come: She says you'll repent it if you do not.

Eust. I can't possibly.

Sil. Will you stay here at our house till she comes in?

Eust. Yes, if you'll stay with me.

Sil. Not I. You do so touse and tumble one, and keep one so hot.

Eust. Thou art a pretty maid, and may'st be a mistress thyself. I have seen worse faces in glass coaches.

Sil. And better in Bridewell. I think I might serve for a month or two; but what then?

Eust. Nay, if you are so cautious, you'll never have a house in the mall.

Sil.

Sil. Nor die in a ditch, like Jane Shore.

Eust. Pattens, worited stockings and coarse smocks,
go with thee for a fool.

Sil. Will you go to my mistress where she sups anon,
and I'll bring you to her?

Eust. But come hither, prithee come; you are as
skittish, as if you were that fame all over. She is as
nimble as a squirrel, there's no catching her.

[*She runs from him, and Exeunt.*]

Enter CUNNINGHAM, THISBE, and her Maid.

Thisbe. Come, now we are alone, sing me the last new
song.

S O N G.

I.

Thyrsis, unjustly you complain,
And tax my tender heart
With want of pity for your pain,
Or sense of your desert.

II.

By secret and mysterious springs,
Alas! our passions move;
We women are fantastic things,
That like before we love.

III.

You may be handsome, and have wit,
Be secret and well bred,
The person Love must to us fit,
He only can succeed.

IV.

Some die, yet never are believ'd;
Others we trust too soon,
Helping ourselves to be deceiv'd,
And proud to be undone.

Cun. Your humble servant, madam: I left some friends of yours at the Rose; Merryman begun your health in a bumper. I had much ado to get away, but your commands—

Thi. Nobody here sent for you; and of all men living, I least expected you.

Cun. When I received this pretty billet-doux my heart went pit-a-pat; and knew 'twas yours before I open'd it.

Thi. 'Tis a false heart, believe it not another time.

Cun. If it be false, it was your beauty first made it so.

Thi. Lightly come, lightly go; and if I lose it, to another.

Cun. No, madam, you conquer like the King of France. Your subjects for ever after are at rest.

Thi. You said as much to the flame-colour'd petticoat in New Spring garden.

Cun. She has spies upon me; 'tis a good sign! There was a lady I must confess much of your height, your shape and mein; at first I thought it was yourself, and therefore I accosted her: And when I was entered into discourse, she ply'd me so fast with the intrigues of the town, I could not handsomely get off.

Thi. I am not jealous of her: You need not take all this pains to clear yourself. Was she of quality?

Cun. Yes, sure: She knew me, and desired my protection against some bullies that were there. Your note here speaks of company that were to meet at cards; but 'tis more obliging in you to be thus alone.

Thi. Thou incorrigible piece of vanity! I neither sent for thee to cards, nor any thing else. Let's see this note: 'Tis a scriv'ner's hand.

[Reads it.]

Cun.

Cun. I have heard yours commended, and am apt to hope——

Thi. The most that ever I knew any man.

Cun. Those pretty lips should be corrected, for their pouting, and press'd with kisses into their former figure.

Thi. You should be corrected, and made to know your distance.

Cun. I am sorry to find you in so ill a humour, but I'll swear that time at Spring Garden we scarce spoke of any thing but yourself: She, as 'tis the manner of fine women one of another, maliciously enough, but I, with all the tenderness and transport imaginable. I see Merryman coming; I will take some fitter time for an ec-claircissement. [Exit.

Thi. This fellow has vanity enough to extract love out of an affront; and would kiss the pretty foot that should kick him down stairs: He thinks all this is mere jealousy.

Enter MERRYMAN.

Mer. These are those that can come, come without being sent for.

Thi. Or they should not come at all for me.

Mer. We have drank every letter of your name twice over; and spell'd it with a double *e* at last.

Thi. 'Twas done like a discreet guardian: You are drunk then.

Mer. No; half a score glasses do but whet wit and sharpen appetite: A bottle is the spring-tide of love, and dull sobriety the lowest ebb.

Thi. I love to see things at the worst, that I may know what to trust to.

Mer. You would not be seen so yourself: Don't you ladies dress, patch and curl, and paint too, if there be occasion, before you come abroad?

Thi. That's to please ourselves, and in competition to one another.

Mer. And that competition is about us filthy fellows. Was not Cunningham here?

Tbi. He's just gone.

Mer. I sent him to you : We had a mind to drink a bottle by ourselves, and could not get rid of him, till I contriv'd a letter in your name for him. He shew'd it us like a vain fool immediately.

Tbi. He'll tell the whole town : Pray undeceive him when you see him next ; for all I cou'd say could not do it.

Mer. Have you any mirabilis ?

Tbi. I should not see you so often if I had not.

Mer. We good fellows have our qualms, like breeding women.

Tbi. And your great bellies too, most of you ; which go to lay at Epsom and Tunbridge waters.

Mer. When we are marry'd I'll turn over a new leaf.

Tbi. Hold, 'tis not come to that yet ; you are the envy of your club. Four hundred pounds a year, and neither wife nor child, and spend it all in drink.

Mer. I am very conjugally given : I love of late to drink hand to hand with an old friend ; have left off supping, and go to bed at ten.

Tbi. These are signs of a body far spent in the service.

Mer. I will leave off drinking, eat much, and get children innumerable.

Tbi. Not till you have been flux'd : You are an old sinner, and I dare not venture upon you.

Mer. I am as found as a bell, fat, plump and juicy, and have drank my gallon a-day these seven years.

Tbi. However, 'twill mend your shape.

Mer. I have been told I am as true a shap'd drunkard as heart can wish ; great belly, double chin, thick legs : You would not have a pad look like a racer ?

Tbi. No ; but I would have you thought able to get children, if I marry you.

Mer. I'll cut any man's throat that says the contrary.

Tbi. But they will whisper and make libels : Your great belly will be a continual jest upon mine.

Mer. I will drink raking rhenish, eat butter'd wheat, sweat in a bagnio, and do any reasonable thing, to render my person gracious.

Tbi.

Thi. Every jockey will do as much, to win a tankard ; but I must have no morning draughts, no qualms that keep off dinner 'till three o'clock, no tun-belly'd rogues, that fright chairmen from the house, no noisy fools to disturb the whole street with loyal catches, and senseless huzza's.

Mer. I have some provisos to offer too, in order to our future peace and quiet : I will have none of your gaming ladies to keep you up at cards 'till I am ready to go out in the morning, so that we have scarce time for the great end of matrimony. No meetings at the china-houses ; where under pretence of raffling for a piece of plate, or so, you get acquainted with all the young fellows in town ; three such accidental meetings go to a visit, and three visits to something that shall be nameless. No Epson nor Tunbridge waters, where ladies and gentlemen walk and prate up acquaintance, as fast as if it were in a tavern.

Thi. You must either get me with child the first year, or give me leave to use the lawful means : I hope I may visit Bellamira.

Mer. She is not so handsome as she was, and begins to look something procurish ; she is more dangerous than any man, one setter destroys more partridge than ten hawks ; when you take me for better for worse, you must forsake her and all her works.

Thi. When you take me for rich or for poor, you shall either leave your drink or your jealousy. I will not be troubled with an Italian and a Dutch man, bound up in one greasy volume.

Mer. 'Tis a mad age, a man is laugh'd at for being a cuckold, and wonder'd at if he take any care to prevent it ; well, I will leave all to thy discretion ; and as thou hast been careful of thy own credit hitherto, hope thou wilt be as tender of mine when I am thy husband.

Thi. That's all you have to trust too : Now to shew you I will not be out-done in generosity, you shall dine in the city, and get drunk among your old companions sometimes ; but I will have no women brought into the company, on any pretence whatever

Mer. My landlady, an oyster-wench, or so.

Thi. Not if she be under fifty; you may be drunk at home: I will dine with you, to keep off beer glasses while you eat.

Mer. Content: I hate a beastly bumper at my meals; we will have two beds, for I will not come home drunk and get girls, without I knew where to get portions for 'em; in this age they sour and grow stale upon their parent's hands. Luerece's will scarce off, but to foreigners.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. A young gentleman in the street hard by, says he must speak with you immediately.

Thi. 'Tis one of your drunken companions; you had best go to him, we shall have him come hither else.

Mer. I would kick the best friend in christendom down stairs, should he offer it. Adieu for a while. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter BELLAMIRA in Man's Cloaths, and MERRYMAN.

Mer. What's your business with me, Sir?

Bel. If you will walk a little farther into the square, I'll satisfy you, Sir. (*They walk a little farther.*) Now we are alone, the time and place convenient, I must tell you, you abus'd a person of quality last night, forc'd open her lodgings, beat her servants, broke her windows, and call'd her all the names imaginable.

Mer. That may very well be; I went home drunk, and scour'd outrageously: But what of that?

Bel. I am her brother.

Mer. And come to swagger in her behalf?

Bel. I am come for satisfaction.

Mer. Her name, Sir?

Bel. Emilia.

Mer. Her lodging?

Bel. The flower-de-luce.

Mer. I always took it to be a bawdy-house.

Bel.

Bel It seems so; but I come to convince you to the contrary.

Mer. Sir, I believe you: And if you will bring me to wait on her, I will ask her pardon; I am as much ashamed of a rudeness offer'd to a person of quality, when I am sober, as any man living.

Bel. I thought what a fellow I should find.

Mer. My little bully, will nothing serve you but battle, murder, and sudden death?

Bel. I came to fight, Sir, not to hear you prate.

Mer. Then pluck out, that I may tap thee presently.

[*They go to fight*; *BEL.* pulls up her Peruke.

Bel. Hold, hold Merryman; dost thou not know me yet?

Mer. Bellamira in disguise!

Bel. The same.

Mer. Why this to me? Faith you shall never find me backward to man or woman.

Bel. No, thou art a brave fellow, I have occasion for such a one, and now I have try'd you, and see you dare fight, all's well.

Mer. Am I to be your ladyship's second?

Bel. An easier business.

Mer. As how?

Bel. I have appointed Dangerfield to wait for me in the walk near Kenfington, which I so much delight in: Thus disguised, I intend to rob him, and have chosen thee for my fellow adventurer. When we have frighted the roaring fool sufficiently, we'll find some way to give him his money again.

Mer. We may be hang'd together very lovingly in earnest, tho' we rob in jest.

Bel. If he should discover, which he never will; I can prevail with him not to prosecute; besides the lying fool will swear for his credit we were at least a dozen; my heart is set upon this frolic, don't deny me.

Mer. 'Tis admirable! 'Till be the best news for my friend Keepwell.

Bel. He shall know it in due time, I hate this Dangerfield; and now I have gotten Isabella out of his hands. I care not if he were hang'd.

Mer. And shall we cudgel his buff coat sufficiently?

Bel. 'Till it be as gentle as a sheepskin.

Mer. Thou art a brave wench, i'faith, I will drink thy health hereafter by the name of the pretty padder. I will borrow a vizor of some overgrown bawd, and about it instantly. But shall we sup together in town afterwards?

Bel. Sure you'll not wrong friend Keepwell so much?

Mer. Not for a world, if I thought you would not; but, he is at a distance, the temptation present, and not to be resisted by frail man.

Bel. You were always an enemy of mine; and yet I know not how, I ever lik'd your blunt way; and could not hate you heartily for it.

Mer. If you will make a convert of me, this is the time.

Bel. You shall then promise me, drunk or sober, to speak well of me to Keepwell.

Mer. That's too hard; but, if I speak any ill of you, drunk; I will promise to deny it again when I am sober.

Bel. You shall never more tell him I will undo him, nor read him any discreet lectures about my extravagance in cloaths, furniture, equipage, hours or company.

Mer. I never did sow dissention but with intent you should make your benefit of it; for I am told after every little quarrel, he buys his peace with a coach and horses, a country house, pearl necklace, or some such trifle.

Bel. He does so; but, yet frequent disputes may end in a breach, and there are fine women that lie upon the catch, to get him from me.

Mer. Fear him not, next to you he loves money, and will never begin such another expence in a new place. You have more plate than ten christenings, more china than many a shop, more good cloaths than the playhouse.

Bel. You had like to have undone me for all that with your stories; but he told me all when I had him alone.

Mer.

Mer. I don't doubt it; I see advice is thrown away upon him, and I will trouble him with no more; but be thy servant to all intents and purposes. [*kisses her.*] Now the peace is agreed on, we'll sign and seal anon.

Bel. You'll tell him one time or other when you are drunk together.

Mer. He'll not believe me if I should. Well I am a rogue to betray my friend thus; but, who would not be taken off with such a bribe? Besides in matter of women, we are all in the state of nature, every man's hand against every man, whatever we pretend. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter EUSTACE.

Eust. I wonder what's become of Lionel; he has not appear'd this day or two. I'll go to Bellamira's and know where she sups that I may meet her, and know the end of her affair with me. Who's this walks this way? he is transported, and talks to himself.

Enter LIONEL.

Lio. If a man car'd to be alone he should be troubled with forty coxcombs, and ten times as many impertinent questions: But now I am ready to burst with joy, and secrets, I can meet no friend to vent myself to.

Eust. This is Lionel; for all his disguise I know him. How now, Lionel? What's the meaning of this habit? I never saw a man so overjoy'd: Are you in your wits?

Lio. Oh, my dear friend! There is not a man on earth to whom I would so gladly impart my secret joy, or inward grief, as to thyself.

Eust. 'Tis the happiness of friendship that the one is improv'd, the other lessen'd, by our doing so: But what means all this?

Lio. I am impatient till you know; this is the happiest day of all my life; And I could be contented to die this minute, lest some succeeding misfortunes should defile this sincere joy. You know Bellamira, my brother's mistress.

H 6

Eust.

Eust. I have seen her twice or thrice.

Lio. There was this day a young maid given her by Dangerfield, my brother's rival, the finest creature that ever my eyes beheld; not above seventeen, a man flying for his life would stop to gaze upon her.

Eust. I am of your opinion, but what of her?

Lio. Seeing her in the street, I fell in love with her. By good fortune, we had a eunuch, which my brother had promis'd to Bellamira: Nor was he yet delivered; Merryman, who undertook to carry him, advised me, seeing me dying for this young woman.

Eust. What did he advise you?

Lio. To change cloaths with this eunuch, and be presented to Bellamira in his stead.

Eust. What, for a eunuch?

Lio. I have a pretty voice, smooth chin.

Eust. What could you propose to yourself?

Lio. To see her, and be alone sometimes with the divine creature: Do you count all that nothing? In short, I was presented to Bellamira, and receiv'd with great joy, and without the least suspicion; she left me at home, and recommended this beautiful creature to my sole care.

Eust. 'Tis impossible.

Lio. She did it.

Eust. Most discreetly.

Lio. Most fortunately. I'll tell thee more, she commanded no body should come near her but myself, and that I should not stir from her, in the farthest part of the house. I blush'd, look'd down, and modestly said it should be done.

Eust. Oh, rogue! Thy discourse has fingers in it.

Lio. Bellamira goes out to supper, her servants follow her, except some of the meanest sort: Presently they prepare a bath for the fair stranger; this beautiful creature is call'd to go into the bath.

Eust. What before you?

Lio. Yes, before a eunuch sure. She goes in, returns, the servants put her to bed: I ask if they have any service for me: Pisquill, says one, (for so I was call'd) take this fan, and cool my mistress with it, as she lies.

Eust.

Eust. Oh, that I could have seen thee with those gloating eyes, fanning a naked woman ! an Asinego as thou art.

Lio. Presently all the maids run, some one way, some another, as servants do when their masters are abroad ; in the mean time this beautiful creature falls asleep : I look about me to see if all were fast ; I bar the door.

Eust. What then ?

Lio. What then, my Eustace ? can you ask and know me ? Should I have slip'd so fair, so wish'd, so unexpected an opportunity, I must have been that eunuch that I seem'd.

Eust. You ravish'd her then ?

Lio. What else ? I took her by storm, having no leisure for a siege : I found her the same woman I fell in love with in Spain.

Eust. She we so often talked of ?

Lio. The same ; and which is more, she remembered me again : Never was man so happy ! never was accident so fortunate !

Eust. Did she not cry out ?

Lio. There was nobody within hearing.

Eust. 'Twas something a harsh way.

Lio. No woman ever heartily fell out with a man about that business, I'll try to soften her in my own person.

Eust. Won't you change your cloaths ?

Lio. How shall I change them ? Or whither shall I go ? I dare not go home for fear of my brother : Then again, if my father should come out of the country !

Eust. Come to my house, out of the street however.

Lio. Agreed.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT

A C T IV.

SCENE I.

DANGERFIELD *and* SMOOTHLY.

Dan. **T**IS strange Bellamira appears not, we have been here a great while.

Smo. I wonder she makes no more haste to her own happiness! the Spanish ladies would not have serv'd you so.

Dan. Nay, I'll speak a bold word: French, Spanish or Italian; I was ever the delight of ladies, I was the terror of men.

Smo. Perhaps she has been overturn'd, broke a wheel, or some such accident: May be her sneaking lover's return'd.

Dan. Who Keepwell? that fearful hind, that ran out of town at the news of my arrival, lest I should kick him to jelly?

Smo. 'Tis almost night, what if we should be robb'd here?

Dan. What if the sky should fall? or a flock of sheep rout a marching army? If all these hedges were lined with musqueteers I would not yield.

Smo. If a hog should start out and rustle, he would run away. (*aside.*) A volley of shot is music to your great heart; but what shall poor I do?

Dan. This fellow is as cowardly as I am rash and adventurous: Creep behind me, and be as safe as in a brazen

zen town: I'll shew thee how I kill'd Don Alonzo in Spain.

Smo. I dare not stand; you'll run such a fellow as I through with a scabbard on.

Dan. On my honour, as I love danger, I will not hurt thee. He ran furiously upon me.

Smo. And did you look so terrible as you do now?

Dan. Worse if possible.

Smo. He was a brave man then.

Dan. The bravest fellow I ever had to do with: He had kill'd nine men in duel, made two and twenty campaigns, been in eight sea-fights, and thirteen pitch'd battles.

Enter MERRYMAN and BELLAMIRA.

Mer. Here he is, fencing with his man.

Smo. Thieves, thieves! murder! Look to yourself.

Bel. Your money.

Mer. Deliver firrah.

Dan. Take it, you scoundrels, and thank Heaven I am not in an angry mood.

Mer. Will a good cudgel put you into it?

[Beats him.]

Dan. No: Venus, Venus rules the day, I am all peace and love: My vigour is design'd to other purposes than fighting with rascally fellows.

Mer. We must have this pearl out of your ear.

Dan. 'Twas given me for my service at the siege of Dunkirk, as a mark of honour.

Bel. Make haste, we shall be forc'd to crop you else.

Mer. Let's remove 'em a little farther, and tie 'em back to back, and leave them.

Dan. I'll have satisfaction for this affront, you rascals, I scorn the slow pac'd revenge of law, 'tis blood I'll have.

Mer. That you may not forget, I will give you this farther remembrance.

[Beats him again.]

Bel. Come away with the rascals.

Dan.

Dan. Well, stripling, well, no more to be said.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter THISBE in the Bailiffs Hands.

1. *Bail.* I'll stay no longer sending up and down :
Can you pay the money ?

Thisbe. In a short time I can.

2. *Bail.* Have you any friend that will be bound with you ?

Thisbe. I have ; but I am so unfortunate, they are not within.

1. *Bail.* Come, come, away to prison.

Thisbe. If you have the hearts of men, take pity on my youth. This is all the money I owe in the world, and I shall suddenly discharge it ; but if you disgrace me thus, I am undone for ever.

1. *Bail.* We are officers. and must obey our warrant. Come along.

Enter CUNNINGHAM and EUSTACE.

Cun. What's here, Thisbe, in the hands of bailiffs ! I will kill two birds with one stone at once. I will shew my courage, and my love in rescuing my mistress. Let's never suffer these rascals to carry her off.

Eust. I will not fight against the law : a bailiff and a hangman are as necessary as a lord chief justice in a government.

Cun. I will draw and be knock'd down in her quarrel by myself then.

Eust. Hold, hold : I will draw my purse and rescue her a surer way.

Thisbe. Is there no way for my deliverance ?

Cun. I'll bail her.

1. *Bail.* We must have city security ; no Covent-garden bully.

Eust. What's the sum ?

1. *Bail.* Two hundred pounds. What do we stand talking with her ? away.

Thisbe.

Thi. Oh, I am miserable !

Cun. Hold, you shall have your choice of six play debts: Sir Thomas Whiskin owes me three hundred pounds, will you take that for your money? or Harry Hothead shall be your pay master.

1. *Bail.* Nothing but our money down, or good security.

Eust. Why then here's your money down, you rascals.

2. *Bail.* Now you say something. Much good may do you: She is very pretty, and as cheap as neck-beef.

[*Exeunt Bailiffs.*]

Thi. This redemption, as I never can deserve, so I cannot too much acknowledge your surprising generosity to a stranger, known to you by nothing but distress.

Eust. Preserve your thanks till you find to whom they are due, I am but the instrument of your deliverance, and was employ'd by a servant of yours, who could not come himself, for some reasons you shall know hereafter.

Thi. May I not know his name? that I may return him his money at least.

Eust. He charg'd me to the contrary.

Cun. I could almost forswear play, since my ill fortune has put me out of condition of doing this small service, but I was ready with my sword.

Thi. 'Tis much better as it is.

Cun. I did not throw one main in two hours, I lost three sets at back-gammon, and a tout at tricktrack, all ready money. The rude fellows have frighted the roses from your cheeks.

Thi. This rogue, my taylor that arrested me, came but three days ago to know if I had any service to command him: There must be something farther in't.

Cun. Perhaps some envious woman set him on; there is as much malice among beauties as among wits. Will you give me leave to wait on you home? there are rude fellows abroad, and you may meet with some affront.

Eust. Madam, we will secure you from that.

Thi. Your servant.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter

Enter KEEPWELL and SILENCE.

Keep. How does my dearest Bellamira? Does she not think I have mortified myself enough.

Sil. You may guess: She is gone out with Dangerfield.

Keep. I know it too well.

Sil. Oh, this villain, viper, satyr! where shall I find him? or how torment him when I have found him? We are all undone, abus'd, cheated!

Keep. My heart misgives me strangely, and I have scarce courage to ask what's the matter. Here have been scourers, breakers of windows.

Sil. As soon as he had his will of her to run away and leave us thus! but if I light of him I'll tear his goatish eyes out.

Keep. Here has been some disorder in my absence: Who is it you threaten thus; whom do you speak of?

Sil. As if you did not know, and be hang'd, with your precious gifts.

Keep. They are such your mistress would never let me rest till she had 'em; If she don't like 'em now, she may thank herself. But what's the matter?

Sil. The eunuch you gave us made brave work!

Keep. Oh! is that all? not work for a midwife I am sure.

Sil. It may be in time. He has ravish'd the young maid Dangerfield gave my mistress.

Keep. 'Tis impossible: He is as innocent as a child unborn.

Sil. What he is I can't tell; but by his works he's no more an eunuch than yourself. The young maid is all in tears, we cannot get a word from her: Pray Heaven she does herself no mischief. She casts down her eyes, and sighs as if her heart would break: The rascal's no where to be found; 'tis well if he have not robb'd us at parting too.

Keep. I am strangely amaz'd! he knows no place in town, no person, and has no where to go but to my house.

Sil.

Sil. Let's see if he be there. Our maids have sworn every one to have a limb of him.

Keep. I have heard these eunuchs have been very amorous ; but never heard of such a prank : Besides, this was taken in an Algerine, an eunuch after the Turkish manner.

Sil. He look'd so demurely, I thought butter would not have melted in his mouth ; I hope you will make sure work with him before you send him again. But see Isabella herself.

Enter ISABELLA.

Keep. I'll speak to her, and know the truth.

Sil. You had better step aside and observe her : You'll put her out of countenance.

Isa. Torn from my parents and my country young ;
Then in a foreign land expos'd to sale.
After some few removes, when but a child,
I to the hands of Bellamira fell,
Then to rude Dangerfield by fortune's spite
Strangely betray'd ; and now again restor'd,
I know not how, nor why, nor on what score,
Misfortune sure like mine there never was.
In every change and state I still preserv'd
My honour boldly by contempt of life,
Vow'd the same hour should rob me of 'em both ;
The resolution was so new, it check'd his lust.
But what does it avail to keep from thieves
That wealth we must anon to pirates lose ?
No sooner here, but like an eunuch,
A bold lover comes and rifles me of all ;
Vow'd to return, marry and take me hence ;
But men are false, women believing fools :
Yet this is he that lov'd me when in Spain,
And my poor heart first kindled at his fire.
'Till he returns I will not cherish life,
Nor sleep nor nourishment shall prop this frame :
My husband he will be or murderer.

[*Exit.*

Keep.

Keep. Poor lady! she has dissolv'd my eyes. Her passion's great; but I'll go home and kill Pisquil: Thou shalt go and see the execution.

Sil. We'll slay the lustful swine.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter BELLAMIRA, DANGERFIELD and SMOOTHLY.

Bel. My dear man of war! bouncing bully! didst thou not begin to despair of me?

Dan. When we were ty'd back to back; and thrown into that ditch, I began to think we must have lain in the field all night, as I have done, for my part, half my life time.

Bel. You have not been robb'd, I hope?

Dan. Yes, faith, the rogues surpris'd us e'er we could get our swords out.

Bel. Not of much?

Dan. Of a hundred pieces, and some medals, given me by foreign princes and states, for my good service in the wars.

Bel. I am the unhappiest woman in the world! And all this staying for me! How many were the rogues!

Dan. Half a foot company.

Smo. Such as we us'd to muster in Flanders.

Bel. How many is that in English?

Dan. A dozen arm'd with sword and pistol.

Smo. There were more of 'em not far off, if need had been.

Dan. The captain of 'em was such another fat fellow as Merryman: I shall know him again if I see him; and if I do, I make one entire bruise of him. He laid on me most unmercifully.

Bel. Who unbound you?

Dan. An honest country fellow, who came by, by accident.

Bel. I have been overthrown too by a gentleman's coachman, who threw us in the dirt; and I was forc'd to go home to shift.

Dan.

Dan. Know you the livery? I will have satisfaction, or make him turn away his saucy servant: I am rusty for want of fighting.

Bel. If I did I would not tell you, you are so apt to thrust yourself into quarrels; 'tis a sad thing to love a brave man, a woman is ever in one fright or other: If they have the discretion not to be principals, they must be seconds in every idle business.

Dan. I never fail'd but once of disarming my man.

Smo. And then you had the misfortune to run him clean thorough the heart.

Dan. I fled into France upon it.

Bel. What if I help you to your money and jewels again?

Dan. I'll give you fifty pounds. Can you guess who robb'd us?

Bel. No, but I'll take you at your word. Stop here at Knightbridge, there is a justice, swear your loss before him, since you were robb'd between sun and sun, and the county is oblig'd to make it good.

Smo. Here's fifty pounds well gotten. This is a witty wench, I am half in love with her myself.

Dan. I had rather lose it all than swear before one of those children of the gown.

Bel. Nay, you shall do it: 'Twill soon be over, and then we'll sup in town.

Smo. Now must I forswear myself, or lose my place: Let me see, that I may not be out: The robbers were twelve, the money lost a hundred pieces, besides medals and rings to the value of as much more. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter KEEPWELL, PISQUIL, SILENCE *and* BETTY.

Keep. Come out, you rogue, you rascal: will nothing go down with you but maidenheads?

Pis. I beseech you, Sir.

Keep. How came you hither again? What's the meaning of these cloaths? speak; if we had staid never so little longer he had been gone, he was preparing for his journey, I see.

Bel.

Bet. Where is he? that I may stick my bodkin in him.

Keep. Don't you see him?

Bet. No, if I did, I'd teach him to come with his edg'd tools amongst poor harmless maids.

Sil. It might have been some of our cases; and I pity Isabella with all my heart: But are you sure you have him fast?

Keep. Why there he is, just before you.

Sil. What that poor wretch? That swallow face was never within our doors. There's a ravisher indeed!

Bet. Could you think this was he that we complain'd of?

Keep. I never had any other.

Sil. This fellow is no more to our Pisquill than a calf is to a lion.

Bet. He you sent us had a sweet face, delicate shape, quick eye, and a promising countenance.

Keep. Fine feathers make fine birds: You see him now in plain cloaths, at his worst,

Sil. There's more in't than so: Ours was young, handsome, in his prime; this is a wither'd, worn-out, weather-beaten, weasel fac'd fellow.

Keep. I shall begin to think I don't know my right hand from my left, if this be true. Come hither, firrah, Pisquill, did not I give fifty pounds for you.

Pif. You did, Sir.

Bet. Now let me ask him a question: Do you know our house?

Pif. No, nor you neither.

Sil. Merryman brought us a young fellow of nineteen, that would have known us all over and over, if he had staid.

Keep. How came you by these cloaths? Why don't you answer me, you rascal?

Pif. One Mr. Lionel came.

Keep. What, my brother?

Pif. He said so.

Keep. When?

Pif. To day.

Keep.

Keep. With whom?

Pis. With Merryman only.

Keep. Did you know he was my brother?

Pis. Mr. Merryman told me so; He gave me these cloaths, and took away mine; then they went both together.

Keep. I am undone; Bellamira will never endure this affront, nor ever be persuaded but I was privy to it.

Sil. It may cost you a week's banishment, or so; but what think you, am I sober? am I in my right wits? no, I ly'd! I was a fool! the eunuch was as innocent as a lamb. Poor Isabella! is not she undone, ruin'd for ever?

Keep. No, he shall marry her, and make her an honest woman; will not that satisfy?

Pis. Alas, Sir! I have nothing to satisfy a woman with, neither by night nor by day; I am a poor despicable eunuch. If I marry, your worship must get my children, and keep them too.

Sil. My mistress will never like that.

Keep. The wench he ravish'd is but a servant maid, or at most one that has no friends, I'll give 'em a farm of twenty pounds a year, and make up all that way.

Pis. I beseech you, Sir, drown or hang me out of the way, but name not marriage to a wretch in my condition.

Keep. Sirrah, I'll have it so. Will nothing down with you but forbidden fruit? You have no stomach to a woman in a lawful way and be hang'd.

Pis. I am your true, your very eunuch Pisquil! what pranks have been play'd in my name I know not: Let any of these maids examine me, alas! I am under no circumstances of wedlock.

Bet. Out upon him filthy creature, I would not touch him for a world.

Sil. I had rather handle a dead corps; three such fellows were enough to breed a plague.

Bet. I'll take my corporal oath this is not he that was at our house.

Sil.

Sil. I never saw two men in my life more unlike than this odious fellow and our Pisquil.

Keep. I am resolv'd he shall marry her, though it cost me forty pounds a year; Bellamira's house must not be thus affronted.

Sil. You'll be mistaken; Isabella is a gentlewoman, sits at table with my mistress, and would not marry such a fellow for all you are worth.

Keep. What shall we do then?

Sil. Let's find out the true ravisher, if he refuse to marry her, take the law of him and hang him.

Keep. Come hither, Pisquil: Did Lionel put on thy cloaths, and leave thee his?

Pis. By all that's good he did.

Keep. And put on thine?

Pis. Yes, in the room.

Bet. He came to us indeed in a strange fashion'd habit.

Keep. This Lionel is the most wicked, impudent, and I the most unhappy of mankind! I have sent a stone horse among mares.

Sil. Now don't you think my mistress has been finely serv'd by you, and your lewd brother?

Keep. I am undone if all this comes to Bellamira's ear. She talk'd of a great sum she hop'd to get by restoring this young woman to her friends: I am afraid 'tis I must pay it now; no man will own her, having been thus abus'd. Sirrah, deny all again instantly.

Pis. Let me alone, Sir, I'll set all right.

Keep. I'll get the truth out of thee, or I'll beat thee in a mortar. When was my brother here?

Pis. Four days ago.

Keep. Never since?

Pis. No indeed, Sir.

Keep. See what a lying rogue this is now! I have had him but two days, and he says my brother chang'd his cloaths with him four days ago.

Bet. He said quite otherwise but now, and that it was this day.

Keep.

Keep. Damn him a rogue, he falters in his evidence, and I would not hang a dog upon his testimony; are not you a fine rascal to lay this villany upon my innocent brother?

Pij. I do confess; pray, Sir, pardon me, I was afraid.

Keep. Get you out of my sight, you lying rogue.

Sil. He is a lying rogue now, I dare swear.

Bet. He dares not stand to his first story: Keepwell has threatned him.

Sil. This is all Merryman's contrivance: but if I be not even with him, may I die a maid. Well Dangerfield and my mistress were at high words after supper: She gave me her gold and jewels to carry home; a sure sign she'll not stay long behind.

Bet. I'll go home.

Keep. I'll go to Merryman, and learn the bottom of this business, that I may know what to say to my offended Bellamira.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter MERRYMAN and BELLAMIRA.

Mer. I will turn Turk but I will avoid wine hereafter, that eternal foe to better sport. Can my dear Bellamira forgive her poor entertainment.

Bel. Why not, as well as you do a weak brother who can drink but his bottle. You may sit up till morning tho' he leave you at nine;—the application is easy.

Mer. I will leave my mornings draught of mum and wormwood, and breakfast hereafter upon new laid eggs, ambergrease and gravy.

Bel. Trouble not yourself, I will breakfast before I come to you, and sup heartily before I go to bed.

Mer. This paunch of mine shall down, I will no longer suffer my virile virtue to be eclipsed by this globe of earth; bisket my meat, fennel water and vinegar shall be my drink this twelve months.

Bel. Your penance is too severe, meerly for a sin of omission, I like you the better for it: Your honest nature would not suffer you to wrong your friend too much, when it came to the point.

Mer. My honest over-grown body would not keep pace with lewd will; for which I am resolv'd to mortify it, no more bumpers, no dinners that last till midnight, no city feasts, no huzzas

Bel. You are in love elsewhere, and keep yourself for pretty Mistress Thisbe.

Mer. I never saw a play, but I was willing to throw away what I had about me.

Bel. Well, I must leave you; Keepwell, I fear, is in town.

Mer. That word leave you, always puts me into a cold sweat, and if a man were cock'd and prim'd, is enough to make a man mis fire. Can't you stay one minute?

Bel. To what purpose? I have been here a great while, sure 'tis late, your company stay for you, and bottles are upon table by this time.

Mer. Would you had never talk'd of going, I am the worst at paying money upon a pinch; can't you stay one quarter of an hour?

Bel. I have appointed business with Eustace and must be gone,

Enter a Servant,

Ser. Sir, Keepwell is coming up stairs, I told him you were asleep, he must needs speak with you.

Mer. Step in there, I'll send him away presently.

Enter KEEPWELL, he gets a glimpse of BELLAMIRA.

Keep. Merryman with a wench, nay then we are all mortal.

Mer. 'Tis only the wine cooper's daughter that has brought me some taste of Pontack out of her father's cellar.

Keep. (sings.) Her breasts of delight,
Are two bottles of white,

And her eyes are two cups of Canary.

I hope we shall have no more lessons of thrift, no pious
exhorta-

exhortations, no lectures against love. Why she has as good cloaths as my Bellamira.

Mer. But I don't pay for them, as you do.

Keep. Prithee let me see her, I have trusted thee with my Bel. a hundred times.

Mer. You won't like her, and then I shall be laugh'd at; besides this is the first time, she is a young modest finner, and I have given her my word.

Keep. What, art thou ashamed of her?

Mer. Nor proud of her neither, as you are of your tyrant Bellamira.

Keep. Never speak against my Bel. she is the prettiest little pouting, tempestuous rogue sometimes, but 'tis soon over; and then she is so calm again, the Halcyon might breed upon her lips.

Mer. You are grown poetical since you went into the country.

Keep. Prithee let me see thy punk, thy cockatrice, thy harlot.

Mer. Good words, you don't know whom you speak of.

Keep. I'll set my foot against the door.

Mer. You won't be such a brute. How shall we get rid of him? [Aside.

Keep. I am very rampant.

Mer. I have that will take down your courage. Dangerfield has sent me a challenge for delivering your cuckold and black in his presence.

Keep. Why didst thou do it in his presence?

Mer. 'Tis past now, and you must be my second.

Keep. Pox on't, I did not mean rampant for fighting, I meant for t'other business; I have no malice to any man living, but am wond'rous loving.

Mer. We are to meet an hour hence, the time is short, I cannot possibly find another friend; besides, 'tis partly your own quarrel.

Keep. Hang him, he makes a trade of fighting, and kills men by the year.

Mer. We must try what mettle he is made of.

Keep. Let me alone, I will bring you off with honour, and without fighting.

Mer. How so?

Keep. The officer of the guard is my intimate friend, I will acquaint him with the quarrel and get us all secured; I have scap'd hitherto by his means, and yet have sent and received some challenges in my life time; he saves more bloodshed than all the parsons in town with their sermons against duelling.

Mer. I have no great lust for fighting, if you can take it up handsomely, with all my heart; but you must about it instantly, for the time is short.

Keep. I am gone out, before you stay at home.

[*Exit.*

Mer. I knew this was a sure way to get rid of him. He's gone.

Enter BELLAMIRA.

Bel. And so must we, the guard will be here presently else. You could not help calling me tyrant to Keepwell, tho' you knew I was within hearing.

Mer. I must talk a little after the old rate, it will breed suspicion in him should I change my note all of a sudden; but I will drink him up every night, and send him to thee so loving.

Bel. Drink him down rather, pray let him alone as he is.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter EUSTACE and SILENCE.

Sil. Oh! Sir, how is it between my mistress and her man of war?

Eust. Not so as it might be between thee and me, if thou would'st be rul'd.

Sil. I am rul'd by my friends and relations.

Eust. They'll undo thee, Silence, if thou hearken'st to them; thou wilt spend thy youth in service, and in thy age be eaten up with children.

Sil.

Sil. Better so than with the pox : I had rather be a cobbler's wife, than [the best man's] whore in the land.

Eust. This is a wicked principle, and has undone more young women !

Sil. If I must be ruin'd, I'll be ruin'd in an honest way.

Eust. A woman ruin'd in an honest way is the vilest, contemptiblest thing imaginable : give me a woman ruin'd with a coach and six horses, a house in the Mall, fine equipage ! and all this thou might'st be in a fair way to compas.

Sil. But what of my mistress and Dangerfield ?

Eust. They are all to pieces.

Sil. About what ?

Eust. About a young maid Dangerfield gave her : nothing will serve but he'll have her again.

Sil. She will never meet with such a loyal, obedient lover as Keepwell.

Eust. He is the top culley of the town. But here she comes herself.

Enter BELLAMIRA.

Bel. I believe he'll come to take her away by force ; but let him offer to touch her with a finger, I'll pluck his eyes out. I can bear with his impertinences and big words, while they are but words ; but if he offer violence, I know what he is at the bottom, and can find those that can cudgel him.

Eust. I have expected you a good while here.

Bel. Do you know that Dangerfield's last quarrel and mine was a concern of yours ?

Eust. He was not jealous of me ?

Bel. No : But while I endeavour'd to restore your lost sister to you, as I think in conscience I ought ; I suffered what you see, and more from him.

Eust. You have several times talked to me of a sister of mine, lost from our house in Devonshire ; but I always look'd upon it as a meer wheedle.

Bel. One that has an ill name is half hang'd: but, I assure you I was in earnest, as I shall make appear to you by infallible circumstances.

Eust. I lost indeed a sister, about twelve years since, but where she is, Heaven only knows.

Bel. Yes, I know she is at home.

Eust. What at your house?

Bel. Yes, at my house: my mother bred her as if she had been her own, you need not be ashamed to own her.

Eust. She bred her up from a child! I like that well: Then this is not she that Dangerfield gave her yesterday, and that Lionel ravish'd. [*Aside.*]

Bel. I doubt not of your gratitude, when you see her: She's a delicate creature.

Eust. How old is she?

Bel. Seventeen.

Eust. The very age that Lionel mentioned: I am undone again! (*Aside.*) She had my father's picture on when she was lost.

Bel. She has it still, and kisses it a hundred times a day.

Eust. A bite by a monkey upon her left arm.

Bel. She has so, If I shew her you with these tokens, will you not thank me, and own her?

Eust. Yes, if you have not taught her your own trade.

Bel. By my life she is as innocent as when you lost her first; we ever kept a strict hand over her. By good fortune Keepwell gave me a fine eunuch, to his care I have intrusted her, and charg'd him not to stir from her.

Eust. Hell, and damnation! The eunuch was Lionel. (*Aside.*) I have heard as much, madam.

Bel. Who could tell you?

Eust. I know not: I heard in the town you had an eunuch.

Bel. Now let's have a care we don't both lose her, for this is she that Dangerfield gave, and threatens to take away again.

Eust. It is too apparent, no sooner found but lost, my Isabella: Lost to thy fame, thy family for ever.

(*Aside.*)

Bel.

Bel. You seem disorder'd : are you well ?

Eust. A little surpris'd at the unexpected discovery of my dear sister. But why did you not tell me this sooner ?

Bel. I had her of Dangerfield but yesterday.

Eust. Did you not tell me you were bred up together ?

Bel. Yes, but how we first met, how we parted, how Dangerfield got her, I will tell you at more leisure, he threatens to take her away by force ; you are not afraid of him ?

Eust. Of no Man less. I have a sudden qualm come over me ; I have drunk too much wine.

Bel. Come in, I'll give you some mirabilis.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter DANGERFIELD, SMOOTHLY, Bullies
and Link-Boys.*

Dan. I'll teach her to provoke a man of honour ; Culverin, Wildfire and Hackum, follow your leader : First I'll pull the house about their ears.

Smo. Spoken like yourself.

Dan. I'll slit her nose, then give her a trant'vne,

Smo. It will be a brave revenge, and make you terrible through the world.

Dan. Advance, Culverin, with the link-boys : Hackum, command thou the right wing, and thou Wildfire, the left.

Boys. Here, here, here.

Dan. I myself will bring up the rear, give the sign for the onset, and be ready to assist you with my conduct, if need be.

Smo. What a jewel is experience in a general !

Dan. I learn'd this of Monteculi.

Eust. What bustle is that about the door ?

Sil. Oh, mistress, the house is beset : we are all undone.

Eust. Not with thieves, I hope.

Bel. No, 'tis Dangerfield ; fear him not, he dares do nothing : A meer blustering coward.

Hac. Shall we break the windows?

Dan. Not yet, my valiant friends; I see Bellamira at her balcony: I'll proffer peace, and that refus'd, make war.

Smo. O the difference between man and man! I never heard this master of mine speak but am the wiser for it.

Dan. Answer me, thou punk, thou cockatrice, thou man-leech, that suck'st their marrow and their money: When I gave thee Isabella, did'st not thou promise me two days entirely to myself.

Bel. Why, you overgrown booby, gelt with muddle ale, brandy and tobacco; you had 'em, and could make no use of 'em.

Dan. Next, did not you bring your stallion there, under my roof, talk with him in private, and after steal away to him?

Bel. I had some business with him, and found you had none with me, but drinking and making my head ach.

Smo. Oh, impudence! this to you, that are such a Hercules in love and war.

Dan. Restore me Isabella, or I'll force her from you.

Eust. She restore her! Or you touch her! I should laugh at that.

Dan. Are you here Hector? I shall spoil your mirth with a brick-bat. Come down, I'll fight thee hand to hand in the head of my army.

Smo. No wise general will forsake his advantages; you sha'nt expose yourself so rashly.

Dan. Peace, you fool: If he comes, we'll seize him, then offer him in exchange of prisoners, for Isabella. There's a stratagem: He shall find I am a soldier.

Smo. The greatest I ever read of.

Eust. I will not venture myself among your hell-hounds, but I shall find a time.

Dan. You will not deliver Isabella then by fair means?

Eust. Nor by foul neither: She is my sister, too good to be thy wife, and shall be no man's servant.

Dan. I bought her young of her friends in Spain.

Eust.

Eust. They had no right to sell her ; she is a free-born English woman, and I will defend her with my life.

Smo. You speak like an honest gentleman : Bellamira has cheated my master. Do not make yourself a party, and consequently this great man your enemy.

Eust. Persuade that calf he is a lion if thou can'st, I scorn both him and thee.

Dan. Then 'tis no time to talk, salute 'em with a volley.

Enter MERRYMAN and CUNNINGHAM.

Cun. Let's give Bellamira a serenade as we go by, for old acquaintance sake : She'll take it kindly.

Mer. Dangerfield's there : We'll break the windows, call him rogue and rascal, and so go on with our music to Thisbe.

Cun. I hate these rude frolics.

Mer. The house is beset : What's here, scourers ? brick-bats mounting, and pis-pots descending ?

Cun. We'll scour 'em for a company of uncivil fellows, thus to disturb lovers at their innocent recreations.

Mer. Strike up, we have no drums and trumpets, but we'll swinge 'em by way of lute and violin.

L. Boys. Fall on : This is our old master, Merriman ; we use to light him home drunk three or four times a week.

[The Link-Boys revolt.]

Dan. If our soldiers revolt, shift every man for himself : Thus did Pompey, when overpower'd by Julius Cæsar at Pharsalia.

[Exeunt omnes.]

A C T V.

SCENE I.

MERRYMAN and CUNNINGHAM.

Cun. **T**HIS drinking does so-muddle one's complexion and take off one's mettle, a man next day is but the wrong side of himself. I was so doz'd I was an hour about a billet-doux.

Mer. We should look gratefully back upon the past pleasure, and not peevishly repine at the present suffering. What think you of a hair of the same dog?

Cun. That saying has kill'd many an honest fellow; but do you remember we were at Thisbe's?

Mer. Yes, and were let in; but have forgotten most of the rest.

Cun. You are a precious guardian! You must e'en marry her yourself, you will make her fit for nobody else with your disorderly frolics.

Mer. That's it I would be at. (*Aside.*) But what said she?

Cun. She told me she wondered to see me in that disorder; squeez'd me by the hand, and bade me take more care of my health hereafter.

Mer. Now I remember me, she said you look'd lamentably; and that had you come alone at that time of the night, she should have taken you for a ghost; that you smell'd as if you had been bury'd a fortnight.

Cun. She may say her pleasure; but there are as fine women as she, of another mind: I knew when she had no better a complexion than myself.

[Mer.]

Mer. When was that? Had she ever the green-sickness or the yellow jaundice?

Cun. Not before she bought her paint of the Italian. I look like a ghost! Why, I am the same man I was twenty years ago: as vigorous, as amorous, and I think as taking amongst men and women. I had three maiden-heads brought me last week by their parents: I will leap the half almond with you.

Mer. Thou may'st well be active, thou hast no more flesh upon thy back than a flea, and thy bones have as much quicksilver in 'em as ten bales of false dice: They will scarce lie still when thou art dead.

Cun. Thou art piqued at Thisbe's concern for me: Well thou art an honest fellow; we will not dispute about her, tho' we rally one another now and then. I have ten as fine woman as she upon my hands at this time; she was but my *pix-allez*: What will you say when you see me marry'd to one of the best fortunes about the town?

Mer. I shall not wonder; Women have another green-sickness in their souls, that sways 'em to the trash of mankind: But here comes Keepwell, his time of banishment is expired, as filthily fine as hands can make him.

Enter KEEPWELL.

Keep. Sure jealousy is the greatest torment in the world. I have had the dismallest dreams! Methought I saw Dangerfield rampant, and Bellamira couchant all night long.

Mer. You consented, and can reasonably complain of none but yourself.

Keep. I consented she should make a fool of him, and cozen him of Isabella, but no farther.

Mer. I saw her at Knightsbridge garden with him, so fine, methought they were the happiest couple!

Keep. Pox on their happiness.

Mer. It may end in that indeed, they say Dangerfield is not very sound.

Cun. Women like wanton whelps fawn ever on the next that comes in their way, but when they see an old acquaintance, they run to him for all that; never be discourag'd.

Keep. At once I hate her, and I love her too: The chief thing I beg'd of her was, that she would not be seen in public with this Dangerfield: She has no mercy on my reputation.

Mer. No more than on your fortune: be wise and take this occasion.

Cun. All this makes for you, Merryman: there is no such soaker as a lover in affliction.

Mer. I had as live drink with a gib'd cat: they are always mewling and wailing about her inconstancy, cruelty, or one silly thing or other.

Cun. Dangerfield has a sweet calash.

Mer. There is no talk of any man now but him; the bravest, the most generous, the most accomplished gentleman!

Cun. You will make Keepwell hang himself.

Keep. I'll fight him, my courage is wound up, and I will strike him to the heart.

Mer. You'll have an ill time on't! he kills an humble bee flying with a single bullet, rides three managed horses every morning, fences two hours after, and stinks of gun-powder like the fifth of November.

Keep. Then let him be hang'd, I'll have nothing to do with him.

Mer. 'Tis she is to blame, and not he: If a man robs my orchard, I shall blame my gardiner more than the thief.

Keep. He has done but what the best lord in the land would be proud to do: But I will maul her, break her china, take down her hangings, leave her no plate but the poor thimble she began the world with.

Mer. Spoken like a man of mettle! And shall we sup together, and drink 'till day light, as we were wont?

Cun. Thou art one of Keepwell's evil counsellors; and if ever he and Bellamira piece again, I shall see thee banish'd his presence for ever.

Keep.

Keep. I will never be sober again, scarce cleanly, take tobacco, and lie in a bawdy-house.

Cun. Merryman will compound for less.

Mer. Half drunk every night, and stark drunk once a week, is very fair.

Keep. I'll rout her instantly.

Cun. She has a great many rich cloaths, let her wear out her livery at least in your service.

Keep. That's well thought, let her wear out her cloaths at least in my service, as he says.

Mer. You have almost worn out yourself in hers; you look worse than he, that begun twenty years before you.

Cun. Every man's constitution will not run out into fat, 'tis the commendation of a capon: A good cock is always lean as I am.

Mer. A good coxcomb always thinks well of himself; why thou lean rascal deer, thou visible pox, thou common-shore of physic, reproach of doctors, and ruin of apothecaries, who flux'st away thy flesh as often as the adder casts his skin, and art full as venomous.

Cun. I am sure you look like a full moon, or a fat bawd swell'd with the tooth-ach.

Mer. When I walk the streets, men say there goes an honest well natur'd fat fellow to drink a bottle with, and a good husband I warrant him.

Cun. A good cuckold, perhaps: But the ladies cry foh, there goes a greasy sot, a chandler's shop in the shape of a man, a meer lump, a sponge full of terse: Whose mouth stinks worse than the bung-hole of a barrel, a load of manifest impotency, guts and garbage for the bear garden.

Mer. Thou mere stake to hang cloaths upon, thou scarecrow, thou piece of shrivel'd parchment, thou walking skeleton that may'st be read upon alive, can'st thou think any woman so sharp set as to pick thy rotten bones, which are but the leaving of pox, mercury and consumption?

Keep. Nay, good gentlemen no heat, let us debate this matter calmly; will this quarrel about fat and lean never have an end?

Cun.

Cun. 'Tis as irreconcilable as that of the flesh and spirit; Merryman will never let it rest: I am always on the defensive part.

Keep. You never consider your poor friend, tofs'd as I am between the billows of love and jealousy.

Mer. Well now I have tormented you sufficiently, it goes against my honest nature to conceal your happiness from you any longer; Dangerfield is an ugly, niggardly rogue, and Bellamira——

Keep. Was she never abroad with him in public?

Mer. Nor in private neither but once, and they fell out; well, she loves you most intirely, I could never have thought it.

Cun. She was all in tears by that time you were on horse-back: I had the most ado to comfort her, and yet I said a great many pretty things to her; and never look'd better in my life.

Mer. I sat with her two hours, and our whole discourse was of you, how much she was oblig'd to you, and what a dear man you were.

Keep. I ever told you, Merryman, you were too hard of belief, and that there was such a thing as true love, and constancy too.

Mer. I confess my error, and shall hereafter think you can never do too much for her. I will drink her health in a bumper as long as I live, for her fidelity to my friend, and in his absence too.

Cun. If ever you leave her she'll make herself away, that's certain; I have heard her say so an hundred times.

Keep. Nay, I always thought so, and durst never chide, nor deny any thing, she has such a spirit.

Enter SILENCE.

Mer. But here comes Silence, who will tell you more.

Sil. My mistress wonders you can be so long in town and not see her.

Mer. What, as a whole hour?

Sil. You would not have been so long out of a tavern.

Keep.

Keep. I hear she is taken up with Dangerfield.

Sil. He's a calf, a blockhead, and she scorns him.

Keep. Do you hear this, Merryman? He's a calf, a blockhead, and she scorns him.

Mer. Did not I tell you as much? And you know I was of another mind.

Sil. My mistress and Dangerfield are quite fall'n out: He gave her the pretty maid she told you of, and came last night with some drunken bullies to take her away by force.

Cun. I am a witness of that: Merryman and I drove him away, and rais'd the siege.

Sil. My mistress will refer all to Merryman.

Cun. Now they are in discourse, I will steal away to Mrs. Thistle, and make my excuse for last night's disturbance. [Exit.

Keep. Come, Merryman, let's see what Bellamira can say for herself. [Exeunt *Keep.* and *Sil.*

Mer. I'll follow you instantly. We were fellow robbers; I must keep fair with Bellamira or she may get her own pardon, 'peach, and hang me; besides I have received her fee, and am bound to plead her cause.

Enter LIONEL.

Lio. I am the happiest man! Whom shall I praise first? thou that laid'st the design; myself that executed it, or fortune that gave it success?

Mer. You have succeeded then?

Lio. Beyond expectation.

Mer. It was a bold design.

Lio. And a fortunate one for me: I must have died if I had not enjoy'd her.

Mer. I will not trouble your modesty for particulars; but why in this dress still? Do you intend to live and die in your new service?

Lio. I could live and die with my new fellow servant; I went to Eustace's, thinking to have shifted, but the house was full of company.

Mer.

Mer. Are you not afraid of being known?

Lio. No, I met Cunningham and twenty of my acquaintance; they star'd at me a little.

Enter CUNNINGHAM and EUSTACE.

Eust. Here he is, and Merryman with him, the vile contriver of Isabella's ruin. Cunningham, I must use your sword.

Cun. 'Tis at the service of any gentleman, much more at yours that are my friend. But against whom?

Eust. You see the man.

Cun. What, my old acquaintance Merryman, and that young fellow?

Eust. That young fellow Lionel. When you hear it, you'll say my quarrel's just, the injury not to be pardoned.

Lio. My dearest Eustace! The man of all the world I wish'd to meet.

Eust. And Lionel the man of all the world I am bound to curse.

Lio. Some villain has abus'd me to my friend: I'll cut his throat.

Eust. That villain is yourself.

Lio. Villain! 'sdeath, I would have shar'd my fortune, my reputation, my all, but Isabella, with that man. And to be thus requited.

Eust. That name has rous'd up my revenge; draw and prepare for thy defence.

Lio. What means my friend, is he become my rival?

Eust. That should not make this breach, I'd turn the boyish passion out of doors, and fly to the embraces of my friend.

Lio. Am I reported to have wrong'd you in my discourse?

Eust. I'd kick the liar should tell me so. O that I were so happy as to doubt! You have accused yourself.

Lio. Of what?

Eust. Of an injury so great to me, and all our family—

Lio.

Lio. To you ! Whose injuries I count my own, and should alike resent 'em ?

Eust. Revenge me then upon lustful Lionel.

Lio. Sure you are mad ; for what ?

Eust. Why, for a rape upon my sister.

Lio. I know no sister that you have.

Eust. That's our misfortune, that thou knew'st her not ; for had'st thou wrong'd me with thy will, I could kill thee as men do wolves and tigers ; but now must pay a cruel sacrifice to honour.

Lio. I understand you less and less.

Eust. Know then, (for it is just I tell our quarrel 'ere we fight) that Isabella was my sister.

Lio. What, the young maid at Bellamira's ! 'Tis impossible.

Eust. By certain tokens and circumstances, to me invincible, I know her so.

Lio. You amaze me !

Mer. Lionel, thou wert wrap'd in thy mother's smock. Thy Isabella, whom thou lov'st of all the world, is found the sister of thy dearest friend. What then remains, but that you marry her ?

Eust. I know his honour is too nice : Nothing remains but that we fight.

Lio. I love my Isabella above my life, and all the little niceties of honour ; and had rather call her mine than be crown'd king of all the habitable world.

Eust. Then we are ty'd in stricter bonds than ever. Oh my best Lionel !

Lio. Throw not away the treasure of thy love upon a soil so barren :—My father—

Eust. I can easily satisfy all his scruples. She had five thousand pounds left her by an uncle : To which I'll add to make her worthy of my dearest friend.

Lio. I know not how to speak, and yet I must.

Eust. Thou found'st her apt and easy to thy lust : Ha !

Lio. By all that's good, I hold her innocent, as violated temples.

Eust. Wert not thou then a sacrilegious villain ?

Lio.

Lio. It is confess'd.

Mer. Now you have confess'd, it is but doing penance in a pair of matrimonial sheets, and there's an end on't.

Eust. I was to blame to trifle all this while. Draw.

Cun. I must have a thrust at thy fat guts.

[*Fight. Mer. disarms Cun. and parts the others.*]

Mer. Now are thy skin and bones at my mercy.

Eust. This satisfies my honour; but my revenge must find some other time.

Lio. What if I were long since contracted to another, and to be disinherited if I went back.

Eust. You might have told me so: Yet what could that have done?

Lio. Perhaps you wou'd not have believ'd me, and it might have look'd like fear, till we had fought; but now take the sad truth, and if thou wilt the life of Lionel: I have been some time since contracted to Theodosia, the rich goldsmith's daughter.

Cun. If that be all, you are free as you were born. You are all men of honour, and I'll tell you a secret, I have this morning privately marry'd that pretty creature.

Lio. It is impossible I should be so happy.

Cun. She heard, I know not how, that you ravish'd a young maid, and were in love elsewhere: I came in the lucky minute, and am now her husband.

Mer. In the unlucky minute to her. How came she to think of thee?

Cun. She did not; her maid that governs her was formerly a servant to a mistress of mine, has often tasted of my bounty, and some other civilities have past between us.

Mer. What could she find to say for thee?

Cun. She told her mistress, her father was one of my tenants, and that I had a thousand a year in Northumberland, to her knowledge.

Mer. Thou art a lucky fellow: The women will venture body and soul to do thee service any way.

Cun. I had miss'd her for all that, but for a hundred pounds I gave a nonconformist parson for his good word.

Could

Could I have thought the news of my marriage with Theodofia would have pleased you, you should have heard of it sooner.

Lio. Joy, such as thou giv'st me now, be ever with thee.

Cun. I was half afraid we must have had a tilt.

Lio. Will you be my advocate to your offended sister?

Eust. You need none, since your designs are honourable.

Lio. Let's embrace like brothers: For the next priest shall make us so.

*Enter BELLAMIRA, SILENCE, BETTY and
KEEPWELL.*

Sil. Madam, there's the rogue that has made all this work.

Bel. I never lik'd him, he has a fly look, and a hawk's eye with him.

Sil. 'Twas a mercy any of us scap'd.

Bel. Peace, you fools; he is a gentleman, and may make her reparation. We are undone, ruin'd for ever! Your unfortunate sister whom I undertook to restore you——

Eust. What of her?

Bel. She has been ravished, and by that villain your embrace. But now I am ashamed to offer her thus stain'd and sully'd; but 'twas no fault of mine.

Lio. Oh, bring her instantly, the Roman Lucrece was not more virtuous; nor an estate to one in goal for debt more welcome, than she to Lionel.

Keep. Think what you do; marry a servant, my father will be in town anon.

Lio. She is the sister of my dearest Eustace. And above me in wealth, as in desert. He cannot but approve my choice.

Keep. When you are marry'd I'll take my pleasure like an Italian elder brother; and now, my dearest Bellamira, we are safe for one seven year.

Lio.

Lio. My father's appetite of grand-children I'll undertake to satisfy, if you'll pardon my making bold with your house.

Bel. I take it the best way, and charge it all on love, whose power we most of us have felt. You seem a worthy gentleman.

Lio. A poor younger brother of your servant Keepwell's.

Eust. How came you to find us here?

Bel. We heard that there were swords drawn; but saw no such matter.

Enter DANGERFIELD and SMOOTHLY.

Smo. There she is; but so hem'd in with friends and acquaintance, we had best let her alone.

Dan. She is a victorious beauty, I will go and surrender myself to her.

Smo. Let's make honourable conditions.

Dan. I will yield to mercy, Hercules did so to Omphale.

Smo. The example's great.

Keep. What's that thing in buff?

Bel. 'Tis Dangerfield: I thought you had known him.

Keep. He looks like a militia captain upon a training-day.

Mer. You had best tell him so.

Keep. My heart's too big; I can't endure to speak to him.

Dan. Who is that next Merryman?

Smo. Your rival Keepwell.

Dan. I can no more endure the fight of a rival than a fighting cock can: Hold me, or I shall fly in his face.

Bel. What would that fellow have?

Dan. Your pardon, for my last night's rudeness; and my Isabella, the pretty maid I gave you, if you please.

Eust. Name her no more: I tell thee she is my sister, a free born subject of England.

Lio.

Lio. If thou dost but name her tho' in thy sleep, I'll cut thy throat: She is my mistress.

Mer. Speak to him, Keepwell: We'll bring you off.

Keep. She is to be my sister-in-law; and I will flea thee, stuff thy skin full of straw, and set thee in my cherry-garden, if thou depart not.

Dan. I am utterly undone, if I find not some way into this family: The less hope I see, the more I love this Bellamira.

Smo. What if I get you receiv'd among 'em, according to your desert?

Dan. Command me and mine for ever: I'll give thee fifty guineas hard money in hand, and the sword I twice sav'd the nation with.

Smo. Retire a little, 'tis not fit you should be by at your own commendations, I'll try what I can do; you have been a good master to me. [*Exit Dan.*] I hope all this good company believes I follow'd this fool my master more for my own sake than his.

Mer. None but himself ever doubted it.

Smo. I have thought of it seriously, and find you can't do better than to receive this blunderbuss, my master, into your family.

Keep. What, a rival! I will as soon receive a roaring lion.

Smo. Yes, such a one as he is: A fool, a blockhead, a coward, a knave that ne'er paid——

Mer. For his cowardice I can answer: He stood to be robb'd, like a cow to be milk'd.

Bel. He carried me to supper, and drank himself fast asleep by me.

Cun. If he be such a one, what should ladies do with him?

Smo. He loves play; you may win his money, and he has abundance: If he refuse to play, you may beat him till he will.

Cun. I have not heard of a more useful acquaintance, he must not be refus'd.

Smo.

Smo. You need not fear any woman should like him, he has been impotent these seven years: When you are weary of him you may kick him out of doors.

Eust. He is a man of a thousand: Let me intreat for him.

Keep. He shall be admitted, but if he do not prove this fool, this coward you speak of, you had better be hang'd.

Smo. My life for't. Now, gentlemen, take me into your protection, and then eat, drink upon, and laugh at the fool my master.

Mer. He deserves it abundantly, for keeping such a rascal.

Keep. Call in Dangerfield, and let him know he is receiv'd without a negative.

Smo. Sir, you may come in, the whole company bids you welcome.

Re-enter DANGERFIELD.

Keep. Most welcome, noble Dangerfield!

Cun. I shall be proud of your farther acquaintance.

Mer. I shall be glad to drink a gallon of wine with you at the Rose; we will write you of our club.

Bel. I never knew a civiller person! I was once abroad with him, and he did not offer me the least rudeness.

Dan. Gentlemen, if any of you want a second, I am at your service: And ladies, if any man speaks ill of you or lampoon you, I'll cut his throat: Thou hast charm'd them; I thought they would have torn me to pieces e'en now: There are fifty guineas I promis'd thee.

Smo. I hope, Sir, you'll find I have deserv'd 'em; they did not know your worth; but when I inform'd 'em of your good qualities and parts, I foresaw they could do no less.

Dan. Nay, I never came in any place in my life, but when I was well known I got the love of man, woman and child.

Bel. Now you see what a fellow this Dangerfield was to be jealous of.

Keep.

Keep. Where there is no jealousy, there is no love.

Bel. I have had no other proof of your love these two months.

Keep. Thou shalt have proofs of all kinds.

Bel. So you say always.

Keep. I have been in the country, and have brought wherewith to pay old scores, and will deal hereafter with ready money.

Bel. We must have a general act of oblivion, now you are one of us, no heart burnings hereafter.

Dan. I declare I am in charity with all the world, but that fat thief that laid on me so unmercifully.

Bel. He must be comprehended too.

Dan. I cannot in honour, unless you lay your positive commands.

Bel. You shall never question him at law, nor otherwise.

Dan. By these hilts, I never will then.

Mer. Then here are the six guineas you swore were a hundred; your false rings, filthy medals, table-book, and other pocket lumber.

Bel. And Merryman and I were the whole dozen of robbers, you swore against.

Eust. What my valiant Bully, you and your man robbed by two; and one of 'em a woman!

Dan. As I was going to draw, I heard a voice cry, hold, hold, thy dead-doing hand; strike not: It is thy mistress, Dangerfield!

Eust. You Smoothly, you heard this voice too?

Smo. As perfectly as my master, one might have heard it to Knightsbridge: Besides, there is something in a man of honour that keeps him from striking a lady.

Enter LIONEL with ISABELLA.

Lio. Can you forgive your Lionel? He never will commit a second fault.

Mer. Not of the same kind, I'll answer for him.

Isa.

Isa. My heart was yours when we first met in Spain. You seiz'd the rest somewhat too rudely here : But I am your wife, and now am all obedience.

Eust. How shall I thank Heaven, and Bellamira, for her care of thee ?

Isa. My former troubles vanish like a dream, and am wak'd to perfect happiness by that voice ; Oh, my dearest brother !

Eust. I should have known her any where ; she is as little alter'd as 'tis possible.

Bel. Husband and brother, I must yield to them ; but the third joy is mine. My Isabella, was Lionel the man thou saw'st in Spain, and mad'st that pretty innocent description of ?

Isa. The same : I never lov'd another, and now I never shall.

Lio. How many accidents have met, to make this happy day ! The least of which is half a miracle.

Mer. Does not your mouth water at these amorous preparations.

Thi. Not at a greasy bit of a fat drunkard. I am not ambitious of holding your head in a morning, or carrying you to Hampsted, to get you a stomach to a drunken supper.

Mer. Your proud heart will come down, when you have fasted from man a year longer, and been arrested once or twice more.

Thi. I might have gone to goal for all my worshipful guardian.

Mer. Oh, vanity ! vanity ! What knight-errant do you think would lay down two hundred pounds for you.

Thi. Eustace knows best, he brought the money ; but whoever he were that sent it, if he have but so much a year, I'll marry him before any man in England.

Mer. What, tho' he love wine, women and tobacco, and were as fat as I am ?

Thi. Yes, with all your faults, and as many more of his own.

Eust

Eust. Then take her Merryman, she is thine by her confession: 'Twas his money that did satisfy the debt, and I was but employ'd by him.

Lio. We are all witnesses; there is no going back.

Cun. She is proof against all mankind, for I have courted her these six months, yet never could obtain the least indecent favour.

Thi. Since it must be so, I hope you'll prove as indulgent a husband, as you were a guardian.

Mer. My little charge, if thou had'st not taken pity on me, I should have kill'd myself with whoring and drinking; but now I will beget sons and daughters till threescore.

Cun. Gentlemen, your company is so good, I had almost forgot I was marry'd this morning. Lionel, I hope we shall have no suit in the prerogative court, though I have married your mistress.

Lio. Thou art my redeemer, and hast broken that knot I should have been troubled to untie. Theodosia was my father's choice, (her bags were contracted to his acres); but Isabella's mine.

Keep. These roguish fiddlers sinell a wedding already; since they are come let's dance. [*They dance.*]

Keep. My Bel. and I will lead a marry'd life,
'Bating the odious names of man and wife;
In chains of love alone we will be ty'd,
And every night I'll use her like a bride.

Mer. Wits, whore-masters, gamesters, drunkards, bullies,
We in our several ways are all but cullies

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

EPILOGUE.

LIKE a young wench that could not well forbear,
 And yet is loath her lewdness should appear,
 Our modest poet wou'd have made away
 In private, this mere lump you see to day.
 We bid him lay the bantling at our door,
 And for the event concern himself no more.
 Poets of late with human sacrifice
 Have feasted you like heathen Deities,
 In every play they serv'd you up a man,
 Nay, some at parties and whole factions ran:
 After such fare, how flat must Terence taste?
 Yet his plain tales have had the luck to last,
 While your fam'd authors, in their life time waste.
 Ye all cry out, the art of writing's lost,
 Yet neither judgments or perfections boast,
 Strange stars! malignant to poetic strains
 Yet so productive of judicious brains,
 What if you judge, as ill as others write?
 And only loath for want of appetite.
 No Jew into the Sanhedrim might come,
 That had not issue of his own at home;
 For barrenness supposes cruelty,
 No childless man might other's children try:
 This wholesome law would save us from the spite
 Of all the furious wits that cannot write,
 And you that do, we shou'd not fear your doom
 If you judge here, but as you judge at home.
 Now gallants, most of you are so well bred,
 French has long since chas'd Latin from your head,
 And Terence you've forgot or never read.
 Faith, spare 'em both, least your chance medley wit
 Miss the Translator, and the Author hit.

THE

THE
GRUMBLER:

A
COMEDY

OF
THREE ACTS.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

GRICHARD, the Grumbler.

ARISTUS, his Brother.

TERIGNAN, Son to Grichard.

MONDORE, in love with Hortensia.

BRILLON, youngest Son to Grichard.

MAMURRA, Tutor to Brillon.

FADEL.

LOLIVE, Footman to Grichard.

W O M E N.

HORTENSIA, Daughter to Grichard.

CLARICE, in love with Terignan.

CATAU, Maid to Hortensia.

SCENE, Paris.

The House of Grichard.

THE



T H E
G R U M B L E R.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

TERIGNAN *and* HORTENSIA.

Ter. **B**UT, sister, what can this delay mean?

Hor. We shall know when my father returns out of the city.

Ter. I must know it sooner, if it be possible.

Hor. You have sent Lolive to my uncle's; and I Catau, to Clarice's to enquire into it; they will soon be here.

Ter. How tedious they are! and how great my pain in the uncertainty I'm under!

Hor. Here's Catau coming already.

Enter CATAU.

Ter. Well! what have you learn'd at Clarice's?

Cat. Monsieur St. Alvar her father, was gone abroad, and Clarice was not stirring, but——

Hor. But—What?

Cat. Don't you know by my air that I bring you good news?

Hor. What news?

Cat. You will both of you be married this evening. Monsieur St. Alvar's house is still full of the preparations that are making for your nuptials.

Hor. I told you so brother.

Ter. I shall not be easy in my mind 'till I hear from my father's own mouth, the reason of last night's put off.

Hor. See then if my father be come back.

Cat. Good: He come back, and we not hear him! Does he ever cease bawling, grumbling, and storming so long as he's in the house? And are not the very neighbours sensible whenever he comes in or goes out?

Hor. Prithée, Catau, assist us but to day; let him do what he will, we are resolved to please him.

Cat. Please him! They must be very cunning who can do that: This father of yours is a terrible mortal on my word.

Hor. We are obliged to bear with him, as bad as he is.

Cat. No servant, male or female, can stay with him at most above five or six days. Whenever we want a domestic, tis in vain to think to get one in the neighbourhood, or even throughout the whole city; we are forc'd to send into a country, where they never hear of Monsieur Grichard, the physician. Little Brillon, your brother, whom he loves of all things, has had three several masters within this month, because they did not chastise him as he would have them. For my part, I had long since been far enough off, if the affection I have for you—but here's Lolive.

Enter LOLIVE.

Ter. Well, what says my uncle to you? [*Hastily.*

Lol. [*Deliberately.*] The first thing, Sir, that he ask'd me was, whether the honest gentleman, your father, to whom

whom he had recommended me, was satisfied with me. I answered, that I was not over well satisfied with him, and that for these two days which I serv'd him, it has not been possible for me——

Ter. [*Interrupting.*] Well, well, let that alone; and only tell me whether he did not know for what reason my marriage with Clarice has been deferr'd.

Hor. And whether he has heard any thing further concerning mine with Mondore.

Lol. That's what I was coming to.

Cat. Why, come then and be far enough!

Lol. In the very moment that I was enquiring about your affairs, in comes Clarice's father, and he had not an opportunity of speaking to me.

Ter. So you learn'd nothing?

Lol. Pardon me, Sir.

Hor. He listen'd to their discourse, I suppose.

Lol. Yes, madam.

Cat. And what did they fay ?

Lol. I'm going to tell you : They went aside by themselves ; they nodded to me to keep at distance : They fell to whispering, and I heard nothing.

Cat. Well inform'd, truly !

Lol. Better than you think for.

Ter. But at this rate thou canst know nothing.

Lol. Pardon me, Sir.

Hor. My uncle then told it thee, or some other, after Monsieur St. Alvar was gone?

Lol. Pardon me, madam.

Cat. How the devil dost thou know it then?

Lol. Pray have patience; you don't yet know half my talents; when people have any secrets together, they are cautious of servants: Now I, from the time I've serv'd, have made it my study to guess people.

Cat. Deuce take the fool !

Lol. Yes; and I have made such progress, that let but two persons, whose affairs I'm acquainted with, discourse together with some little action, I will only look them in the face, and will lay you any wager, by their
K 4 gestures.

gestures, and the air of their countenance, to give you word for word what they said.

Cat. He's turn'd fool!

Ter. But, to conclude, what is it thou expectest then?

Lol. That your affairs have chang'd their aspect.

Hor. How do you know?

Lol. First and foremost, because Monsieur St. Alvar would say nothing to Monsieur Aristus while I was by.

Ter. Ah, Sister! that is but too likely.

Lol. I have not told you all yet.

Hor. Knowest thou ought beside?

Lol. Oh! yes, yes, yes. Scarce had Clarice's father opened his mouth, but see how your uncle reply'd. Pray observe.

[He makes signs, and mimics the actions of a man surpris'd and angry.]

Cat. What a dickens dost thou mean?

Lol. Don't you see it? Why 'tis as plain as the sun at noon-day. Master understands me, I dare say.

Ter. My mind sufficiently misgives me.

Lol. And madam too.

Hor. I don't comprehend it at all.

Lol. I will explain it to you. When your uncle did thus (*he mimics the same again*) you may be sure he was surpris'd, amaz'd, and in a wrath at what Monsieur St. Alvar had said to him: These actions speak of themselves. Consider, if with these gestures he could say any thing but, How? Have ye chang'd your mind? What do I hear? Is it possible?

Ter. What said Monsieur St. Alvar to that?

Lol. He made this reply.

[Here he acts a man excusing himself.]

Cat. And what mean these actions?

Lol. As for these, they are equivocal.

Cat. Not at all: I think them as clear as the other.

Lol. Do you explain them again for a trial.

Cat. Explain them yourself, since you have begun.

Lol. This may signify that he excus'd him upon his being obliged to change his resolution. Thus, I am very
sorry

sorry for it, I could not do otherwise, Monsieur Grichard would have it so : Or it might likewise signify, that the absence of Monsieur Mondore occasioned the deferring your nuptials.

Cat. What ? Didst thou find all that by their gesture ?

Lol. If I err a syllable, I'll hang for't.

Cat. You're a fool ; I tell you, it cannot be. Clarice is the only child of Monsieur St. Alvar, who is a rich gentleman, and your father's friend : Mondore, is a man of quality, whose estate and merit are answerable to his birth : Your marriages were yesterday determin'd, word given, contracts drawn, and nothing to do but to sign and seal. He does not know what he says.

Lol. I don't think I'm mistaken for all that.

Cat. And yet thou heard'st nothing at all.

Lol. No, but I saw ; and men's actions are less deceitful than their words.

Ter. I tremble lest it should prove true.

Cat. You stick at mere visions ; I tell you I just now saw the nuptial preparations.

Lol. Those preparations perhaps are what offended Monsieur Grichard. You know he has a perfect aversion for whatever is call'd feasting, balls, assignations, concerts, diversions, and in short, for every thing that is capable of inspiring joy.

Hor. However it be, Do you go and exactly perform what my father bade thee when he went forth, and so at his return, he may here find no occasion to be angry.

Cat. Adieu, interpreter of ill luck : Go and comment upon the grimaces of our monkey. [Exit Lol.]

Ter. What Lolive has said redoubles my alarms.

Cat. You have not made your father acquainted with your love of Clarice ?

Ter. No, no : On the contrary he suspects I love Nerina, the daughter of a physician, whom he has no great kindness for ; and the better to confirm him in his error, when he yesterday propos'd to me the beautiful Clarice. I pretended a great unwillingness.

Cat. You did very well.

Hor. Neither does he know my sentiments towards Mondore, and even believes that I have never seen him any more than he has, because he is almost always at the army.

Cat. So much the better; beware you don't let him know these matches are agreeable to you; cross-grain'd tempers, like him, are never for doing what one would have them, and are always for doing what one would not have them.

[*Knocking.*

Hor. Somebody knocks, and smartly too: See who it is.

Cat. It is undoubtedly your father: No, Heav'n be prais'd, 'tis Monsieur Aristus.

Enter ARISTUS.

Ter. Well, uncle, how go our affairs?

Ari. Very ill.

Ter. Ah heav'ns!

Hor. How uncle?

Ari. Your father is at my heels, retire, leave him to me, I will endeavour to reduce him to reason.

Ter. I much fear it.

Ari. Begone, I say, and wait for me in your apartment, I will come, and give you an account of every thing: Fly, he's here.

Cat. I say fly too: for here comes a storm, a tempest, hail, thunder, and something worse. The Devil take the hindmost.

[*Exeunt Ter. Hor. and Cat.*

Enter GRICHARD and LOLIVE.

Gri. Rascal, will you always make me knock two hours at the door?

Lol. I was at work, Sir, in the garden: At the first stroke of the knocker I made such haste, I fell upon my nose.

Gri. Wou'd thou had'st broke thy neck, hang-dog; why don't you leave the door open?

Lol.

Lol. You was angry with me yesterday, Sir, because it was open: When it is open you are offended; when it is shut you are offended no less: For my part I know not what to do!

Gri. What to do!

Ari. Brother, will you——

Gri. (*Interrupting.*) Pray be quiet. What to do!

Ari. Pray, brother, let your servant alone, and suffer me to speak to you concerning——

Gri. Sir, brother, when you chide your servants, you are suffer'd to do it without molestation.

Ari. We must let the storm pass, I see.

Gri. What to do! scoundrel.

Lol. Sir—When you go abroad, will you please to have the door left open?

Gri. No.

Lol. Will you please to have it kept shut?

Gri. No.

Lol. But, Sir——

Gri. Again, dost thou argue, sot?

Ari. Methinks, brother, after all he does not argue amiss: A man should be glad to have a rational servant.

Gri. And methinks, brother, that you argue very ill: Yes, a man should be glad to have a reasonable servant, but not a servant that will reason.

Lol. Oons, would I had no reason; if this be the trade!

Gri. Will you hold your tongue?

Lol. Sir, if you cut me as small as minc'd meat, a door must be either open or shut: Choose you which you'd have it.

Gri. I have told you, ye rogue, above a thousand times, I'll have it—I'll—But ye dog, does it become you to ask me questions? If I take you in hand, I'll shew you how I'd have it. You laugh, methinks, Mr. Lawyer?

[*To his brother.*]

Ari. I? Not at all: I know servants do not always do as they're bid.

Gri. And yet you gave me this hedge-bird.

Ari. I thought I did well.

Gri. Oh, I thought! Know, Mr. Sneerer, that I thought, is not the language of a sensible man.

Ari. Well, well, let us drop that, brother, and permit me to speak to you about a more important affair, of which I should be glad——

Gri. [*Interrupting.*] No, I will first let you see how I am serv'd by this whorebird, that you may not afterwards come and say that I'm angry without cause: You shall see, you shall see. Have you swept the stair-case, good Mr. Prater? [To *Lol.*]

Lol. Yes, Sir, from top to bottom.

Gri. And the court-yard?

Lol. If you find therein any more dirt than you do here, I'll lose my wages.

Gri. You have not water'd my mule?

Lol. Sir, ask the neighbours if they did not see me go by.

Gri. Did you give him any oats?

Lol. Yes, Sir, William was present.

Gri. But you have not carry'd those bottles of quinquina, where I ordered you?

Lol. But I have Sir, and brought the empty bottles back.

Gri. My letters, did you put them into the post? Hem——

Lol. You may be sure, Sir, I would not fail in that, neither did I.

Gri. I have a hundred times forbid you scraping that damn'd fiddle; and yet you was at it again this morning: Thrum, thrum.

Lol. This morning! lard, Sir, don't you remember you broke it yesterday into a thousand pieces?

Gri. I'll be hang'd if those two loads of wood are yet——

Lol. They're pil'd, Sir: And since that, I have help'd William to put a load of hay in the loft; I have watered every tree in the garden; I have swept the walks; I have dug three beds, and was finishing another when you knock'd.

Gri.

Gri. Oh ! I must put this rogue away ; never did servant make a master so mad as he does me ; he would kill me with vexation : Away ! Out of my sight !

Lol. What a devil has he been eating ?

Ari. Get out of his way. [Pitying him.

[Exit Lol.

Ari. In truth, brother, you are of a very strange humour, by what I see ; you don't take servants to use them, and to have the benefit of their service : You only take them to have the pleasure of growling at them.

Gri. Bibble babble : Give the goose more hay !

Ari. You turn away a servant, because, in doing what you commanded, and even more, he gives you no occasion of chiding ; or rather you are angry because you have not wherewithal to be angry.

Gri. Gramercy, Mr. Counsellor ; controul my actions.

Ari. No, brother, I did not come hither for any such purpose ; but I can't help pitying you, when I see that, with all the reasons in the world to be content, you are always out of humour.

Gri. It is my pleasure to be so.

Ari. I see it is ! Every thing smiles upon you, you have a good state of health, you have very agreeable children ; you're a widower ; your affairs cannot be in a more flourishing condition ; and yet there is never seen upon your countenance that tranquillity of a father of a family, which diffuses joy throughout the whole house : You incessantly torment yourself, and consequently torment all who are obliged to live with you.

Gri. (*Aside.*) There's some truth in this. Am not I a man of reputation too ?

Ari. Nobody denies it.

Gri. Is there any objections to my morals ?

Ari. Undoubtedly no.

Gri. I think I am not a knave, nor a miser, nor a liar, nor a babler, like you ; nor——

Ari. (*Interrupting.*) It is true ; you have not any of those vices that have hitherto been represented upon the stage, and which strike the eyes of all the world ; but you have one which poisons all the sweetness of life ;
and

and which perhaps is more offensive in society than all the rest. For in short, a man may sometimes, at least live in peace with a knave, a miser, or a liar; but there is not one moment's repose to be enjoy'd with those, whose unhappy temper inclines them to be always dissatisfy'd, who are put into a passion by a trifle, and who take a wretched delight in scolding, and making an eternal noise.

Gri. I hope you have almost done moralising: I'm sure I begin to be tir'd with it.

Ari. I have done, brother. Let us leave these contests, and call another cause: They say you are going to marry.

Gri. They say! They say! Pray who are they that say so?

Ari. Some persons who interest themselves in your behalf.

Gri. I don't care a rush for them. The world is full of nothing but these interesters, who at the bottom value us no more, than they do John-a-Nokes and Tom-a-Styles.

Ari. I see there's no speaking to you.

Gri. Then you may hold your tongue.

Ari. But for your own good, there may be some things to be said.

Gri. Then you may speak on.

Ari. You had yesterday resolved to marry off your children to advantage.

Gri. May be so.

Ari. They both consented to your will.

Gri. I should have been glad to have seen them dare to do otherwise.

Ari. Every body prais'd your choice.

Gri. I did not care a pin whether they did or no.

Ari. To day, without knowing why or wherefore, all on a sudden, you have alter'd your purpose.

Gri. Why not?

Ari. After you had promis'd your daughter to Mondore, you are now for giving her to M. Fadel, who
has

has no other merit, but that of being brother-in-law to M. St. Alvar.

Gri. What's that to you?

Ari. And are yourself for marrying the very Clarice, whom you promis'd to your son?

Gri. Good! promis'd! Let him reckon upon that.

Ari. But, brother, do you in your conscience believe, that the world approves of your conduct?

Gri. My conduct! But, brother, do you in your conscience believe, that I concern myself with what the world thinks?

Ari. Mean while——

Gri. Oh, mean while! mean while! Every body does at his own house according as he pleases; and I am the master of myself and children.

Ari. Tho' you are master, yet, brother, there are many things, which decency does not permit to do: For suppose——

Gri. O! suppose, if, but——I'll have nothing to do with your supposes; I've told you so a hundred times.

Ari. But, brother, if you would but reflect upon it ever so little——

Gri. Again! I find then you are not for having me marry Clarice?

Ari. I'm afraid you would repent of it.

Gri. 'Tis true, she's a more suitable match for my son.

Ari. Undoubtedly.

Gri. Neither do you think it a whit more fitting, that I should bestow—Hortensia on M. Fadel?

Ari. He's a fool; and I'm afraid, you would make your daughter very unhappy.

Gri. Very unhappy! I think you said so. So then, you are of opinion, I should do much better to pursue my former design?

Ari. Most certainly.

Gri. And you have taken the pains to come hither, on purpose to tell me so?

Ari.

Ari. I thought myself obliged to it, for the repose of your family.

Gri. Very well : This is your opinion, you say then?

Ari. Yes, brother.

Gri. So much the better, I shall have the pleasure to break off two marriages, and make two others against your sentiments.

Ari. But do you not consider——

Gri. And I will go this moment to M. Rigaut the notary, for that purpose.

Ari. What do you go, to——

Gri. Your servant.

Enter BRILLON and CATAU.

Cat. Sir, Brillon would speak with you.

Gri. What does the idle boy want?

Bri. Father, father, I have made my theme to day without e'er a fault : There, see else.

Gri. (*Throwing the book at his head.*) I'll look on that presently.

Bril. Pray father, look on it now.

Gri. I han't time.

Bri. You will have read it in a moment.

Gri. I have not got my spectacles.

Bril. I'll read it to you.

Gri. 'Tis the most importunate little fool in the world.

Ari. You had better satisfy him.

Bri. I will first read you the English, and afterwards the Latin : Men——The Latin is not so obscure as yesterday's theme, you may easily understand this.

Gri. Rascal!

Bril. Men who never laugh, but always scold, are like those savage beasts which——

Gri. (*Giving him a box on the ear.*) There, take that, and bid your master give you other themes.

Cat. Poor child.

Ari. He's finely educated!

[*Aside.*

Bri. (*Crying.*) Yes, yes, you beat me when I do well; but I'll study no longer, not I.

Gri.

Gri. If I take you in hand?

Bri. The devil take books and Latin.

Gri. Stay, Sirrah, stay.

Bri. Ay, stay 'till you beat me again. There, (*Tearing his books.*) That's for your blow.

Gri. The rod, rascal, the rod.

Bri. Ay, ay, the rod, I'll go and serve my grammar and psalter the same sauce, [*Exit.*]

Gri. You shall pay severely for it. This little rascal every day abuses the tenderness I have for him.

Cat. Ay, there's a little Grichard, as like his father, as if he was spit out of his mouth, for ill humour.

[*Aside.*]

Gri. What's that you mutter there?

Cat. I say, Sir, that little Grichard is gone out in a very ill humour.

Gri. Is that any thing to you, impertinence?

Ari. My brother is in the right.

Gri. Well, and what if I had been in the wrong?

Ari. Be it as you will. But pray, brother, let's return to the business we were speaking of—

Gri. Have not I already told you that I'm going to Mr. Rigaut, my notary; so, Sir, your servant. But what does this ass want with me?

Enter MAMURRA.

Mam. Sir—

Gri. What now, Sir? Have you nothing else to do but come hither. Go, Mr. Mamurra, and whip Brillon.

Mam. *Abiit, effugit, evasit, erupit.*

Gri. What, is Brillon run away?

Mam. Yes, Sir, *effugit.*

Gri. These sorts cannot help spitting out Latin. Either speak English, blockheady pedant, or hold your tongue.

Mam. Since you will have it so, *sit pro ratione voluntas.*

Gri. Again. Speak English, and be hang'd, if you can; thou university excrement.

Mam.

Mam. Be it so, we read in *Arriaga*.

Gri. What a devil has *Arriaga* to do with Brillon's flight?

Mam. Come on then; since you will have me speak English, I must tell you, that you gave my disciple a box on the ear very improperly. He has lacerated, incendiated all his books, and *effugit, effugit*; that correction is necessary, *concedo*; but nothing is more dangerous than chastisement, *sine causa*; instead of meliorating, it pejorates; and paternal and magisterial sincerity, says *Arriaga*—

Gri. Still *Arriaga*. Begone knave, this minute, you and your *Arriaga*, and see you don't set foot again within my doors without Brillon.

Mam. Sir.

Gri. Out of my sight, I say, look for him presently.
[*Exit Mam.*]

Ari. You won't hear me then.

Gri. Your servant. Here, Lolive, saddle my mule; I shall return in a moment: I must visit a patient that stays for me.
[*Exit.*]

Ari. What a man he is!

Cat. What do you say so to, Sir?

Ari. If you did but know what a whimsical design he has form'd!

Cat. I know more than you; Rosine, Clarice's chamber-maid has just now told me all. Can you imagine, why your brother, since yesterday has taken it in his head to marry Clarice?

Ari. Beauty, perhaps.

Cat. Beauty; fiddlestick: Do you think beauty can take such a one as he?

Ari. What can it be then?

Cat. You know, Sir, that we all advis'd Clarice to affect a severity and roughness towards the servants in Grichard's presence, that she might obtain his favour, and oblige him to consent to her marriage with Terignan.

Ari. I know it.

Cat.

Cat. Yesternight, your brother was in the room with M. St. Alvar, and Clarice was in her's, which joins to it: Rosine had committed some small fault, Clarice took hold of the opportunity to scold at her for it. M. Grichard, hearing her quarrel, abruptly left M. St. Alvar, and went to help to her scold. The poor creature was called to some tune, as you may well imagine, her mistress pretended to put her away; and from that moment our grumbler has conceiv'd such an esteem for her as cannot be imagin'd, and is resolv'd to marry her himself.

Ari. Is it possible!

Cat. He presently propos'd it to M. St. Alvar. He being an easy man, consented to it, on condition that M. Grichard would give Hortensia to M. Fadel, his brother-in-law, who is burthenfome to him.

Ari. Does Clarice know it.

Cat. She is ready to run mad about it. I just now spoke to her, she has already complain'd to her father, who begins to repent of it.

Ari. We must by all means break off this match.

Cat. We have already concert'd Clarice and Rosine what's to be done; and Brillon's flight makes me think of a stratagem, which I must put in execution.

Ari. What do you intend to do?

Cat. I will tell you when we have more leisure.

Ari. Let us go and inform Terignan and Hortensia, and take measures to act in concert.

Cat. Come then, our grumbler shall be very cunning indeed, if he escapes my snares. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T II.

SCENE I.

Enter LOLIVE.

Lol. **W**HAT a damn'd beast is a freakish mule !
 What a plaguy man is a morose phyfician ! What a har-
 task a poor fervant has to please thofe two animals ! An-
 how fit one is for the other ! How am I out of breath ;
 but, thank God, I fhall be fo no more.

Enter CATAU.

Cat. O, are you here ? I was looking for you : Where
 have you been ?

Lol. I have been fetting our crofs phyfician upon his
 crofs mule, they are at length both pack'd off, after
 having been very boifterous : But for a recompence,
 they have given me my difcharge.

Cat. Thy difcharge !

Lol. Yes, M. Grichard fpoke for both ; there's no
 great harm done.

Cat. I know it. But before the day ends, I'll put
 thee in the way, if you have a mind to it, to be reven-
 ged on him.

Lol. Tho' revenge does not belong to a noble foul, yet
 I am ready for any thing ; you may difpofe of me.

Cat. We knew we might. But firft of all, go keep
 watch at the corner of the ftreet, and when you fee our
 grumbler coming, give me notice, Here's my miftrefs.

[*Exit Lol.*

Enter

Enter HORTENSIA.

Hor. My uncle and brother are gone to tell Clarice to come hither.

Cat. That's well. Do you, if your father proposes M. Fadel to you, seem to be submissive to his will, and do not irritate him by a refusal.

Hor. But if once I have said yes!

Cat. Why, you may say no if you will; what care I?

Hor. Dear Catau, do not be angry.

Cat. Be rul'd then.

Hor. But if what you undertake should not succeed.

Cat. Why then, you'd best follow your own fancy.

Hor. How hasty you are. I fear I shall be marry'd to the most silly and ugly of men.

Cat. You will not be without companions in misery. I know women as young and handsome as you, who are marry'd to baboons of men; but, in return, I likewise know handsome young fellows, who are marry'd to apes of women; but a good fortune will make up that matter; and avarice every day makes such matches.

Hor. The unhappiness of others is but a weak consolation.

Cat. Since you run so much upon arguments, what do you intend to do if, notwithstanding what I undertake, your father should persist in—giving you to M. Fadel?

Hor. I know not—I will die.

Cat. Die!

Hor. Yes, I tell you, die!

Cat. And what if you can't die!

Hor. I must obey.

Cat. Obey!

Hor. Yes, Catau, obey. That's all a child that has virtue can do.

Cat. I am not quite of that opinion. Virtue, indeed, forbids a daughter marrying one that pleases her, against her parent's will; but virtue does not forbid her opposing their will, when they would marry her to a man she does not like.

Hor.

Hor. My father is not like others : And if once I have consented——

Cat. Good ; consented. Go, madam ; in point of marriage, a child may say and unsay what she pleases : But we will not bring it to that ; only let Clarice alone, and do as I would have you.

Enter LOLIVE.

Lol. Have a care, have a care, M. Grichard.

Cat. Is he come home ?

Lol. No, Will has brought back his mule.

Hor. And where's my father ?

Lol. A small accident has made him alight a little way off.

Cat. What accident.

Lol. As he was going on his mule by the door of one of our neighbours, a shock dog, who did not like his figure, presently began to yelp. The mule took a fright, turn'd half way round to the right, and M. Grichard, half way round to the left, on the pavement.

Hor. Is he hurt ?

Lol. No, he is now scolding at the dog ; you'll have him here in a moment.

Hor. I'll get into my chamber, I dread his ill humour.

[Exit.]

Cat. He is soon come back.

Lol. His business was done before he came there, Will says.

Cat. Perhaps, then, another physician was sent for ?

Lol. No, but the patient was impatient ; and seeing M. Grichard delay'd coming, he departed without his order.

Cat. He found him dead, ha ?

Lol. You have said it.

Cat. That happens to him every day. But I expect him ; get out of the way, lest he see thee. Go tell Clarice to come hither quickly, she will tell you what you have to do : Hark ye, a word in your ear.

[She whispers him.]

Lol. Enough,

[Exit.]

Enter

Enter GRICHARD.

Gri. Yes, you rascal, I'll teach you to tie a dog up.

Cat. Ay, Sir, that rascal of a neighbour has been told of it a thousand times; if you'll leave him to me, Sir, I'll handle him.

Gri. This wench has something good in her. Is Brillon come back.

Cat. No, Sir.

Gri. This young rogue will make me mad; and that beast his master, where is he?

Cat. He's gone to look him, and will not return without bringing him to you.

Gri. He'll do well.

Enter a Footman, introducing M. FADEL.

Foot. M. Fadel, Sir, desires to speak with you.

Gri. Let him come in—I must talk with this young man a little, to see if he's such a fool as he is reported to be. Draw near, son-in-law that is to be—Draw near, I say.

Cat. To him, Nearer yet. My master does not love to bawl.

Fad. Humph——

[Grichard proceeds to ask the following questions, and looks on him at every question to see if he'll reply.]

Gri. People would make me believe I'm going to marry my daughter to a fool.

Fad. Ay!

Gri. But I don't believe so, since I bestow her on you.

Fad. Hah!

Gri. And hath a large portion too.

Fad. Ho, ho!

Gri. I promis'd her to one Mondore, who is absent.

Fad. Law ye there now!

Gri. But I prefer you before him.

Fad. To be sure!

Gri.

Gri. He shall be hang'd before he shall have her.

Fad. Ha, ha, ha!

Gri. And I will marry your relation, Clarice.

Fad. Indeed!

Gri. Hum, ha, ho, ay, oy, truly, yes, indeed; have you nothing else to say?

Cat. He answers you very justly.

Fad. Ho, ho!

Gri. Ay, but his style is very laconic.

Fad. La, la!

Cat. He'll never make your head ach with talking.

Gri. A great talker is still more troublesome.

Cat. I know, Sir, above four, who without, oh, oh, yes, and ah, ah, would often have nothing to say.

Gr. I must carry him to Hortensia; perhaps he will speak before her.

Fad. Oh, oh!

Gri. Come then.

[Exit with Fad.]

Cat. Go and see your mistress, Mr. Oh, oh. To what a stupid ass is such a girl as she to be given? But I shall hinder it.

Enter TERIGNAN, ARISTUS and LOLIVE.

Ari. Where is my brother?

Cat. He's just gone into Hortensia's chamber with M. Fadel, they will have no long conversation.

Lol. Can I enter?

[In this scene Lol. always looks to see if M. Grichard is coming.]

Cat. Yes, but make haste.

Lol. Clarice will be here in a moment.

Cat. So much the better.

Lol. I have found Brillon.

Cat. What then?

Lol. I have carry'd him to my master.

Cat. You have done well.

Lol. He will not go from thence without your order.

Cat. 'Tis enough; has Clarice instructed thee in what thou art to do?

Lol.

Lol. Yes.

Cat. Go then, and get ready to play your part.

Lol. I'll go.

Cat. I do not think M. Grichard knows your face much.

Lol. He! For twelve days which I serv'd him, he never look'd me in the face; he knows nobody.

Cat. Begone quickly, lest he see thee here. [*Ex. Lol.*]

Enter HORTENSIA.

Hor. How, I breath! M. Fadel is gone, and my father is in his closet, very sorrowful about Brillon's flight.

Cat. He shan't see him again without good tokens.

Ter. How?

Enter GRICHARD at the farthest part of the stage.

Cat. You shall know, at a better opportunity.

Hor. (*Perceiving M. Gri.*) Silence, there's my father, he has heard our discourse, may be.

Cat. He! Do you not know, that when his scolding changes into the chagrin he is now in, he neither sees, nor hears any body? I would lay a wager that he does not so much as perceive that we are here.

Ari. He must be prepared for Clarice's visit. Accost him nephew.

[*Each as they speak, gets farthest off from M. Gri. who is at the farther part of the stage.*]

Ter. I dare not.

Ari. Do you Hortensia.

Hor. I am afraid.

Ari. Do you, then, Catau.

Cat. I'd as soon be hang'd.

Ari. But from whence can this melancholy proceed?

Cat. He has not scolded at any body this hour!

Gri. (*Walking in anger.*) 'Tis a very strange thing! I can find nobody, with whom I may converse a moment, without being obliged to be angry. I am a good father; my children make me mad. A good master; my ser-

VOL. II.

L

vants

vants think of nothing but angering me. A good neighbour; yet those that live near me, let loose their dogs at me; even my patients plague me, witness to day, one would think they died on purpose to make me mad.

Ari. I must speak to him. Brother, I'm your servant.

Gri. I am yours.

Ari. What makes you sorrowful?

Gri. I know not.

Hor. What ails you, father?

Gri. Nothing.

Cat. Are you out of order, Sir?

Gri. No.

Ter. Cannot one know——

Gri. Hold your tongue.

Cat. Will you, Sir——

Gri. Leave me.

Cat. I've news that will please you, Sir; I just now saw Clarice.

Gri. Clarice! Begone quickly. (*To Hor.*) Leave me, you too, you make me angry with your serious airs——

[*Exeunt Ter. Hor. and Cat.*]

Gri. As for you, if you intend to give me at present any of your foolish counsel, you were better go home, and see if any one wants you.

Ari. No, brother, since you are absolutely resolv'd to marry, and *Clarice* pleases you, be it so.

Gri. You shall see what difference is between her and your jovial women.

Ari. I believe it.

Gri. I have need of such a one as she.

Ari. You ought to be satisfy'd

Gri. I myself am not sufficient to keep a family in awe, and provide for affairs abroad at the same time.

Ari. No, certainly.

Gri. Whilst I shall hold these at home in their duty, she will go into the city to scold at the merchant, the butcher, the shoemaker, the grocer; and woe be to them that play us the least trick. But here she comes, you shall see.

Enter

Enter CLARICE.

Cla. Behold me, Sir, in so great an excess of joy, that I cannot express it to you.

Gri. How's this! whence proceeds this irregular transport?

Cla. My father, just now, granted me all that I have ask'd of him.

Gri. What did you ask of him?

Cla. All that could please me.

Gri. But, what?

Cla. He has made me mistress of all our nuptial preparations.

Gri. What preparations are there to be?

Cla. How, Sir, what preparations! Habits, feasts, violins, hautboys, masquerades, concerts, and especially the ball, which I will have every night for fifteen days.

Gri. How the devil!

Cla. You see this suit, 'tis the worst of twelve I have bespoke. I have order'd as many for you.

Gri. For me!

Cla. Yes, but there are but two made yet, which they will bring home to night.

Gri. For me!

Cla. Yes, Sir, do you think I can bear you as you are? One would think you were in mourning for the patients that die under your hands.

Gri. She is mad.

Cla. You must throw off this melancholy equipage, and take one more gay.

Gri. A more gay habit for a physician?

Cla. Without doubt; since we are to be marry'd, we must assume the best air. Are you the first that have worn a cavalier dress?

Gri. She raves.

Cla. For the feast, we have two tables of thirty covers; I myself have, just now, given order in what part of the hall the violins and hautboys shall be placed.

Gri. But do you consider—

Cla. I have prepar'd a charming masquerade.

Gri. I say——

Cla. When we have danced about an hour, we two will leave the ball without saying any thing, and we will disguise ourselves; I like Venus, and you like Adonis.

Gri. I lose all patience.

Cla. How we will dance! Dancing, I must own, is my greatest delight; I have already got four lacquies that play perfectly well on the violin.

Gri. Four lacquies!

Cla. Yes, Sir, two for you, and two for me.

Gri. Four lacquies!

Cla. When we are marry'd, we will have a ball every day of our life, and our house shall be the rendezvous of all that love pleasure.

Enter ROSINE.

Ros. Madam, all your masquerade habits are come home; come quickly, and see them, they are the prettiest in the world.

Gri. Is not that the crack you turn'd away yesterday?

Cla. Yes, Sir.

Gri. What! have you taken her again?

Cla. I cannot do without her, she is the best humour'd girl in the world; she is always singing and dancing.

Gri. Such as these, madam, are but ill servants.

Cla. That's true indeed, but I had rather be ill serv'd, so that I have but servants that are always gay: I think that those who are about us communicate to us, in spite of ourselves, either their joy or sadness; I hate melancholy.

Gri. Ah, somebody has bewitch'd her since yesterday!

Ros. Come, madam, you are impatiently expected.

Cla. Adieu, Sir, I die to see your and my habits; I have left M. Canary at home, who stays for me. [*Exit.*

Gri. Who is that M. Canary?

Ros. Her singing-master. Oh, Sir, she is a jewel of a woman: Most love to scold at their servants, and to put their husbands out of humour. But I'll answer for her,

her, Sir, all will go well; let every thing be as it will, she'll never trouble herself with household affairs: She's the best of women; I have served her five years, and never saw her angry before yesterday.

Gri. But tell me, is not her father the cause of—

Ros. Sir, I beg your pardon, I must go and try my masquerade habit. *[Exit.]*

[Gri. and Ari. stand looking on each other for some time.]

Ari. Well, brother?

Gri. I am amazed!

[Aside.]

Ari. Are these the women you made such a boast to me of?

Gri. There is some mystery in this.

[Aside.]

Ari. Does he suspect the trick?

[Aside.]

Gri. I guess from whence this proceeds.

Ari. Perhaps you think that the joy of her being to be marry'd—

Gri. Do you know, Sir, that you have the gift of reasoning alway wrong?

Ari. I?

Gri. Yes, you. M. St. Alvar has made Clarice commit this madness; these country gentlemen love feasts, and I remember I have heard that old fool say, he would dance at his daughter's wedding.

Ari. What, do you believe—

Gri. And I'll go and rattle that old blockhead, as he deserves. *[Exit.]*

Enter CATAU.

Cat. Where is he going!

Ari. To Clarice's father. He has taken it in his head that all she has said to him, does not proceed from her.

Cat. Let him go. M. St. Alvar is on our side.

Ari. It will be hard to make him renounce Clarice.

Cat. I have more than one string to my bow, he cannot hold out against the trick I shall play him: I have told it you; our grumbler will soon return: he will find

nobody where he is gone ; he has only the street to cross : Do you hide yourself in the corner of this room, listen to what passes, and when you think the thing carry'd far enough, come to his succour.

Ari. But did not you say you would have nobody at home ?

Cat. I have made Hortensia and Terignan retire, and your brother has turn'd away all his servants to day : But here he is, hide yourself quickly.

Enter GRICHARD and JASMIN.

Cat. Are you return'd, Sir, already from M. St. Alvar ?

Gri. I did not find him at home.

Cat. 'Tis said there will be a great ball there to night.

Gri. I know that twelve pistoles are promised to the violins, carry them twenty-four, and bid them not come this evening.

Cat. O, Sir, that will be in vain : If Clarice has a mind to have them, she will give them fifty ; nay a hundred, if need were. I know the ladies of the world, they spare nothing for their pleasure, and the ease with which most of them throw away money, makes it be suspected that it is not got too hard.

Gri. But 'tis not so with Clarice, huffy.

Jas. Sir a gentleman wou'd speak with you.

Cat. Good, here comes my man.

[Aside.]

Gri. Who is it ?

Jas. He says his name is M. Ri—Ri—Stay. Sir, I'll go and ask him again.

Gri. Take that firrah.

[Pulling him by the ears.]

Jas. Ahi, ahi.

[Exit.]

Cat. Sir, you have torn his hair off, so that he must now have a peruke, you have pulled his ears off ; but there are none of them to be had for money.

Gri. I'll teach you—'Tis certainly M. Rigaut, my notary, I know who it is, let him come in : Could he find no time but this to bring me money ? Plague take the importunate !

Enter

Enter LOLIVE, like a Dancing-Master, and his Boy.

Gri. This is not my man: Who are you with your compliments?

Lol. (*Bowing often.*) I am call'd Rigaudon, Sir, at your service.

Gri. (*To Cat.*) Have not I seen that face somewhere?

Cat. There are a thousand people like one another.

Gri. Well, M. Rigaudon, what is your business?

Lol. To give you this letter from madam Clarice.

Gri. Give it me—I would fain know who taught Clarice to fold a letter thus: A fine form indeed; a fine gewgaw; what contains it.

Cat. (*Aside, whilst he unfolds the letter.*) A lover, I believe, never complain'd of that before.

Gri. *Every body says I am to marry the most brutish of men; I won't disabuse them, and for that reason you and I must begin the ball to night.* She is mad.

Lol. Go on, pray, Sir.

Gri. (*Reads.*) *You told me you cannot dance, but I have sent you the first man in the world.*

[Gri. looks on him from head to foot.]

Lol. O lord, Sir!

Gri. *Who will teach you in less than an hour enough to serve your purpose.* I learn to dance!

Lol. Finish, if you please.

Gri. *And if you love me, you will learn the bourree.* The bourree! I the bourree! Mr. the first man in the world, do you know what danger you are in here?

Lol. Come, Sir, in a quarter of an hour you shall dance to a miracle!

Gri. M. Rigaudon, I will send you out of the window, if I call my servants.

Cat. (*Aside to Gri.*) You must not turn them away then.

Lol. (*Bidding the boy play.*) Come, brisk. This little prelude will put you in humour; must you be held by the hand, or have you some steps?

Gri. Unless you put up that damn'd violin, I'll pull your eyes out.

Lol. Zoons, Sir! if you are thereabouts, you shall dance presently.

Gri. Shall I dance, villain!

Lol. Yes, by Jove, shall you dance. I have orders from Clarice to make you dance, she has paid me, and dance you shall: Don't let him go out.

[*Draws his sword and puts it under his arm.*]

Gri. Ah! I'm dead; what a madman has this woman sent me!

Cat. I see I must interpose; stay you there, Sir; let me speak to him: Sir, pray do us the favour to go and tell M. St. Alvar——

Lol. 'Tis not he that sent me; I will have him dance.

Gri. The rascal, the rascal!

Cat. Consider, if you please; my master is a grave man.

Lol. I'll have him dance.

Cat. A famous physician!

Lol. I'll have him dance.

Cat. You may fall sick, and stand in need of him.

Gri. (*Taking her aside.*) Yes, tell him, that when he will, without costing him a farthing, I'll bleed and purge him his belly full.

Lol. I have nothing to do with that, I'll have him dance, or 'sblood——

Gri. The rascal;

[*Muttering.*]

Cat. Sir, I can't work upon him, that madman will not hear reason; some harm will happen, we are alone.

Gri. 'Tis very true.

Cat. Look on him, he has an ill phiz.

Gri. He has so.

[*Trembling.*]

Lol. Make haste.

Gri. Help, neighbours, help!

Cat. Ay, you may cry for help; do you not know that all your neighbours wou'd be glad to see you robb'd and your throat cut. Believe me, Sir, two bourree steps may save your life.

Gri. But if it should come to be known, I should be taken for a fool!

Cat...

Cat. Love excuses all follies ; and I have heard M. Mamurra say, that when Hercules was in love, he spun for Queen Omphale.

Gri. Yes, Hercules spun, but Hercules did not dance the bourree ; and of all dances, 'tis that I hate most.

Cat. Well you must tell him so, the gentleman will teach you another.

Lol. Will you have a minuet, Sir ?

Gri. A minuet ! No.

Lol. The gavotte ?

Gri. The gavotte ? No——

Lol. The passy ?

Gri. The passy ;—No.

[*Pass-pied.*

Lol. What then ? (*Here he names half a dozen dances :*)
The trocanny, tricotez, rigadon ? Come, choose, choose.

Gri. No, no, no, I like none of them.

Lol. You would have a grave, serious dance, perhaps ?

Gri. Yes, a serious one, if there 'be any, but very serious.

Lol. Well, the courante, the bocane, the farabande ?

Gri. No, no, no.

Lol. What the devil then will you have ? but make haste, or death !——

Gri. Come on then, since it must be so, I'll learn a few steps of the—the

Lol. What of the—the——

Gri. I know not what.

Lol. You mock me, Sir, you shall dance the bourree, since Clarice will have it so ; or——

Enter ARISTUS.

Gri. Oh !

Ari. How's this ?

Gri. Here I'm——

Ari. What do I see !

Gri. This insolence would——

Ari. My brother learn to dance !

Gri. I tell you, this villain——

Ari. At your age !

Gri. But when you're told——

Ari. People will laugh at you.

Gri. Ah ! here's another——

Ari. I will not suffer it.

Gri. What the devil, won't you hear me, eternal prattler, indefatigable squaller, I tell you, this knave will make me dance by force.

Ari. By force !

Gri. Yes, by force.

Cat. Yes, Sir, the bourree.

Ari. And who made you so bold, Sir, as to come hither.

Lol. Sir, Sir, I come from a considerable person ; and I'll go tell madam Clarice, how those she sends are received. [Exit.

Gri. I can no longer hold, I must go to that old fool, St. Alvar, and rattle Clarice, her father, and all I find there. [Exit.

Cat. There he's gone : What say you of Lolive ?

Ari. I say he's a very clever fellow. I believe he's now off of Clarice.

Cat. This is not all, we must bring him to his first design ; wherefore we must go upon our business, and not lose a moment. [Exeunt.



ACT

A C T III.

SCENE I.

Enter LOLIVE and CATAU.

Cat. **W**HAT do you want here? Why have not you taken your other equipage? If M. Grichard should return——

Lol. He is still to scold at Clarice and Fadel.

Cat. he may surprise you, and know you.

Lol. He know me, you cannot imagine the virtue which fine cloaths have in changing such as we. To turn on the heel, and wear a lac'd coat, is sufficient to make above four that I know forget themselves.

Cat. What have you to say to me then?

Lol. A great many things concerning what you wou'd have me do.

Cat. Say them quickly then.

Lol. Since Mondore is arriv'd, let him use his own servants to——

Cat. He has brought with him but one valet de chambre, of whom we have already made the chaplain, whom we have sent to M. Grichard. None but you can finish what you have begun.

Lol. I cannot.

Cat. Coward!

Lol. Consider all you make me undertake in one day. Brillon serves your designs; you make me steal him away; you fear lest Mamurra should speak, you make

me keep him shut up; you cause me to terrify a very honest physician, who may catch a fever by it.

Cat. He may cure himself.

Lol. And thou wilt have me give him a yet hotter alarm.

Cat. You are sorely hurt indeed? Are you not well paid for the lesson of dancing you gave him?

Lol. I am so.

Cat. Shall you not be doubly so for this second expedition?

Lol. I believe I shall.

Cat. And have you not the pleasure to be revenged of a man, who has turn'd thee away without a cause?

Lol. No, my reputation is dear to me.

Cat. Oh, be it so, nobody intends to take it away; but remember, that if you do not effect what you have promis'd Mondore, you may be sure of a thousand stripes.

Lol. But if I do it, and M. Grichard discovers me, do you think he'll spare me?

Cat. In this case, perhaps you will risque some small trifle; but on that side the blows are uncertain, and on Mondore's side very sure, as well as the fifty pistoles he has promised you, if you serve him.

Lol. This deserves a little reflection; I see that on all sides, I run the risque of the cudgel: What side shall I take? Beaten, perhaps, by M. Grichard, and certainly beaten by M. Mondore: Criminal, in not doing what I promised; criminal in doing it. All I have to do, is to choose which cudgel I'll have.

Cat. You have stated the case right.

Lol. Well, I must hesitate no longer, cudgel for cudgel; I must determine in favour of that which is accompany'd with a lenitive of fifty pistoles: But whose security am I to have?

Cat. Whose! Mondore's, who would give all things, rather than lose what he loves: Terignan, Hortensia, Clarice, Aristus; are you content?

Lol. No.

Cat. How so?

Lol.

Lol. No, I tell you, give me a security which I may take bodily.

Cat. Me, then?

Lol. Thee?

Cat. Me.

Lol. I take it.

Cat. Go then, and get ready. (*Exit Lol.*) So, now our affairs are on a good foot, and if our lovers are happy, the obligation will be all to me.

Enter FADEL.

But what do I see? Does that ninny Fadel come to put any obstacle to our designs? He shall not long be troublesome to me, if the questions are no longer than my answers.

Fad. I want your M. Grichard.

Cat. You?

Fad. He went by my house.

Cat. He?

Fad. But he did not find me there.

Cat. No?

Fad. He serv'd me a fine trick to day.

Cat. Oy!

Fad. He will not give me Hortensia.

Cat. La, la!

Fad. And I come to tell him, I don't care a pin.

Cat. Law ye there now!

Fad. I'll marry into a better family.

Cat. to be sure.

Fad. I might wait long enough for his daughter.

Cat. Good.

Fad. Did he think he had a fool to deal with?

Cat. Ho, ho!

Fad. I'll soon shew him that I am not——

Cat. Ah, ah!

Fad. Don't fail to tell him.——

Cat. No.

Fad. I scorn him.

Cat.

Cat. Yes.

Fad. And he shall repent of it.

[*Exit.*

Cat. Ha, ha, ha! So I'm deliver'd of this importunate fool. Now let's go and tell my mistress of Mondore's arrival; but here he himself comes.

Enter MONDORE.

O heavens! what imprudence! could you not wait for Hortensia at Clarice's? Why do you come here?

Mon. 'Tis an hour since I heard speak of you; where is that ardour you express'd at my arrival? I see neither your mistress, nor you, nor the man you should have sent me.

Cat. He is at Clarice's already, and Hortensia will be there soon. I'm going to tell her; go quickly, and stay for her there.

Mon. But make haste,

Cat. Go, I say.

Mon. Make haste then.

Cat. Why don't you make haste yourself?

Mon. If you knew how tiresome the time is to me!

Cat. If you knew how you confound me!

Mon. Come soon at least.

Cat. Begin then by your absence; how foolish are those who are in love! 'Tis enough to cool my inclination of serving them. Begone, I say, plague on you; here comes M. Grichard, he has seen us together, we cannot avoid him; what shall we do? Stay, by good fortune, he don't know you: Consult him about the first thing that comes in your head, he'll soon send you packing, and then you may come back to me: Let the worst come to the worst, I'll send Aristus to bring you off.

Mon. Let me alone, I'll talk to him in such a manner, that he shall soon drive me away.

Enter GRICHARD.

Gri. Who is that man? Another dancing-master?

Cat.

Cat. What say you ! Take care he don't hear you ; he's a man of the first quality, who upon some extraordinary illness would have your advice.

Gri. Let him make haste. (*Exit Cat.*) What is your business ? Of what disease do you complain ? You have a healthy countenance.

Mon. 'Tis true, Sir, neither am I ill.

Gri. You have a mind to be so then ?

Mon. No, Sir.

Gri. Tell me quickly then, what your business is ?

Mon. I know, Sir, that you are a very able man.

Gri. No panegyric.

Mon. I believe you are ignorant of none of the secrets of—

Gri. I am ignorant of the secret of freeing myself from the importunate ; but well, to the secrets ?

Mon. You have no time to lose.

Gri. I have lost some already.

Mon. I have but one word to say to you.

Gri. Why, you have spoken above a hundred already.

Mon. I have heard that there are secrets to cause love, that certain draughts are given, a sort of philters, which—

Gri. What the devil ! Whom do you take me for ?

Mon. For a very learned honest man.

Gri. And you ask me for secrets to make you be lov'd ?

Mon. Oh, no, Sir, thanks be to heaven, nature has sufficiently provided me for that.

Gri. Here's a fop.

Mon. There are three or four women, who incessantly trouble me, pretending they are in love with me. I love elsewhere to madness : There are secrets to cause love ; pray teach me one to cause me to be hated.

Gri. By those who love you to distraction ?

Mon. Yes, Sir.

Gri. Take—

Mon. Very well.

Gri. But two or three times—

Mon. I hear.

Gri.

Gri. Your time with 'em, is as bad as you have with me, I'll engage they'll hate you worse than the devil. Adieu.

Mon. Thank you.

[*Exit.*]

Enter ARISTUS.

Gri. He took me but in an ill time to hear his trifles. I am in despair about Brillon's flight. Well, do you bring me any news of that young rascal?

Ari. Catau is gone to look him; but you will not go to-morrow?

Gri. At the break of day.

Ari. You mean after you have taken care about M. St. Alvar's business?

Gri. I have already taken all the care I shall take about it.

Ari. How so?

Gri. I'll hear no further about it.

Ari. I'm amazed at you, brother; yesterday you were resolved to give Terignan to Clarice, and Hortensia to Mondore: This morning, you yourself would marry Clarice, and give your daughter to M. Fadel, and this evening you will do neither.

Gri. No, no, no, by all the devils, no!

Ari. Thus have you changed your mind three times in one day.

Gri. I'll change it thirty times, if I please; and that people may come no more to trouble me about it, I am very glad I did engage myself in your presence to go into the country to-morrow to see the sick lord, who did me the honour to send his chaplain to me.

Ari. But at least before you go, you ought to make some reconciliation with M. St. Alvar.

Gri. I shall not trouble myself in it.

Ari. He has powerful friends.

Gri. I defy them.

Ari. You have given him your word.

Gri. Let him keep it.

Ari.

Ari. He has already told you to your face, that he knew how to make you keep it.

Gri. I fear him not.

Ari. He has been at charge about the nuptials.

Gri. Why did he put himself to it? [*Cat. peeps.*]

Ari. You may be forced to pay damages, and witty interest too.

Gri. You won't pay them for me.

Ari. No, but—

Gri. After what I have seen of Clarice, even tho' it should cost me all I have; and tho' all the world should intermeddle, I'd rather be hang'd, roasted, broiled, any thing, than be marry'd to that creature.

Enter CATAU.

Cat. Ah, Sir!

Gri. What's the matter?

Cat. Brillon has list'd himself a foldier.

Gri. List'd himself a foldier!

Cat. Yes, Sir, list'd to go to the war.

Gri. To the war!

Ari. (*To Cat.*) No, no! they jest with you.

Cat. Gentleman, I spoke myself to the sergeant and captain.

Gri. The rascal!

Ari. What a misfortune 'tis!

Cat. Ay, Sir, a great one.

Gri. The captain, whoever he be, is a rogue, and he ought to be cashier'd for list'ing boys of fifteen years old; they want able bodied foldiers now.

Cat. So I told him, Sir; he answer'd, that was true, they wanted such for Flanders, to Piedmont, or Germany; but as for him, he was permitted to list young boys.

Gri. Boys! a rogue!

Cat. Yes, Sir, he says he has orders to carry 'em so far, that before they come thither, they shall all have beards.

Gri.

Gri. Where the devil will he carry them ?

Cat. Hold, Sir ! for fear I should forget, I got it written upon that paper.

Gri. To—To Madagascar—Brillon to Madagascar !

Cat. They say, Sir, 'tis not far from t'other world.

Ari. 'Tis undoubtedly, brother, for that colony you have heard speak of. The boy is surely lost.

Cat. (*Weeping.*) Alas ! Sir, I just saw the poor child, they have already dress'd him in green, with a grenadier's cap. (*Laughing.*) And—they have taught him to drum : One can hardly forbear laughing at it, and crying at the same time.

Gri. Where does that damn'd captain lodge, I'll go and rattle him ?

Cat. He does not lodge, he always encamps.

Gri. Come, carry me to the place where you saw him : I must go find out that Turk.

Cat. Have a care of yourself !

Gri. Why, what's the matter ?

Cat. Well, Sir, you may go if you please ; but I should at least advise you to make your will, and take your leave of your patients first

Gri. Why so ?

Cat. The captain, Sir, wants physicians to carry 'em into that country.

Ari. Physicians ! take care of yourself.

Gri. What an unfortunate day is this to me—'Twas the only one of my children that promis'd any thing !

Cat. 'Tis true ; he was already as like you, as two drops of water.

Gri. Thou must go thither with money, and——

Cat. Sir, they will list me too, the serjeant would have taken me, if I had not been too quick for him. He says, they have orders to carry women thither too.

Gri. Why these are terrible listers !

Cat. M. Mamurra went thither to seek Brillon : By his language he was taken for a physician ; for you know he talks like a fool, and was presently shopp'd up. I did not see him ; but I heard him scold in a chamber, where

where he swore in Latin, as if he had been possessed ; to-morrow morning they set out.

Ari. You must send somebody thither quickly.

Gri. But who can we find who will be safe from being lifted ?

Cat. Desire him to go.

[*Aside to Gri.*

Gri. Him ?

Cat. Yes, him. He will run no risque, they don't want lawyers in that country.

Gri. We could do well enough without him here—Go then, and at any rate——

Ari. I will spare nothing, and will bring Brillon or lose my Latin.

Gri. You'd lose no great matter.

Cat. Sir, the captain is still at his uncle's.

Ari. His uncle ?

Cat. M. St. Alvar.

Gri. What, is that captain the nephew he has so often mentioned ?

Cat. Yes, Sir, and he was to go to take his leave of him ; I believe he's there now.

Ari. I'll run that I may not miss of him ; 'tis but a little way off, I'll bring you an answer in a moment.

[*Exit.*

Cat. I'm afraid, Sir, they won't restore you your son.

Gri. Why not ? huffy.

Cat. The captain despises money ; he's a marquis of three thousand a year. He has a prince's equipage, and his men told me, that the king has given him the government of Madagascar.

Gri. Sure all the devils in hell to-day are let loose against me.

Cat. (*Aside.*) Not all yet. How griev'd I am for the poor child.

Gri. 'Sdeath ! if the sick lord I'm to visit to-morrow, was at London, I'd make that captain know—But, what's this soldier want here ?

Enter

Enter LOLIVE dress'd like a Soldier, with a halberd.

Cat. Ah, Sir, 'tis the captain's serjeant.

Gri. Perhaps he's come to restore me Brillon,

Lol. Brillon? No.

Gri. (*Afide trembling.*) Oh, oh, 'tis that knave of a dancing-master.

Cat. (*After having gone up to, and look'd on him.*) 'Tis he himself, Sir, I did not know him at first.

Lol. Yes, Sir, since I had the honour to see you last, a halberd was offer'd me; I am no longer Rigaudon: I am now M. de la Motte, at your service.

Gri. Plague take you.

Lol. I come to desire you, Sir, not to be angry with me for my last visit.

Gri. The devil take you.

Lol. However, if you have any thing on your mind, that—

Gri. M. Rigaudon, or M. de la Motte, which you please; begone quickly, and trouble me no longer.

Lol. I likewise come, Sir, to give you warning from my captain, not to make him wait to-morrow morning.

Gri. What do you mean by this?

Lol. I mean, Sir, you must be ready to go to-morrow morning by four o'clock.

Gri. Who, I?

Lol. Yes, you, Sir.

Cat. You take him for another sure——

Lol. No, child, no; Is not he M. Grichard? You shall go hence to Brest, Sir, in my captain's coach; and from thence, you shall embark in good company.

Gri. What nonsense you talk!

Lol. No, nonsense, Sir, did you not promise the man my captain sent just now, to go to-morrow morning?

Cat. You equivocate, Sir, my master promis'd to go with the chaplain.

Lol. Right, why there's the business. That is the chaplain of our regiment.

Gri.

Gri. Oh ! I'm lost.

Cat. But 'tis to see a sick lord in the country, whom he promis'd to go to.

Lol. Why right again : That country is Madagascar ; a good country ; and that lord is the viceroy of the island : A brave man.

Gri. What have I done ! What have I done !

Lol. 'Sblood, you shall be his chief phyfician ; I give you my word on't.

Cat. What, Sir, must you go to Madagascar too !

Gri. I shall run mad.

Lol. He shall certainly go ; he has given his word on it in writing, and my captain will make him march.

Gri. I can hold no longer. Go, rogue, tell thy chaplain, captain, viceroy, and all the Madagascarians, that they shall not mock the fury of a phyfician.

Lol. Sir, Sir, you are a man of honour ; and since you have engaged yourself to go, go you shall——

Gri. Yes, villain, I'll go ; but it shall be to assemble the faculty.

Lol. And I the regiment ; we'll try who'll have the best on't.

Gri. This affair interests all my brethren.

Lol. Ah, Sir, if you could but bring one of them with you, 'twou'd be good service. There would be but too many of 'em in London.

Enter ARISTUS.

Ari. They are absolutely resolv'd not to restore your son.

Cat. Ay ; that is not all.

Ari. How !

Cat. My master too must go to Madagascar.

Ari. What, my brother !

Cat. He has engag'd himself to it ; he is trick'd, you were present, that chaplain.

Ari. Ah, I see how it is : What treachery !

Lol.

Lol. Sir, you are deceiv'd, he'll make his fortune in that country; they are not yet undeceiv'd as to physicians there, as they are here.

Gri. The villain!

Lol. 'Tis the best place in the world for men of his profession.

Gri. The traitor!

Lol. From thence comes all the specific drugs.

Gri. The blockhead!

Lol. What pleasure will it be for a physician to see himself at the source of cassia, senna, and rhubarb.

Gri. I must strangle the rascal.

Lol. (*Presenting his halberd.*) Halt there. Adieu, Sir; if you are not at my captain's to-morrow morning by four o'clock, you shall have thirty soldiers lodg'd at discretion here at five. So, Sir, your servant, 'till I see you again. [*Exit.*]

Cat. Sir. I suspect something which I must search further into. There's some cheat in it. [*Exit.*]

Ari. See, brother, what your ill humour costs you, the blow you gave Brillon is the cause of all this. The young rogue went and lifted himself, and has given room to the trick that is play'd you; you will find it hard to disentangle yourself; I have told you a thousand times, that your cross temper would draw upon you——

Gri. We are seeking means to hinder Brillon and me, from being carry'd to Madagascar, and the itch of moralising takes you.

Ari. As for me, I can't see what means will do where money fails; all that can be used in ills that are without remedy is patience. Mean while prudence will——

Gri. What a man you are! Know, Sir brother, I had rather go a thousand times to Madagascar, to Siam, to Monomotapa, than hear such unseasonable morals. 'Tis what you were reprov'd for t'other day at the bar, you prattled an hour upon the ancient Babylonians, when the law was about a goat that was stolen: I am mad when——

Enter

Enter TERIGNAN, HORTENSIA and CATAU.

Ter. Father, I have found out the trick that has been play'd you, I have discovered from whence all this proceeds; and I come to tell you, that it lies in you only, not to go to Madagascar, and to have my brother again without its costing you a farthing.

Gri. How!

Ter. M. St. Alvar in the cause of all.

Ari. M. St. Alvar!

Ter. He himself: By ill luck he is nearly ally'd to the captain——

Gri. I know he is his uncle; proceed.

Ter. He went and complain'd to his nephew, that you had broken your promise, and that was the most sensible affront could be offer'd to a gentleman.

Gri. Cursed old rogue!

Ari. He said right indeed, that he could find means to be reveng'd.

Ter. The captain swore he would carry away you and my brother, unless you marry'd Clarice.

Gri. I! I marry that coquet! I had as lief be married to the opera.

Ter. I'll go then and tell him so.

Ari. Stay, nephew. Let us take an expedient that may content every body, it must certainly be indifferent to them which of you two marries Clarice.

Ter. Ah, uncle, I understand you.

Ari. And Hortensia must have the captain.

Hor. What, shall I marry a man that will carry me to the end of the world.

Cat. Go, go, madam, I know women, who shew their husbands more countries than——But the contracts are drawn, and here come our people.

Enter

Enter RIGAUT, at the further end of the Stage; M. St. ALVAR, CLARICE, MONDORE, BRILLON and M. MAMURRA.

Mon. Sir, upon the promise given me on your part, there's your son, whom I bring you with pleasure.

Gri. You have used me—But no more of that, we will talk of that another time: Where's my writing?

Mon. I will restore it you, when you have sign'd the two contracts.

Gri. Let's sign then.

Mam. Sir!

Gri. Oh! get you gone to Madagascar.

Bri. Do, pray, father, let me go with the marquis.

Gri. Peace, sirrah.

Alv. Come, Sir, let us sign if you please; you must begin.

Gri. Do you begin if you will.

Alv. Don't let us lose time in useless complements, 'tis late. [Signs.]

Gri. Well, let me sign. [Signs.]

Ter. Father, I declare howsoever——

Gri. Only sign, I say. [Ter. signs.]

Hor. I will not go to——

Gri. Make haste, or I'll shew who's master.

[She and Cla. signs.]

Rig. M. Mondore now is only to sign.

Mon. I do willingly.

Gri. Mondore! what means this?

Cat. Yes, Sir, it is Mondore. He it was, who by my order, list'd you and Brillon. 'Twas I who made him a marquis, and the governor of Madagascar. Now since he has his wish, he renounces those titles.

Gri. Damn'd Abigail! I'll choak thee: You huffy; it is so, is it?

Cat. Sir, she has only obey'd your will: Yesterday you were resolv'd to give her to Mondore: You have given her to him to-day; what have you to complain of?

Mon.

Mon. Sir, the honour of your alliance and love——

Gri. Fiddlestick of honour and love—I rave, I burst;
I'm sold, cheated, betray'd, assassinated on all sides; but
thou shalt be hang'd, execrable forgery!

Rig. Sir, you shall hang nobody, these two contracts
were drawn by your order yesterday, you have sign'd
them to-day.

Ari. (Smiling.) Brother, if you had been of another
humour, we should have taken other measures.

Gri. Zoons, it shall cost the lives of above four——

[*Exit.*

Cat. Of his patients he means, I suppose. But let
us go and rejoice, and the grumbler may hang himself,
if he will.

[*Exeunt omnes.*



VENUS AND ADONIS:

O R T H E

A M O U R of V E N U S.

— *Omnia vincit Amor.*

VIR.

IN Ida's grove a secret place there lies,
That seems secure from man and heav'n's eyes :
No raging heat but love's could this invade
Ever protected by a grateful shade :
With rising grass the plenteous earth is spread,
And various flowers form a fragrant bed :
Close by a softly-stealing stream complains,
As if itself endur'd a lover's pains.
Around, the turtles, gently moaning seem,
And mix their murmurs with the purling stream.
Venus distress'd in palaces above,
Found no content while absent from her love ;
The residence of gods cou'd yield no joy,
Without the presence of the lovely boy :

She therefore left heav'n's courts (oppress'd with cares,) And to this humble, quiet seat repairs.

Here now she seeks (her comfort and delight,) The youth, who must each soft regard requite ;
But, ah ! no youth appears to bless her sight.

The appointed time was pass'd, th' exalted fun To th' utmost summit of his course was run :

Yet still Adonis, with an eager pace, Thoughtless of heat, or rest, pursues the chace ;
Thoughtless of danger, or her kind embrace.

But she (in whom nothing can love controul Love ! the sole joy and essence of her soul,) Full of desire, cannot herself contain,

But thence as winds sweep o'er the stormy main, She swiftly springs—stops ev'ry nymph and swain, Some tidings of the ling'ring boy to know, And where, and how employ'd, and why so slow ?

Her voice and eyes, and eager steps proclaim 'The fierce impatience of the heav'nly dame. So flies the wounded deer along the plains, Seeking redress—while of its cruel pains, 'The fatal cause fix'd in its side remains.

To ev'ry hill that a far prospect makes Thro' pathless ways, a desp'rate flight she takes, In frantic mode, her loose dishevell'd hair, Toss'd by the winds, her limbs expos'd and bare, Careless of beauties that so meanly charm, And heedless in his cause of ev'ry harm.

Much pain, th' impatient goddess does employ In fruitless search of the neglectful boy.

Weary'd

Weary'd at length with toil, and faint with heat,
Repairs again to her cool shady seat,
Hoping in sleep's inviting arms to find
A solace, to relieve her harass'd mind,
And faint idea of that bliss to gain,
For which, she waking fought so much in vain.

Now, now to needful rest she's softly laid
In the recess of the most secret shade,
'The ravish'd earth, it's grassy carpet spreads,
And new sprung flowers nod their fragrant heads;
Twine round her limbs, and grateful odours give;
But far more grateful odours thence receive.
The breezes ev'ry part with kisses greet,
And by those kisses make their breaths more sweet;
'The trees in circling crouds behold the sight,
And shake their leafy limbs, and tremble with delight.

The curling river in a vast amaze,
Restrains his murmuring flood, and stops to gaze;
'Transported, views the grace of ev'ry limb,
And grasps its dear resemblance in his stream.
Each am'rous turtle, far more am'rous grows,
And in tumultuous moans its passions shows,
Her heavenly charms all but Adonis fire,
Whole nature sees with wonder and desire!

The little loves in silent, solemn state,
With due obedience on the goddess wait,
Part guard her sleeping with the strictest care,
The rest to seek the darling youth prepare.

Thus Venus does her ardent mind employ
 The dear, the beauteous, wild, and wand'ring boy,
 Tho' shy t' embrace, tho' careless yet t' enjoy :
 At least some fancy'd blessing to procure
 From hind'rance, and from interruption sure.
 But ah ! no cautious dealing can delude
 Close envy, nor her jealous sight exclude :
 For whom should simple love securely blind,
 Contrive, or act what envy cannot find ?
 She sily lurking, this intrigue does know,
 Disclosing all to love's severest foe.
 And now th' abstemious goddesses of the groves,
 Cruel Diana, conscious of their loves,
 With fury burns, and to pursue her hate,
 Had search'd the volume of eternal fate ;
 (For fate all actions sways, his laws confine
 All aims, and even curb the pow'rs divine.)
 Its brazen leaves all mortals' dooms comprise
 In characters of various hue and size ;
 The smaller still each happy doom express,
 Which human malice (as it can) makes less.
 A sanguine dye, and sullen black unfold
 The bad—the prosp'rous are display'd in gold,
 So deeply writ, that neither force nor skill
 Can fully raze them, both the good and ill
 Slow care, discretion and advice are by,
 And all the bad t'abolish vainly try.

Here for Adonis' doom the goddess pries
 With dire intent—and while her hands and eyes,
 With expedition, yet with caution move,
 She finds the pages of disastrous love.
 There sees his sudden lot in sanguine hue,
 Engraven deep, the characters yet new.

And

And scarcely dry, the woful deed reveal,
 And seem an image of the case they tell,
 How in small time assailing on the plain
 A furious boar, the hunter should be slain.

At this well pleas'd, she smil'd, and cry'd, carefs
 Thy youth, fond Venus! thy delight possess;
 But short's the allotted time, and I, the joy
 Of that short time, shall labour to destroy.

This said, with furious haste the path she trod,
 (And mind with vengeance fraught) to sleep's abode,
 There took a phantom from the drowfy god,
 Fram'd like Adonis, in that dismal state,
 To which he quickly must be doom'd to fate.
 This Envy had in keeping to convey
 With speed to where expecting Venus lay.

And now soft sleep with welcome sweet surprise
 Approaching, Venus shuts her radiant eyes;
 Yet ah! full conquest anxious thought denies,
 By sudden fits she shakes it from her breast
 With fearful, sad, prophetic dreams oppress'd.

No sooner had soft slumber seiz'd the dame,
 (Ever within her thoughts) Adonis came,
 But how surprising! How unlike the same?
 His eyes distorted, stupid, gassy, stare,
 Pale were his cheeks, and clotted was his hair!
 His feeble limbs with dirt besmear'd around,
 And blood in streams flow'd from a direful wound:
 From's lips words broken and imperfect, fell,
 Some mournful tale, he stamm'ring, seem'd to tell
 He sigh'd, and bad eternally farewell.

T' astonish'd goddess vast endeavours made
 To grasp the dear, the lovely, dismal shade :
 But all alas ! were vainly loss'd in air,
 Waking, she finds no sad resemblance there.

O'er all the gloomy grove with care she pry'd,
 But when no true Adonis she descri'd,
 Again, t' inviting sleep herself resign'd ;
 Again, the gaily vision haunts her mind :
 Again, with blood and dirt obscene appears :
 Again, the dismal long farewell she hears.

Then, rising puts the horrid dreams to flight,
 And frees her from the dire distracting sight :
 But oh ! th' impression still remains behind,
 And with vast doubts and fears, torments her mind.

As grievous cares the tender mother seize,
 Who from her arms, and such indulgent ease,
 Her life's delight, her age's hope, for gain,
 Her only son ! has ventur'd on the main :
 When told by fame, that on some rocky coast,
 The hapless youth with all his wealth is loss'd ;
 Such now of Venus seems the wretched case ;
 Such weighty grief in her sad mind takes place.

But now the loves (by ranging all around,)
 The long'd-for and lamented youth had found ;
 And by his side, in close attendance came,
 And introduc'd him to the wishing dame :
 Upon the dear delicious boy she flies,
 As swift as lightning flashing from the skies,
 Or as the glances of her brighter eyes :

}
 Her

Her circling arms upon his neck she flung,
And with fix'd kisses on his lips she hung.

A while the transport of the present joys,
All thought of future, or of past destroys;
But when her flame (that grief more raging made)
By softest dalliance was in part allay'd,
Reflecting on her dream, she silence broke,
And sighing, thus the tempting goddess spoke.

Forbear, regardless youth, at length forbear;
Nor prosecute with beasts an endless war,
Thy Venus does in all the danger share. }
Or, if, alas! thy too licentious mind
Is still to vig'rous sylvan sports inclin'd,
At least, dear youth, be cautious in thy way,
Fly! fly with care each furious beast of prey;
Ne'er arm'd with launce provoke the raging boar,
And dread the lion's most tremendous roar:
From the rough bear's rude grasp, oh! swiftly run,
The leopard, and the cruel tyger shun;
With strict regard, oh! ever such avoid,
Lest all my joy should be with thee destroy'd:
But nees, or fleetest hounds for deer prepare,
Or chace the crafty fox, or tim'rous hare:
Mix safety ever with thy sports, be wise,
And ne'er approach where danger may arise.

For oh! a dismal dream, portending ill,
Does all my soul with wond'rous horror fill;
Some mighty mischief now impending shows,
And seems to threaten with unusual woes:
What apprehensions hence my peace destroy,
And even in thy presence, blast my joy?

M.

How

How will they then, while thou'rt hence surpris'd;
 What countless store of jealousies will rise?
 Oh! what mistrust? What terrors will impart
 A constant anguish to my aching heart?
 Be ever careful, and afford me rest,
 For both our sakes, Adonis! this request
 Let not thy mind be tempted to refuse,
 Nor slight a goddess, when she humbly sues.

Yet oh! most happy and secure to life,
 To love and me, all, all thy moments give.
 I not with Juno, covet boundless reign,
 Nor strive with Pallas on the fatal plain,
 Such triumphs, such dire victories to gain.

Nor with Diana to the chase inclin'd,
 Does thy affected sport delight my mind.
 I all my thoughts on love alone employ,
 That yields the truest and sublimest joy;
 Of all diversions, only this is mine,
 And dearest youth, let it be ever thine;
 Let's bid to ev'ry vainer thing, adieu,
 You only blest'd in me, and I in you.

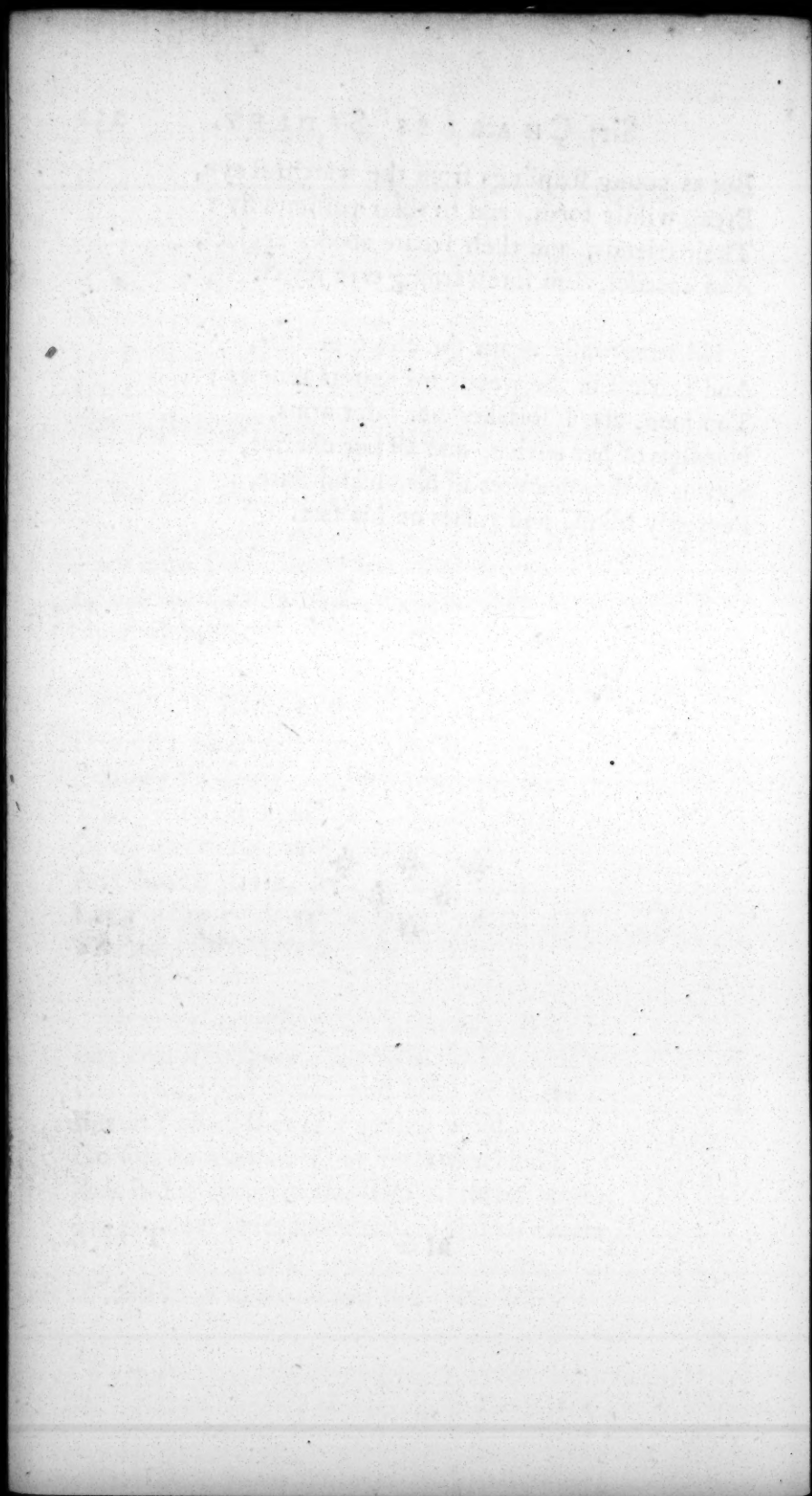
Here by increasing soft concern possess'd,
 She ceas'd to speak, and ardently she press'd
 His hand; and looks, and kisses plead the rest.
 But ah! the fallies of a roving mind,
 No soft endearments, or entreaties bind;
 Still in his thoughts the wild infection reigns,
 He freedom loves more than celestial chains:
 Nor can the greatest beauty of the skies,
 With all her fondness and her grace suffice;

But

But as young striplings from the watchful eye,
Break wildly forth, and to their pastimes fly ;
Their friends, and their secure abodes neglect,
And counsel, and forewarning care reject.

He vent'rously again the chace pursues,
And fearless in the woods his haunts renews ;
Too soon, alas ! forsakes her safer arms,
Heedless of her advice, and all her charms,
Spurns at the pleasures of his blissful state,
Perversely blind, and rushes on his fate.





THE

Tyrant King of CRETE:

A

TRAGEDY.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

The Tyrant King of CRETE.

TIMÆUS, *his base Son, and General of his Forces.*

POLYANDER, } *Two Lords, Favourites of the Tyrant.*

MENETIUS, }

COMASTES, *a buffoonish Lord.*

PALLANTUS, *Prince of Ægina, of the Blood of Crete.*

CLEARCHUS, *a stranger Prince.*

ARATUS, }

PHRONIMUS, } *Two great Lords of Pallantus's Interest.*

EURYLOCHUS, *A noble Lord of Crete, disguised.*

HIAMANTUS, *Admiral of the Ægeinean Fleet.*

CORACINUS, }

ARGESTES }

} *Servants to Timæus.*

HARPAX, }

MELAMPUS, } *Two Villains.*

W O M E N.

EUDORA, *The King's Daughter.*

HIANTHE, *Sister to Pallantus.*

RODIA, }

MELISSA, }

} *Two Ladies, their Confidants.*

Priests, Waiters, Guards, Soldiers and Common People.



THE
Tyrant KING of CRETE.

A C T I

SCENE I.

A Wreck at Sea, with Storms of Thunder and Lightning.

Enter HARPAX.

Har. FOUL fiend, whither wilt thou hurl me?
The ship sunk under so much ill; nor can the earth
Bear us both together.

Enter MELAMPUS.

Mel. In an instant, I am taught to swim.

Har. Are we only scap'd?

Mel. I hope so.

Har. Then the storm has play'd the hangman, and
sav'd us innocent.

Mel.

Mel. Innocent ! what's that ? It has sav'd us so much labour, and a broken head perhaps.

Har. The wreck was great and full of horror !
How the rogues pray'd and roar'd above the waves,
Vow'd whole herds of offerings for their safety.

Mel. I hope you'll burn the bullocks to the sea.

Har. No, my vows were of another nature.
I vow'd to live well, and change my bloody purpose.

Mel. Thou did'st not mean in earnest ?

Har. I did then, but I no sooner touch'd the shore,
But my old thoughts return'd.

Mel. Come, we'll go claim our hire, and swear we
kill'd him before the storm.

Enter EURYLOCHUS.

Har. If my eyes deceive me not, here he comes.

Mel. 'Tis he, how the devil scap'd he ? Be resolute,
and second me.

Eur. Courage, my friends !
Dangers o'er blown are dreams, no more to be esteem'd of.
[*They assault him, and he kills them.*

What mov'd these villains hatred ?

Sure they know me not ?

Nor did I e'er see them before this voyage.

They could not hope for money. [*Searches them.*

There's more in't ; let me see what's there aboard !

Black patches ? sure 'tis their trade, they are so
Furnish'd ; both are of the same profession.

[*Finds a Letter about the last.*

(*Reads.*) I am glad to hear you have found
Eurylochus ; receive this man the bearer into
Your company and counsel ; and if your secret
Practices fail you, assault him openly, and by
Violence perform the murder ; let the one or
The other be done speedily ; my employments
For you here, are many and instant.

Your Friend, Couraldus R.

Act

Art thou the lord, my wonder then is o'er !
 Thy treachery was ever greater than thy hate,
 And that too was something more than malice,
 Above the search of innocence ; a knot
 Unto the subtil'st traitors ; a riddle
 To thyself : Were not thy home cruelties
 Enough, but thou must maintain thy factors
 Out for lives in foreign kingdoms. I have
 Laid hid so long, am now so modell'd new by art,
 No friend can know my state ; thy eyes are more
 Perceiving far than friendships ; hear me, ye
 Banish'd gods (for I may justly fear it,
 Your powers are absent any where ;)
 'Tis from this place, where tyranny doth reign,
 Here on this altar, mighty gods, I vow,
 Severest vengeance from your justice due
 To expiate on tyrants that enslave
 Their country, and their people's liberties.
 Had I a thousand lives, I'd lose 'em here,
 And not once think that judgment too severe.

Enter ARATUS and PHRONIMUS, with Guards.

Ara. In the name of wonder, what art thou !

Eur. Why, what am I, Sir ?

Ara. Nay, I know not,

Nor does any but an antiquary,
 Or a conjurer ; certainly th'art no man ;
 Or if thou be'st, I am sure none of the
 Last edition.

Eur. Were your troop absent,
 I'd make you find I were !

Pbr. Whence cam'st thou then ?

Ara. That I'd fain know : here's no hole open
 In the earth.

Eur. From sea !

Ara. From the bottom sure,
 Above water, nothing floats like the.

Pbr. Of what profession art thou ? a soldier ?

Eur.

Eur. Yes.

Ara. Thou should'st be hang'd for thy very looks,
If thou were not, they were excusable
In no calling else.

Eur. I know you all ; but
At this time, I will not be known unto you. [*Aside.*

Pbr. Do'st hear !

Eur. Yes, but none of your wit yet.

Pbr. Thou bleed'st ?

Eur. Wa'st that made me such a wonder ? I do so.

Pbr. And much blood is spilt upon
The ground. Know'st thou the cause ?

Eur. Yes, I was assaulted by two hell-born rascals,
Which I let blood, and cur'd.

Pbr. Hast thou not kill'd and robb'd them ?

Eur. Sir, your thoughts are base, and you do ill, thus
To insult upon my innocence. Robb'd them ?
Money's more below my thoughts than earth ;
My education has been noble ; and
Tho' the midwife wrap't me not in purple :
Nor princesses gossip'd at my birth, I have done deeds,
A base, dishonest soul durst ne'er have fac'd.

Pbr. I never saw such fierceness !

Ara. I begin to admire this fellow.

Pbr. Where hast thou bestow'd them ?

Eur. Behind there,

If you search 'em, you may find more ; what money
They had, the sea wash'd 'em clean of, before their death.

Ara. Why, were they cast away ?

Eur. Yes, but it seems they had a land fate.

Pbr. Who's here, rogues ? limbs, two heads a piece.
[*They search the villains.*

Ara. Here's a paper. Most notorious villains.

Pbr. They were proper men.

Ara. They were so : Did'st kill 'em both alone ?

Eur. I told you once so, and am not proud of it,
To boast it o'er again, and tell you how I did it,

Ara. Trust me, thou'rt a brave fellow,
And I admire thy stoutness ; thou look'st

As if thou had'st been nurs'd in perils :
 Darest thou confront a bold one ?
 But be as honest as great ; what say'st thou ?
 Canst thou like of us ?

Pbr. Thou shalt not find us, as we appear'd at first.

Eur. While you talk thus,

I can ; and if your business be conjoin'd
 With honesty, danger can ne'er affright ;
 No, tho' all the monsters sea and land produce :
 Let hell join in her foul amphibious brood,
 I'll face that horror, charge the miscreant thro',
 Nor fear to wage a life, I'd conquer too.

Ara. Thy words, like thunder, shake the impending clouds.

Eur. Pardon those words, if that my actions bear
 An equal strife.

Ara. I believe they will,
 And dare promise thou wilt do wonders.
 Let me embrace thee : Thou'rt welcome to our
 Friendship, my eyes did look on thee unworthily
 Before ; methinks thou'rt comely, now thy scars
 Are so many graces ; not set by an
 Effeminate, but by a manly hand,
 A warlike skill. Business calls us hence, thou shalt not
 Part one minute from me. Thy wounds need help :
 Come, thou shalt heal before me. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter PALLANTUS and HIAMANTUS.

Pal. Have you commanded all the mariners
 Aboard, and every captain to his post ?
 Leave nothing wanting
 That may add a glorious vigour to our navy.

Hia. Sir, all things are in their pride and height,
 The captains' bravery seems to lend brightness
 To the day, and like the sun, throws rays and light
 About 'em : Nor looks their gold less awful
 Than the soldiers' steel on the ships appear
 The joy and riches of a conquest, and yet they

Keep

Keep the order of a joining battle :

There wants nothing to make a warlike, princely,
Well commanded navy, but your presence royal, Sir.

Pal. I would not have them think us such poor slaves,
That we are drove to seek for their relief :

But rather, that we come full of
Rewards and presents, able to return
All favours we receive, and equal
To honour them that honour us, as great
As they ; it shall appear, that he who is
Master of such a fleet, may style himself
A prince, tho' lord of nothing else.

Hia. The people croud upon the shore, and say,
You come deservedly to claim the princess.
Sir, you have more than their consents already,
You have their wishes and assistance too.

Pal. I, Hiamantus, now thou speaks us all,
Such a jewel would overvalue all the rest.
There are two ladies in this isle (if fame
Say true) the wonders of the world !

Enter a Servant.

Ser. There's a great train of nobles coming to attend
your highness.

Pal. Let's meet 'em.

*As the Prince is going out, ARATUS, PHRONIMUS,
and EURYLOCHUS meet him.*

Ara. Most royal, Sir, the prince congratulates your
safety.

Pal. The prince is kind and noble to our just designs.

Ara. He binds a stranger ever to his service.

Pal. My lord, I shall wait upon him, but first,
Let me intreat the favour of your company
A ship-board. I shall not need to excuse
A soldier's entertainment. I doubt not
But your lordships know it well ; coarseness and
Plainness are its commendation.

Ara.

Ari. Sir, you are the envy of your neighbour princes.
You so far exceed them in a brave command ;

Your navy looks, as if she were the spoils of a whole land.

Pal. My lord, you'll make me proud ; your presence
yet

Will add a greater splendor to its glory. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *The Court.*

Enter TIMÆUS *and* CORACINUS.

Tim. Found dead upon the shore !

Cor. Ay, my lord, thrown into a clift.

Tim. Were they drown'd ?

Cor. 'Tis believ'd not, my lord ; for many fresh wounds
Were found upon them, and yet their cloaths were wet.

Tim. 'Tis strange ! Were there but two ?

Cor. No, my lord.

Tim. That's stranger yet ! Reward the men that found
them,

And bid 'em make no further enquiry

After their deaths, nor speak of it ; let it

Die with you too, do you hear ? (*Ex. Cor.*) The villains

Have robb'd at their return, and got their deaths

That way, I ne'er cou'd spare 'em worse ; the state

Stands in greater need of theirs, than of

The sword of justice.

[Exit.

Enter POLYANDER *and* MENETIUS *at one door, and*
COMASTES at the other.

Com. Well met, my lords ; have you seen the thing yet ?

Pol. What thing ?

Com. The thing that haunts the court !

It hath something like a man, and pretends

To be one ; he comes to the ladies, like

A rough water dog among a flock of fowl,

And they flutter as fast from him, scattering

Feathers

Feathers as they pass ; I mean their fans, and
Such moveables. The swords dare not mingle
With him, he's too boist'rous for their company :
One glance of him, as he pass'd by the other day,
Broke the King's draught, which a cubit cup

Enter EURYLOCHUS.

Ne'er do——See, see ! here he comes with as many
Patches, and such like properties, as would
Furnish a cashier'd company to beg ; what ?
Sure, he was scar-bearer to some army ;
Let's observe it what it does : Look, 'tis
Pleas'd with the hangings.

Pol. He cannot be thus
By nature, nor by accident ; he has studied
To appear horrid !

Men. Danger is not so
Dreadful in itself, as it shews in him.

Com. Well, I cannot forbear, I must enter
Parley with it ; what rare things shall I know,
If I can get it to speak. I'll enquire the fortune
O' th' kingdom for the next thousand year ;
That's not worth the asking : I'll enquire when
The dissolution of the world shall be,
And where its treasure lies ;
If I can't persuade, I'll conjure something from him :
Bo, bull-beggar ! What art thou ? Who let thee loose ?
Where is any gold hid ?

Eur. Peace, fool, the king will hear thee, and thou'lt be
Whipt for bawling.

Com. Prithee, good devil, something
O' th' other world. [Exit Eur.]

Men. Ha, ha, ha !

Pol. I hope 'thas satisfied
Your curiosity, Comastes, ha, ha, ha !

Com. Nay, I'll not leave him thus, be baffled by
A goblin, I'll follow it to the place

W here

Where it shakes the chain. that's certain.
Ha, ha, ha ! Come, let's see the end o' th' conjuration.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter KING and TIMÆUS.

Kin. But these are things for the following age,
Timæus ; we are hedg'd in beyond all fear.

Tim. Because you see a calm all round
About you, conceive 'twill be as lasting,
As 'tis pleasing. Tempests, Sir, many times contradict you.
Even while you think so.

Your ruin yet appears not, and you think,
You're safe : Enemies reconcil'd, are like wild beasts that
Are brought up tame,

They've more advantage given them to do mischief.

Kin. Can the urns quicken their ashes into
Soldiers ? Can the graves and tombs send forth a race
Of enemies ? From those that live we are safe ;
There's nothing remaining to our care, but to
Give thanks ; the gods are favourable, and if
We could be grateful, our felicity
And safety, were both found and perfect.

Tim. Pray heaven no other flames break out :

But, Sir, I must be bold to tell you, a few flattering lords
Gild o'er the ruins and defects of your state,

They make you call a lethargy, security :
They can perhaps judge well of meats and wines,]
Good table statesmen.

Soldiers at a banquet, brave at overcoming

A charger, or a goblet ; but kingdoms

Safeties are not owing to the palate.

If these were state affairs,

Your council were most sound, and every breast

A synod ; if music could raise walls

And cities, as of old, your realm would be

Impregnable——

Kin.

Kin. Hast thou yet done? Not all
The ghosts that I have made, have been thus cruel to me;
Half these evils.

Tim. Sir, I am sorry; yet
'Twas my loyalty did dictate to me
My desire, that your sports might follow one
Another, and succeed so just, that they
Might seem to bring the season on, and not
The season them, that thus they might continue,
And not fail by treason. But, Sir, I will
No more. I shall hereafter think't more piety,
Hand in hand, to fall in perils with you,
Than myself to bring them.

Kin. What would'st thou have?
The power I have is wholly thine. If that
I never did deny, was not thought given;
Now I do: Use all the means thou wilt by laws,
Or our prerogative, to remove thy fears.

Tim. Sir, I thank you; thus low I humbly thank you:
[*Kneels.*

Nor will I in a compliment return
You back this power, 'till I have made you safe.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

*Enter CLEARCHUS, habited like a Flamen, ARATUS
and EURYLOCHUS.*

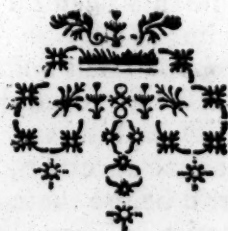
Ara. These habits then, my lord, will secure your visit;
Methinks your highness becomes them rarely well!
You're a person now most *sacro sanct*!
We'll go before, Sir, and inform
The princess of your coming, you'll draw less
Suspicion likewise, if you walk alone.

[*Exit. Ara. and Eur.*

Cle.

Cle. O mighty love, who art the only ruler
Of the destinies themselves! If youth,
And powerful greatness do invoke thee,
If a virtuous mind, a spirit bold, affections pure,
And constant faith, are oblations grateful
To thy altar, favour my present hopes,
All these, I offer to thy deity.
But hold, the hour's already past
That calls me to the princess

[*Exit.*]



A C T II.

SCENE I. *A Forest.*

PALLANTUS is discovered sleeping under a Tree, adjoining to which is a large Fountain, from whence arise six Maids, or Water-Nymphs. They sing and disappear.

Pal. **W**HY are you thus cruel, airy gods ! did you But know the felicities you have wak'd me from, You'd have charm'd me into sleep for ever : But oh, alas ! how fading is all Human happiness, which a small noise, or Motion can dissolve, and turn to nothing. O were their longest life in this state, but One minute, and that time uncertain, Were yet to be preferr'd before those the world Holds in highest estimation. They are pure And celestial pleasures to be fed on, Only by the fancy. I'll in, and again Invite them with slumber. [Exit.

SCENE II. *The Palace.*

Enter HIANTHE, ARATUS, MELISSA, two Bodies, HIAMANTUS and EURYLOCHUS.

Hian, May I ever hope to see such happiness.

Ara. To enjoy it long, madam and know no end Of it.

Hia.

Hian. Can I be no way assistant
To the business?

Ara. Only in your prayers,
'Tis our task to subdue the men; but the gods
Who must with piety be conquer'd, we'll leave
Unto your goodness: And yet, madam, methinks,
With means, to add both strength and reputation
To our affairs; this gallant prince
(Whose visit you expect) is not, I find a stranger
To the interest of Crete; nor lightly resents
The tyranny it groans under; the power
You seem to have o'er him, may improve
This compassion into a zeal, to reinstate us
In the liberty we have lost.

Hirn. My lord,
I'll use my best endeavours, if I find him fit
To be engag'd; leave this particular to me.

Ara. Madam, he's now arrived; that's he in disguise.

*Enter CLEARCHUS, who puts off his Disguise with the
help of EURYLOCHUS.*

Hian. So fell the cloud from off the Trojan land,
Not able to contain the rays it held,
But being pierc'd, dissolv'd at once to air,
Exposing to the world's astonish'd eye
A lustre rivalling the mid-day sun.

Cle. Sure I was rude and barbarous before
This noble fire did touch my heart, and from
The wild inhabitants of the wood,
Differ'd in passion only, and no reason,
That without more surprise I could behold such brightness.
Pardon me, madam, that like the ascendants
To the altar, by degrees, I thus approach you,
Pausing at each step, and bowing to that nearness;
And further, madam, yet allow me more
To beg your pardon for the presumption
With which I made this visit; that I thought it
A hard, nay injurious treatment to be forc'd

To quit this isle before I had the honour
 To look upon you : For since I have beheld
 Those wonders of the beauty you are mistress of,
 I find my voyage was too short, my hazards
 Too slight and few to be rewarded with so high
 A favour.

Hian. My lord, had you directed
 Your words to my misfortunes, I should have
 Acknowledg'd them ; you had seen a rarity
 Once in the perfection, and excellency
 Of misery ; but I have no pretence,
 No title unto ought besides my troubles.
 Please you to withdraw unto a place
 That admits not so public an access ;
 Your visit to me is not without all danger.

[*Exeunt Cle. Hian. Mel. and Ladies.*]

Ara. If I would set a spectacle to the world,
 It should be such a choice, where virtue
 Adorn'd virtue, and greatness bowed to greatness.
 Methinks the heavens do open, and the clouds
 Spun into a thread to let down some god
 Unto this meeting : Let us withdraw,
 The power is now descended, and all within
 Is sacred and mysterious ; and if we pry
 Into these secrets, our curiosity will be punish'd:

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A Temple of the Heathen
 Gods, where twelve Priests stand attending at
 the Altar with lighted Torches.*

*Enter ARATUS, PHRONIMUS, EURYLOCHUS, and
 HIAMANTUS.*

Ara. Are all things ready for the ceremony ?
 The crown and robes ?

Pbr. They are, there's nothing wanting,
 If the prince was come.

Eur.

Eur. He's now at hand.

Enter CLEARCHUS.

Ara. Your highness is welcome : But I fear it may
Appear to a strange place and person.

Cle. Say not so, Sir, the place and persons
Appear just to me, as if some holy rite,
Or piece of sacred worship was intended.

Ara. My lord, you understand it right, 'tis a piece
Of holy worship and devotion that is
Intended by us, and I may truly say,
That this our private meeting and close council
Is exceeding just and glorious.
But why thus vainly do I waste myself in words ;
Here are no minds to be persuaded ;
Nor ears to be instructed. The sins we are to punish,
We all know, and the gods remember.
Our strength then is all we are to speak of,
Which is more than three parts of the isle.

Pbr. And if we would count part of our strength
In their weakness, we have no opposition
In the city, where they and their vices
Are daily seen, and nothing contemptible.

Hia. Here we are three, my lord,
Can each of us raise such forces, which, though
They fail to effect it, yet could make
The kingdom fear a conquest.

Eur. Your highness
Is a soldier ; and, tho' but young, perhaps
Have seen, what others whose lives
Have not shewn them ; yet we'll play a game,
We dare invite you to, tho' you were
Accompany'd with all the ancient heroes,
Who had they leave, but in their airy shapes,
To sit on a tribunal, spectators
Of the war ; this their second leaving of
The earth, should be more grievous to them than
Their former deaths, and they would wish this isle
Might be their Elyzium.

Ara. You see, my lord,
How each can bring his forces in, and prompt
The other; those which have none on earth
Can bring them down from heaven, instead of men,
Bring manly spirits, words and looks, confirming more
than armies.

Cle. My lords, I must confess with no small pleasure,
I have weigh'd the justice, the strength, the courage
Of your cause; and for the first of which, altho'
I never doubted; or from the other two
Meant ever to withdraw my aid, however
Weak; yet I am glad to see the enterprise
So hopeful: For tho', most greedily I
Should embrace all hazards for two such mistresses,
As justice, and the fair excellent princess;
Yet where their interests are disputed,
I cannot wish to see a danger,
Whatever weight of glory I might purchase
By it; my lords, the small force I am master of,
Either in my person, or those commanded by me:
Reckon on 'till you see us conquer or die.

Ara. Our designs are then successful above our wishes.
Phronimus, introduce the priest, we are now
Ready for him, tho' we need nothing to
Strengthen our resolutions,
Yet we'll take an oath:

[*Pbr. ascends the altar, and returns back with a
Flamen, bearing in his hand an image.*]

'Tis good to have the gods along with us.
Here, let us all before this sacred witness [To the priest.
Of faith and perjury, make a most holy vow
Of loyalty to ourselves and cause;
And as we draw near to so divine an
Essence, consider, that 'tis not gold or marble
That we touch, but a model of a sensible,
And living power, which has vouchsafed to be
Embrac'd by one hand, when the vastness of
Our thoughts could not comprehend it.

[*Here they all seem to take an oath, by kissing the image.*
Now we are ready for the prince, Phronimus,

[*Exit Pbr.*]

Conduct him in. Your highness now shall see
The lively image of her you so much serve;
He knows not yet his fortunes; but I dare
Warrant he'll bear them bravely,
And you shall see he's born a prince all o'er.

PHRONIMUS *returns with* PALLANTUS.

Royal, Sir, you're welcome;
Start not at the name; 'tis your due, you
Were born to the title, and I doubt not,
Tho' you ne'er heard it thus apply'd before,
'Tis not altogether strange unto you.
There was a spark, which in the first womb,
After a special manner was infus'd
Into you: As the one informs your body,
So this informs your soul; we may call't
The difference of a king: And, Sir, tho' it be short
Warning to so great a matter, you must
Presently resolve to be a king.

Pal. Set me, if

You please, on that throne you speak of:
And when you see a time again, remove me; yet
My lord, I'd have you know, I understand
As well as you, I am a subject, and that
I have a king.

Ara. O royal, Sir,

The time presses now, and we cannot use
The circumstances necessary to
Persuade you; but whatever appears strange
At this time to you, a few days will
Render most familiar. Sir, please you to ascend,
Your place is provided for you. Submit
Now, and command ever.

My lord, will you please to honour us with your assistance.

[*To Cle.*

[*Pal. expresses a modest unwillingness, while he ascends the altar, where is placed a glorious throne. They take from Pal. his former habit, and put on him a rich robe. Cle. and the Flamen set a crown upon his head, and the rest stand before him, and salute him king.*

Omnes. God preserve the king !

Ara. We've now perform'd one part of our duty,
Which was to seat you thus ; the next is
With our lives to keep you at this height.

Pal. If I may now take confidence to speak,
And it will become me to say something of
Myself, I cou'd tell you, how this day hath
Been familiar to me ; and in a dream,
I have seen these things so often, that did
Not these shouts confirm which were still
The concluders of my greatness, I could not
Yet believe, but what I have now suffer'd
Is airy all, and the shapes I see, merely fantastic.

Omnes. May it long continue so.

[*Pal. descends the throne, and embraces Cle. the rest
pay their homage by kissing his hand ; in the mean
time, Eur. speaks.*

Eur. And shall I alone in such a glorious
Action walk unseen, and as a fault,
Perform my duty in disguise ? I'll rather
Add a trumpet and a flag to all my actions.
Here fall my mist away ; now thou only bear'st
Me from my joys, to which I'm not near
Enough, unless I can embrace.
Know me, my lords, I am Eurylochus.

Phr. Eurylochus.

Ara. Eurylochus ! my dearest friend.

Pal. I am as yet in a new world, my lord,
You must excuse me therefore, if, as I ought,
I do not entertain such accidents as these,
But I shall make't my labour every day
To perform that duty, of the which
I think it no small part to give the due
Esteem and value to every worth I meet.

Cle. Sir, as a new friend, let me embrace you,
But this alteration shall not give me leave
To forget the former favours I am
Oblig'd to you for which I receiv'd in your disguise.

Ara.

Ara. How it grieves me to see thy
 Beauties thus blasted in thy youth ;
 War hath been too rough a mistress to thee,
 And set thy glories in too eminent a place :
 Had Venus been i'th' camp, she would
 Have cover'd thee with Mars' shield, altho'
 The god himself had wanted it.

Eur. My lord, they are well lost, but those which were
 The causers of it, shall receive wounds as deep as mine.

Ara. They shall,
 And we will help to bathe thee ; 'tis time that
 We dissolve our meeting : Our longer stay
 May prove dangerous. Phronimus and Eurylochus,
 You must post this night to your commands ;
 Your majesty must bear 'em company :
 And now, without more delay, shew yourselves.
 We will be ready here at the first news. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. *The Court.*

Enter TIMÆUS, reading a Letter.

By the next post, I shall send your
 Grace the whole design of the conspiracy
 We have so long suspected ; in the mean time,
 Know, Aratus, Phronimus and Eurylochus are
 The three greatest diseases of the kingdom ;
 But not incurable. I know which way
 To handle 'em, there must be some sudden
 Remedy apply'd that will work strongly
 This night. I'll send it ; be absent, all the
 Lazy medicines which the law administers ;
 You, are more treacherous than the villain
 You examine, and where there was none, give
 Time to act mischief ; your summons are
 The traitor's watch-word, and drive him to take
 That opportunity, which otherwise
 His fears would have let slip ; myself will be

The accuser and the judge, when public
Means are dangerous, each prince hath the courts
Of justice in his breast. What fiend is this?

Enter EURYLOCHUS.

That causes such antipathy within me!
The midnight ghosts take not shapes so horrid!
I have not slept since first he cross'd me!

Eur. We are alone, the gods have given this time
For my revenge.

Enter CORACINUS and ARGESTES.

Tim. What doth he mutter to himself, Coracinus?
Argestes, kill that dog.

Cor. My lord!

Tim. Kill that dog, cowardly villains!
Treason, treason! Save the general! Treason!

*[They assault Eur. he beats them till Tim. assists and
makes him retire: They pursue him off the stage.]*

Re-enter TIMÆUS, CORACINUS, ARGESTES, bloody.

Tim. He was a devil! The power of hell was in
His arms, night threw her shades about him
To defend him. He could not thus have escap'd,
Unless he had vanish'd. Is he o'ertaken yet?

Enter Servant.

Ser. No, my lord, but 'tis impossible he should
Pass the court: Sure he has taken covert
In some lodging thereabout.

Tim. Let search be made,
And give command, that when he appears again,
He that first meets him, without more circumstance
Do kill him. Promise a reward to him
That brings his head.

[Exit Ser.]

Enter

Enter CLEARCHUS and ARATUS, with their swords drawn.

Cle. How do you, my lord.

Tim. Well.

Ara. Is your highness hurt?

Tim. And may be again, if I look not warily.
Wou'd your lordship's sword were sheath'd.

Ara. Sir, 'twas drawn
In your defence; and if you're jealous of it,
You wrong a ready hand to serve you.

Cle. Sir, is not the traitor known that did it?

Tim. No doubt he is.

Cle. My lord, you speak
Very doubtfully, I hope you don't think
But I am sorry for the accident.

Tim. I know not what to think, your disposition's
As great a stranger to me as your person.

Cle. I see, my lord, you know how to throw injuries,
Tho' to confer no civilities upon a stranger.

Tim. Injuries are deserv'dly plac'd on an intruding guest.

Cle. You're unworthy, and tho' I am incompass'd
With all the dangers I may justly fear
[They both draw, and are held asunder.]

From so barbarous a place which dares do
Any thing it lusts unto without regard
Of laws or hospitality. I tell you so,
And were you from this dunghill that you stalk
On ('tis no better) I'd pull down that unmanner'd
Pride within you.

Tim. Let me go,
Nothing shall privilege him to talk thus.

Cle. They hold you in your safety, nor is the difference
'Twixt your life and death, longer than the space
That parts us; if you dare follow me,
I'll stay for you a day's sail out at sea:
I challenge you to a princely combat,
Where come with all your power, that I may
Destroy so many brute beasts from off the earth. *[Exit.*

Tim. Shall I be tied while I am baited ?
 I'll send those that shall o'ertake you, and cut
 You off, before your shipping yet. *Argestes,*
 Haste thou to the port presently, and in
 The king's name, command all speedy power
 Be rais'd to stop the prince, bid 'em fire his
 Ships i'th'haven.

Ara. O my lord ! consider
 A little more, before you lay a blot
 Upon the nation, which future ages
 Cannot wipe off. No story can parallel such a fact.

Tim. Does he help your lordship with ships ? that thus
 You plead his cause. Shall I be tutor'd by a traitor ?

Ara. Sir, you are happy, if you can find a tutor,
 When you thus much need one ; and for your other
 Language, in the mean time, you must take it
 Home to you, as you gave it.

Tim. 'Tis well, Sir,
 I shall find other ways than words to answer you.

Enter KING, POLYANDER, MENETIUS, COMASTES,
and a Guard.

Kin. How now, *Timæus*, what bloody ?

Tim. No more
 Than you see, Sir. The sword rather lost it
 On me, than drew it out.

Kin. Who is the traitor
 That durst commit such outrage ?

Tim. He's scap'd unknown.

Kin. Unknown ! that cannot be, when he has posted
 Thus far i'th'court, some must take notice of him ;
 Can you describe him ?

Tim. He was habited
 Like a soldier ; but his looks had more of
 Devil than of man.

Kin. Upon my life,
 I saw him ! but 'tis two days since, he must
 Be known in all this time : Enquire who brought in
 Any such man, or was seen with him.

Com.

Com. This can be
 Nobody but my hobgoblin. And't please
 Your grace, was he in a buff-coat?
 And his face all bedaub'd with patches?

Tim. Yes, he had so.

Com. Then do I know him,
 He belongs to my lord Aratus there,
 Nobody durst speak to him; but
 He shew'd his teeth at every body else.

*[Ara. stands in a study after his beat with Tim. and
 minds not what is said.]*

Kin. Aratus, do you hear?
 They say, he that committed
 This villany belongs to you.

Ara. To me, Sir? He wrongs me that thinks so:
 I maintain none that dare attempt such insolence.

Pol. My lord, I saw him with you.

Ara. Who? Pray make me know the man.

Pol. A black, stern soldier that follow'd you.

Ara. I fear I understand you now!

[Aside.]

There is such a one that follows me; but
 I never discovered any disloyal
 Spirit in him; his out-side, 'tis true, was
 As you describe, not moulded after the
 Common frame of men, but threaten'd more than
 Any I have seen: Yet 'twas but his outside
 That threaten'd so; within he was gentle,
 All courtier, to be wound and turn'd by
 The least civility.

Kin. And you knowing this
 How durst you turn such a wild beast loose into
 The court? whom, had I met, and chanc'd to have
 Anger'd, my fortune had been the same.
 Lay hands on him; you shall find that such a spirit

[The Guards seize Aratus.]

Dwells in my breast too; and when 'tis stirr'd, will raise
 a tempest too.

Ara. Then the gods send their aid, or all is lost! *[Aside.]*
 Yet, Sir, hear me speak: The jealousies you

Have

Have of me, I shall not perhaps, be able,
 At this present to clear; and indeed
 Know not so much as what they are: But, Sir,
 To shew you in this last accident, how much
 I am innocent, I will relate unto you,
 How first I met the actor of it: 'Twas on that day,
 I was imploy'd on an honourable message
 From your majesty; on the shore, I found a stranger
 Having lately escap'd a shipwreck, and as great a danger
 On the land; for he had been assaulted
 By two villains, that were in the same voyage
 With him; the cause of whose hate he could not tell,
 Having no acquaintance with them, but in
 The ship; but as he had before the waves,
 So in this tempest too, as I may call it,
 He bore himself above, in the instant
 While he was yet hot in his anger,
 And their blood, we came upon him.

Tim. Pray, Sir, let me speak to you, there's a wonder
 Discover'd to me by this relation:
 And under this monster, he hath spoke of
 A greater doth lie hid, one that you'd rather
 Have in chains, than all the list of traitors.
 I have nam'd: Sir, commit the uncasing
 Him to me! and suffer me to proceed
 With Aratus, as I shall see cause.

Kin. Take your way, I'll leave him to you.

[*Exeunt King, Pol. Men. and Com.*]

Tim. My lord, with the persuation of your
 Innocency, I have procur'd your freedom.
 Of the king, and do desire in return
 Of this kindness (if it be such) to let
 Me see the face of this my enemy.

Ara. Now, Sir, I must acknowledge you are all
 Goodness, and if you find not that noble spirit
 In him, I have told you of, in the most
 Dangerous business you shall imploy him,
 Let him be punish'd for his ill plac'd valour.

Tim.

Tim. My lord I'll take no other surety
Than your word. [*Ex. Tim. and Guards.*]

Ara. But, my lord, tho' I can answer,
I cannot give credit to your smooth tongue.
To-morrow this time, I'll ring their dull
Security such an alarm !

Enter HIAMANTUS, disguised like a Sailor.

Hia. My lordi Prince Pallantus salutes you.

Ara. Ha ! Prince Pallantus, say'st thou ? come nearer,
friend..

Hia. Do you not know me, my lord ?

Ara. My lord, Hiamantus, I ask your pardon.
How fares the prince ?

Hia. Well ; both he, Clearchus,
And, my lord, Eurylochus (who happily made
Their escapes to our fleet from their pursuers,)
Have sent me in this disguise. to let you know
The blockhouse is privately surrender'd.

Ara. Hiamantus, the gallant prince and bold Clear-
chus safe ;

The blockhouse surrender'd, and the ships at hand,
Both for a reserve and a retreat, why should
They not attempt it ? My lord, tell 'em
Their design is noble, and, like themselves,
Full of youth, of fire, bravery, of justice,
That where such spirits as theirs move in any
Action, all designs ought to follow, and
Not lead ; they make the periods, and the points
Of business stay, I don't only approve
Of this their purpose, but will assist 'em
In their retreat, and at the same time give
Divertisement by some hundreds of
Great shot pour'd into the city, Come, my lord,
I'll direct you a way to return less
Hazardous, than that you came in hither. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T III.

SCENE I. *The Palace**Enter HIANTHE.*

Hia. **T**HE date of their great plot is now
Complete, ye gods, look favourably down
Upon 'em, and lend them your propitious aid.

Enter MELISSA.

Mel. Madam, I now met my lord Aratus,
Who intreats your highness to keep within
Your lodgings this night, and to fear nothing,
Whatever embroilments you hear abroad, or near you.

Enter KING, TIMÆUS, COMASTES, and MENETIUS.

Kin. The suspicion, Timæus, thou had'st of treason,
Was not vain, since it hath now broke out;
But 'tis already quite suppress'd. The two chiefs
Of 'em are taken in their passage,
As they went to head on their rebellious forces.

Tim Are there but two, Sir, of note,
That you have taken? flatter not yourself,
Your majesty counts that a victory,
Which they scorn to account a loss, and think
You're safe, when they are not endanger'd.
Is Aratus, Phronimus, or Hiamantus,
Among them? Is Eurylochus one of the two
Are taken?

Kin,

Kin. Eurylochus ! Thou dream'st of the dead,
And the ages past.

Tim. Sir, he's living ;
And if my aim deceive me not, he has
Lately walk'd among us, and makes up the knot
Of traitors. Ha !

*[A volley of great shot interrupts their discourse, and
they stand amazed.]*

Kin. What can this mean ! look out.

Enter POLYANDER.

Pol. Sir, arm speedily, put yourself within
Your strength, or you're lost ; the blockhouse
Is revolted, Prince Pallantus pours men
In swarms upon the shore, Aratus has
Seiz'd both the gates and fort that lead unto
The haven, and thunders as you hear
Upon the city.

[Great Shot continues.]

Tim. These were the
Evils I was prophet of ; I saw 'em when
They were disguis'd. Sir, 'tis no time to stand,
But do.

Kin. Madam, we intreat your pardon,
That thus we have offended against your peace,
And made you the first partaker of our troubles,
That ought to have known them last.

Hian. Sir, your trouble is too great to be excused.

[Exit Kin. Tim. Com. Men. and Pol.]

Mel. How likes your highness the serenade of this fair
evening ?

Hian. I like it well, Melissa ; but I fear
My solitude and care too great to admit a perfect joy.

*[A tumult and noise of weapons are heard at the door
within, Stand, stand.]*

Cle. (Within.) Gentlemen, stir not, if you'll save
Your lives ; we come to serve the princes.

Enter

*Enter PALLANTUS, CLEARCHUS and HIAMANTUS.
with their Swords drawn.*

Pal. Madam, you're safe, fear nothing.

Cle. Guard the princess, and make the retreat
With all the speed you can. The honour of bringing
Up the rear in this action, I can impart to none.

Within. Arm, arm, arm!

[The Princess and Melissa go off with Clearchus and party; a tumultuous noise of fighting continues for some time after. Then enter at another door, as if fighting, Timæus and his party, who are beaten back by Pallantus and party. Timæus is struck to the ground by Pallantus, but rescued by his followers. Pallantus retires and the rest remain.]

Enter POLYANDER.

Pol. On the ground, my lord.

Tim. Lower and baser, yet
Viler in my condition, Polyander,
Affronted, baffl'd, scorn'd, wounded by
Traitors, and by dishonour deeper:
The princess in my very fight,
Born from me.

Pol. My lord, these wrongs dictate revenge,
And not complaints: shew your resentment with your
sword. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.

ARATUS and EURYLOCHUS are discovered sitting at a Table with Pens, Ink, Paper and mathematical Instruments before them.

Ara. Besides this great work, we must have two less
On either hand of it, and which must first
Be made, no less to secure the work in doing,

Than

Than when 'tis done ; two common horn-works
Will be sufficient for this purpose. Would they
Were finish'd.

Eur. My lord, commit the charge of 'em
To me, I'll both hasten the labour, and stand
Upon the guard 'till they be done.

Enter CLEARCHUS and HIANTHE.

Hian. Do you hear the rumour, my lords ?

Ara. No madam : What is't ?

What fatal check can our affairs receive,
That it should want a tongue to speak it,
Which hitherto have been so prosperous, so full
Of fresh succours, that our whole counsels
Have been employ'd to know how to entertain,
And make best uses of 'em.

Hian. 'Tis reported that the prince is taken,

Ara. Horror and amazement seize me on the bare relation !

Eur. Where are all our great words now ! Those
Mighty sounds which made a trembling in the air.
But still a true and noble spirit ought not
To sink under misfortunes, but bear up
The stronger ; and if the state be desperate,
To attempt ways as desperate to change it.
No action can be counted folly,
Where no counsel can be given for any
Rashness is bravery or wisdom then, when
The best hopes is but destruction, I will do
Something, and where the gods have given a will,
We ought not in their service to sit still.

[*Exit,*
Cle. My lord, recollect yourself, this news may be false,
And all the danger the prince is in, may be from your
Believing it ; give not yourself cause to mourn
Hereafter. All perish'd on a mistake, if that this
The worst of evils be fall'n, yet
It ought not to be the reason of your
Neglect, but greater care and vigilance,

Tho^r

Tho' much be lost, yet that remains, may well
 Expect your best thoughts to it. Look upon
 That lady, too much swallow'd up in grief,
 Through our so low dejection. If you have
 Lost a king, consider in her you've still
 A queen, and such a one, as for whose service
 You wou'd not think your dearest blood too precious,
 Were it not frozen with your present sorrows.

Ara. My lord, I thank you, and will follow your
 Advice; pardon my amazement; and if
 I seem'd dead, when the life of all my actions
 Was taken from me: Yet 'twas not a slumber
 I was lost in, but a confusion of various thoughts,
 Not knowing which to follow, 'till your
 Highness pointed me forth one:
 We'll act something now so speedily, that
 They shall not have leave to put an ill design

*Enter a Servant, who delivers Aratus a Letter, which
 he opens hastily.*

In practice. Madam, revive your gentle
 Spirits, happier things attend you, than now
 You knew, or hope for. The news!

Hian. What news, my lord!

Ara. Such as is not to be nam'd without a sacrifice!
 O see, Madam! tho' we've lost, we're not yet undone!
 'There's a check; but not a total ruin
 Of our fortunes. The King, Phronimus, and
 Hiamantus, are all safe, and never
 Were in danger; this night they will be here
 With their full power.

Hian. My joys are then restor'd me,
 I shall see my brother.

Cle. My lord, who are they
 Are taken, and have given occasion for
 This mistake?

Ara. Two that stood boldly for our party;
 More besides, their names there are, and that they were
 honest.

I can-

I cannot now instruct your highness,
 You may perceive ; they which have no such cause
 Of joy as we have, do lament them much.
 We shall have a time too, I doubt not, both
 To mourn, and revenge their fall : In the mean time,
 Let 'em rest in peace and honour.

——— Come, madam, we must

Prepare to meet the prince ; and after that,
 Whate'er our souls can wish for ; but where's
 Eurylochus ? Absent from this happy news ?

Serv. He went forth, my lord, a little before
 The arrival of the letters.

Ara. We shall meet him :

Joys of this nature, will never come too late. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The King's Chamber.*

Enter the KING and TIMÆUS.

Tim. Sir, tho' there are troubles in your affairs,
 Let none be in your countenance ; your eyes
 Should, like those blessed twin-fires upon the ship,
 Display a prosperous flame, a light of joy
 And comfort round about, that they which toil
 In the rage and fury of this tempest
 May from thence foresee a calm, and nourish
 Hopes of safety. Thus you wrong your power,
 Destroying it yourself, 'cause others would ;
 The soldiers groan, just as you groan, their pulses
 Have the same motion, and their hearts do beat,
 Both hope and fear, according as yours do :
 All omens come from you ; your passion is not
 A single sadness, 'tis the people's too :
 When you confess a fear, none dares be bold :
 Courage is thought a folly, not a virtue ;
 Your mirth were now discretion ; and a face
 Cheerful, as at a feast, were policy :
 'Twould be one kind of succour.

King.

Kin. Timæus, I thank thee : But these joys come from
above,

And are not so taken when we please :
No man can pronounce he will be happy :
Yet I will struggle with my thoughts, and strive
To recover the peace that's fled from me :
But let not things dismay you ;
Perhaps 'tis a course of humours only,
And a little phyfic may remove it.

Tim. With the comfort and hope of this, I'll leave
You, Sir ; and if the genius that attends
Your person smile upon us, no other
Evil shall dismay us. Shall I bear any
Commands from you to the camp ?

Kin. Only my salutations, the charge of all,
Do thou take upon thee. To-morrow, if
This fit leave me, I'll visit you. [Exit Tim.]
How every thing is irksome to me ! clouds
And darkness are before my eyes ;
All things are dissenting one from the other,
Yet conspire in this, that they present death
To my view. I have that idle comfort
Only left, that he that despairs of all,
Ought to fear nothing, when things cannot grow worse.
A kingdom rear'd in blood, stands on a slippery foundation,
And I have been nourish'd in peace thus long,
That being grown specious and great, I may
At last fall a sacrifice worth slaughter.

*[An uproar at the door. Eur. rushes in, and wounds
the King ; the guards following him.]*

Hold ! I command you, hold ! what a nothing 'tis !
That I have thus much fear'd, and labour'd
To escape, when 'twas my good ! childishlv
Dreading every thought of cure ; then most offended,
When my health was near. How well I am
After this little wound ? quiet of mind,
And peace of conscience, those bless'd companions,
Begin to return unto me ; I see
Nothing but blood can appease blood in sacrifice.

That

That to the guilty there is no ease, but death ;

[As the King shews signs of weakness, the guards offer to kill Eur.]

No mercy like the cross.

You're deceiv'd, tho' I have been hitherto
A tyrant ; now I am merciful, and would
Gladly behold things just and innocent.

Cap. He faints, the villain must not live.

Kin. I command you, hold, my power is yet good,
You are the villains, the true causers of
My misery ; and if you should lay hands
Upon yourselves, how ridiculous is this
Your fury ? Suppose I should give way
To your desires, what were you the safer, or I the better ?
Had I given you my commission, obedience
Here would not have excus'd you what penalty
Ye expect : You see when I was guarded
By an host, was thought secure from what the
Power of earth or men could do unto me,
One man, as I may say, one handful of
That earth, broke thro' all my safeties, and with
A single arm has forc'd what a million
Could not keep : And when no human means was found,
Yet there was a miracle to conquer me.

[The guards relent, and seem to be sorrowful.]

How vainly I take care for lesser things, neglecting
My chief concernment, O my poor Eudora !
Leave me not yet, my soul, thou can'st not mount,
Until the load be taken from thy wing,
Thou could'st inhabit here when it was hell ;
Now it is Paradise, O stay, and dwell !

[Dies, the guards run and bear up his body.]

Eur. Tho' the fall be great, it cannot shake me,
When I know 'tis just. The malefactor's
Penitence, takes not the justice of his
Doom away, tho' he be chang'd, that remains
Unstain'd, he may die with pity, but not
With innocence. They mind me not, I'll take
This advantage of their sorrow for my

Escape

Escape ; I will not trust their obedience
To a dead command.

[*Exit.*

Cap. Leave your sad embraces,
They'll bring no comfort to you, tho' you persist
In 'em, 'till you are such as this you hold.
This ground of sorrow, will afford a perpetual
Supply of moisture, which your eyes, like suns
May draw up, and pour down for ever ; but
Never afford a satisfaction to you.

1 *Gua.* The villain that committed this sacrilegious act
is escap'd !

2 *Gua.* We were too soft to obey a dying speech.

Cap. His entrance and escape were both ordain'd
By fate : 'Twas not in our power to help either.

[*Exeunt carrying out the King.*

S C E N E IV. *The Palace.*

Enter TIMÆUS.

Tim. Give me a power mighty as my rage !
That my revenge may reach unto the clouds !
And unthrone those gods that join'd hands with men,
To commit so black a deed ! It were but
Justice they should lose their deity, that
So would throw it off : Oh, my sov'reign ! did I
Unload thy shoulders of the kingdom,
That thou might'st fall under a less weight,
And bereft thee of thy jealousies to
Ruin thee with more assurance only !
Where are all those flattering tongues ; that when
There was no need, would in a compliment
Hourly suffer for thee ? Not one to die
In thy defence ? or by his fall to make
Thine more decent ? What ho ! Charifius,
Erastus, Acmanthes, not one voice.
How dismal is this place ! The graves where death
Inhabits are not so dreadful ! I'll fly thee,

Theo'

Tho' I run among the thickest of my foes ;
They can present no horrors like this lowness ;
The cries, the sword, the trumpet in the battle,
Strike not so deep amazement !

[Goes out in search of the body, and returns again.]

I walk like

Æneas among the shades, all is hell
About ! I see nothing, but what my
Fancy frames in horrid shapes ! Ye vain fears
Of guilty men ! all are unreasonable ;
But yours ridiculous, when you have condemn'd
The greatest and most real dangers ;
You tremble at a ghost, a thing less than a man ;
And when the substance could not, the shadow
Frights you ; there is no way but this to set me
Above my fears ; when I am less, I shall
Be equal to 'em.

*[Prepares to fall on his sword, the guards return
and save him.]*

Cap. O hold my lord !

Offer not up yourself a sacrifice,
When there are so many that gladly would
Redeem you with their lives ! Let that thought
Prevail with you, that you ought to live for them,
That so willingly would die for you.
You're the prop of thousands ; and if you sink,
You pull a kingdom with you. Take your sword
By the other end, and so hold it ;
Seek to appease this royal ghost. If you
Cannot regain a crown, yet win a memory
By the loss of it : This object makes your grief
A burden to your honour. Lean on us,
My lord, and we'll conduct you to the camp. *[Exeunt.]*

A C T IV.

SCENE I. *A Camp, as at a Distance.
Soldiers appear.*

Enter POLYANDER, COMASTES, MENETIUS, *and a Captain; at their Entrance, a Shout is heard.*

Pol. **W**HAT shout is this among the enemy?

Cap. 'Tis their acclamations still for the arrival
Of their fellows, with whom they have now join'd
Camps.

Pol. I am glad of it;
I hope we shall have command, to try the fortune
Of the field to-morrow. Would the whole knot
Of them were there, that we might make quick work.

Com. Ay, and a wall round about 'em, to keep 'em
To the slaughter, that we may not be
Troubled to kill a thousand in a thousand
Places. I like not this pursuing, 'tis
The greatest evil, next to the being
Pursued; the wine ne'er tastes well when tis so
Jumbl'd: Give me a standing camp, that
Flourishes like a peaceful city, and wants
No necessaries; here stands your engines,
There your victuals: On this hand a pallisade
Defends you; on the other a barricado
Of pork tubs as impregnable: Before
A sole is cut of some two hundred paces,
And the soldiers tippling in't; behind a coop
Runs out of the same length, and they sit
Tippling in their trenches; whose bodies are

Too

Too delicate and tender to bear travel,
Here a man may, even among the tents, forget
To be a foldier.

Pol. Ha, ha, ha ! On my
Conscience, Comastes, thou art weary
Of the camp already.

Com. Yes, faith,
As yourselves are, if you'd confess the truth.

Pol. Why, methinks there's no pleasure like the soldier's,
Who takes his swing in all delights, and satiates
Himself with 'em, as if he were ne'er to
Taste 'em more ; and if fortune be kind
To grant him a second, and a third fruition,
Like friends, which parted in the morn, two dangerous
And hopeless ways of ever seeing, they meet
With a multiply'd and unexpected joy ;
His very wounds are pleasures, and Elyzium
Comes faster on him than his death.

Com. When honour is the prize, and wrong'd justice
The cause that thrust him on ; he throws off one,
That he may gain a better life ; a life
Of fame, which is eternal, even in death ;
That he enjoy'd before, was fading,
Sustain'd only by the infirmities
Of one weak body, now 'tis supported
By the memories of all. The charge of it
Is committed unto a world of men :
Nor is't extinguish'd before the frame o'the
Whole universe. None are so surviving
As the sons of glorious war. Jove gave
Life to Hercules and Theseus, but Mars
Eternity ; they breathed from one, but gain'd
Heaven by the other. These were the great thoughts.
Which when I was yet young, and not able
To effect 'em, did dwell in me ; they did
Suggest unto my soul, that I ought to raise my hand
Against the gods, if they slept at perjury,
And favour'd injustice.

Pol. Halloo Comastes, what rapture's this ?

Com. To shew you how easy
A thing it is to talk like a soldier,
And be as brave a fellow as either of you.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Men. Thou would'st make an excellent
Run away soldier. Such a speech on the highway
Were greater violence than bidding stand;
A long staff would not get an alms so soon.

Pol. What say'st thou, Comastes, to a jovial round
Or two beyond the court healths? Those at the king's
Own table?

Com. I believe I shall say more
Than you at this, as well as at the other.

Pol. Captain, command 'em to bring some wine in;
Come, in the mean time, let us sit.

Enter a Guard.

Gua. My lords, stand upon your guard, the king's slain!

Omnes. The king!

[They all start at the news, and draw their swords.]

Pol. Thou look'st distractedly, speak it again!

Gua. He's slain! myself was present at his death.

Pol. By what accursed hand?

Gua. That devil, that

A while since wounded the general, has murder'd him:
But my lords, I lose the time, and betray you in't.

The general is come into the camp,
And commands you strait, to repair to him.

He finds the army wavering in their faith,

The city bands are already revolted,

And others begin to draw off. The king's death,

And a declaration from the enemy,

Pretending to right by the liberty of the subjects'

Has almost gain'd them a victory without

A drop of blood.

Pol. Away, lead us where you left the general.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The Palace.**Enter ARATUS.*

Ara. Never did justice shew herself so eminent.
This was a deed, as if her own hand
Had wrought it. Who can complain of the want of
providence.

When this is told a tyrant in the midst of
All his strength, guarded with friends and arms,
Whatever power or policy could make him
Safe with, by a single hand, strengthen'd with
Justice, was snatch'd from the midst of all!

Enter PALLANTUS and CLEARCHUS.

Pal. My lord, we may sheath our swords in peace,
This gallant act of the heroic, of the noble,
The brave Eurylochus, has not only
Removed a tyrant, but I may say,
Dissolv'd an army, and reduc'd a kingdom;
The prætor in the city's name offers
Allegiance, and divers bodies, both of horse
And foot, have left the enemies camp, and are come to us.

Ara. Sir, you weigh this action as you ought.
And while you can look thus nobly on the services are
done you,

You'll make this isle a land of heroes.
The prince's eyes breed virtues, when they shine
Upon 'em; and whatever has been found
To be his temper, quickly grows to be
The genius of the people.

Cle. What think your lodships,
If we drew out, and fac'd the body of
The enemy, that yet hold together?

Ara. My lord; what can we return you for this
Gallant forwardness? But the force that now
Stands against us will not be worth your highness's

Hazard; nor yet pains to face 'em, a little
 Shame and obligation to their late master,
 Is all the bonds that holds 'em, and a few days,
 If not hours, will scatter 'em without
 Our swords: But this message from the city
 Will require your majesty's attendance
 To it. Please you to hear what their demands
 Are to you. *[Drums and noises of assault heard.]*

Pal. Stay, what means this noise?

Eur. (Within.) Spare no opposition, break the gates;
 Add fire unto your forces.

Enter EUDORA, RODIA, and another Lady frighted.

Rod. O, madam! they break in upon us.

Eud. O, my father! when thou art slain, I can't
 Fear what after does befall me! The same
 That was their cruelty to thee, will to me be pity.

[A noise as if the doors were forc'd.]

EURYLOCHUS and the Soldiers break in.

Pal. Stand, no man advance to touch a life,
 Or do a further violence.

Eur. My rage has blindly led me on to violate
 A place no less sacred than the temples,
 And rudely, e'er I look'd about, has thrust me on the
 Deity.

Eud. What stays thee, monster? and makes thee pause
 thus

O'er thy prey: Here I stand ready, and do
 Invite thy fury; come and save my hand
 A labour; if thou art surfeited, I'll
 Whet thy appetite. Thou'rt a murderer,
 A villain; these name thee not: They are but
 Diseases of the state, thou, the death;
 How monstrous thou appearest!
 Thou represent'st unto me all ill
 I ever heard of.

Pal. And thou all that I ever heard of good.

Cap.

Cap. Sir, raise your spirits ;
Can you endure such words as these ? Soldiers on,
And make her feel those evils she hath utter'd.

Pal. Hold, hold, thou worse than she hath nam'd,
Dar'st thou command or move to such a sacrilege ?
If thy sins were told thee from the heavens,
Thou'dst blaspheme the voice that spake to thee :

[*Exit Ara. Eur. Cap. and Soldiers.*]

Withdraw, thy rage is too unhallowed for
This place ; provoke me not ; what another offer ?

Eud. My miseries have put
A new nature in me, chang'd the calmness
I had wont to enjoy, into the looks and
Language of a fury. How ill does rage
Become a virgin's breast ? I will suppress it ;
And if it must break forth, dissolve it into
Tears ; an age worn out in thought cannot present
One comfort to me, I am so wretched.
Oh my soul's more earthly than my body :
This war that is within. I hope will
Gain a victory o'er my life at last.

Pal. Accursed that I was, to be the author
Of so much misery : Is there no way to restore
That peace which you have lost ? If there be any,
Despair not of it, tho' it be held within
The jaws of death, I'll snatch it for you ;
Tho' it were lost in the darkest mass of things,
My love would distinguish it in a chaos :
If it have no being, but what your thought
Gives life to, I'll wish it for you, so strong
My fancy is to serve you.
The wretched cause remov'd, bring ease unto
Your sufferings ! Here on my knees I yield my life
Unto your taking : Or if you had rather,
I'll offer up myself.

Eud. No, and yet
There is a way, and thou may'st do it.

Pal. Is there a way ? O my joys ! The gods are
Merciful ! Name it, name it to me.

Eud. If thou wilt vow to do it presently.

Pal. Had I an oath to confirm, I would be
Happy! 'Tis my own happiness, I thus
Eagerly pursue in yours. Every sigh
You give, doth make me breathless, and every
Tear which you let fall, doth bow me nearer
To the earth, than all the tears and wounds that
I have suffer'd; yet I will swear by all things
Holy, all that I fear and reverence,
To refuse no labour, or death, to gain your ease,
And restore joy unto your life again.

Eud. Now thou can'st not, thy last words have render'd
Thee unable. The ease was death, which yet
I beg from thee.

Pal. From what a heaven
Of happiness am I fallen.

Eud. Assist me all my strength,
Ye gods! This way you have ordain'd, I should
Come to you: Pardon that fate then, which yourselves
Did give me. [Offers to stab herself.]

Rod. O my lady!

Pal. Stay, O stay that hand!
Let that goodness in you, which would spare things
Fair and holy, preserve the fairest and
The holiest! The angels would be proud to take
Such shape upon 'em, when they visit earth.
'Tis such as yourself ought to look with reverence on.

Eud. There's a weapon within my heart, which
None can take away, it wounds deeply: Now
Death, thou'rt a lover, and dost court me mildly!

[Faints.]

Ladies. O, my lady! help, help! O, the princess!

Rod. Give her more air.

Pal. She's gone, my time's
No longer: Our lives were woven on the same web; the
Destinies condemn me to see her death,
And then to follow. [Appears to fall on his sword.]

Rod. She breathes, stand off!

Eud. My father! O my father!

Rod.

Rod. How do you, madam?

Eud. Too well, my strength returns too fast upon me.

Pal. Were my soul fled, that voice would call it back
Again, itself would return, and choose his
Paradise on earth. I'll not disturb her
With my longer stay. Fair one! If your lady
Shall need any thing, you may have it with
A thought; no less respect shall wait on her;
Then if her father still rul'd all; the guard
Shall be at your command, and attend only
For your peace and safety.

Rod. Soldier,
Thou'rt noble. The gods reward thy goodness!

[*Exit Pal. at one door, and Eud. at the other, led
off by her women.*]

S C E N E III. *A Fort or Castle.*

*Enter at one Door POLYANDER, MENETIUS, COMAS-
TES, and the Captain of the Guard. TIMÆUS, at the
other.*

Tim. No answer yet return'd?

Pol. Not yet, Sir.

Tim. Look out again. (*Exit. Capt.*) Polyander, I re-
member

I heard thee once say, when I condemn'd thee
For thy smiles, that if there was a cause, thou
Could'st frown; why look'st thou sadly at this time then?
Our fortunes ought rather to stir our indignation,
Than our grief.

Pol. Sir, were they my own misfortunes
I were under, and not yours, the heaviest
Pressures should not move a passion in me,
Unless it were some glory; but when I look
On you a fellow sufferer with me:
Remember the state from which you are fall'n;
Tho' in mine own miseries I had a heart
Of flint and rock, in yours I could dissolve't.

Enter Captain.

Cap. Sir, there's now one arriv'd,
Has certainly brought an answer.

Tim. Let us clear ourselves before he enters, that he
May see on what strength our demands are made.

*[They all sit down about a table that has a cup of
poison on it.]*

Every man put on a face of mirth and resolution,
And fancy to himself he's at a banquet
That will refresh him after all his toil.

Enter EURYLOCHUS.

Pol. Who's this? Do any of you know?

Cap. Not I, my lord.

Men. Nor I!

Tim. Sir, you're welcome. But we invite you only
To look on the liquor this goblet holds;
Tho' it be brisk, and of a lusty operation,
We cannot commend it so much for purity,
Or help to good digestion. The gods
Give not life more certain, than this gives death:
Do you think you can behold the drinking of it?
Would Aratus himself were here,
That once he might be glutt'd with
A spectacle of death! You look pale on us
Already. Fly, Sir, while you may; for certainly
Your enemies have a plot upon you,
And sent you hither to take your death in, by your eyes.

Eur. What shape can I put on, and thou not injure
Me in't? I never yet appear'd to thee
In any form, but either I found thy scorn,
Or hatred in it! At first, I was thy fear,
As all that were innocent did fright thee.
And because thou wert guilty, I was banish'd,
Not to remove me neither, but my death;
Which standing firm against any stroke of law,
By treachery thou would'st have reach'd it:

And

And when by miracle, I scap'd thy plotted
 Mischiefs, by chance thou would'st have slain me,
 A stranger, and unknown to thee: My disguise
 Wrong'd thee not; nor could'st thou pretend a quarrel
 To it, more than to him, that in the remotest
 India, draws his breath.

Tim. I know thee now,

*[Starts from the table and draws his sword; the
 rest do the like.]*

Thou need'st not further declare thyself!

And thou'rt come past all my wishes, to satisfy my re-
 venge. *[Eur. knocks and a guard rushes in.]*

Eur. Hold! I came to bring peace, and not destruc-
 tion; do you

Perceive not, how vain is all your malice?

Tim. If thou'rt that man thou would'st seem to be,
 And equal with me, dost thou honour a dead sovereign?
 Yet, setting by these seconds;

Let us singly try our hatred, the grant
 Of this will please me more, than a concession.
 Of all the articles proposed by me,
 I had rather see thee dead, or by this means,
 Not see thee live, than again be master
 Of the fortunes I have lost. I am unfit
 For life, and shall but curse the givers of it.

Eur. If I thought it, I'd grant you your request,
 And kill you; I could do it, I have strength
 And justice enough to make me able;
 But you are not so bad as you suppose;
 These are despairing, not malicious thoughts:
 Yet e'er I go, rest assur'd, one way or other,
 I'll give you satisfaction, I came
 For that intent. Shew me your articles:
 And those that last attended, may depart.]

*[One gives him them, which he seems to run over
 with his eye, and reads it alone.]*

How poor are these conditions!

Without more commission, I dare grant you
 Better. Why, these are demands within the compass

Of a peasant's asking. Be not deceived,
 You were not so safe in your own reign,
 As in your enemies. The state is not
 Translated from one tyranny to another :
 But a prince now, which is a name of mercy
 As well as power, which he truly knows,
 And in the first deeds desires to shew on you :
 He does not think he's then like Jove, when he can
 Thunder, but when he can shower down blessings.
 On a nation ; not when he is the voice
 Of death, but when he's harmless with the power
 Of death about him ; Revenge, torments,
 Executions, are not the attributes
 Of a king, but a tyrant. He rivals not
 The immortal powers in temples, statues,
 Adoration ; but in transcendent virtues,
 Divine performances ; the saving-helping
 Qualities, not the stern and awful,
 Are the steps by which he climbs above the heads
 O' th' people, and appears a god on earth.

Tim. Why should I be a stranger to these virtues !
 More than this man ; I was not born for less things.
 Than he ! Certainly, when nature made this frame,
 She intended it for the noblest purposes !

Eur. What, do you yet resolve, or demand further ?

[Tim. minds not what Eur. says, but continues his meditation.]

Tim How my soul's acquainted with these excellent
 Precepts, tho' it hath been ever kept
 A stranger to 'em : How it approves, consents,
 Takes part with 'em at first hearing.

Eur. If you have no more to ask or hope for, hear
 what is freely

Offer'd to your Your lives in the first place,
 Are granted to you, next your fortunes,
 Honours, in a word, whatever with justice
 You can call yours ; Why look you wildly at this gift
 Of grace ? 'Tis no wonder to the giver ;
 Nor them which live about him, tho'

The

Tho' the consequence may seem dangerous ;
 'Twere not worthy the high name of his virtue,
 If either the peril or offence were less ;
 And 'tis but a mean expression of his goodness
 To say his enemies were courted to live.

Tim. O, Sir, you have undermin'd all
 My pride, and remov'd me from that advantageous ground
 I stood on, to my own low pitch ; these your
 Last words come near unto me, and make me
 With reverence believe all you have spoken.
 Your virtues before did only stir my hate
 And envy ; be not then unlike the powers
 You have yet resembled to scorn the person
 That your grace converted.

Eur. All virtues
 Crown'd with happiness flourish in Timæus.
 I meet you to the fullest of your wishes,
 And believe, as my body is now one [*They embrace.*]
 With yours, my soul is no less join'd ;
 I presently forgive whatever you
 Have done to me : Forget what I have
 Done to you. Next believe this, I throw away
 All dangers that threaten you. In the last place,
 Follow me whither I shall lead you.

[*Exeunt all but Com.*]

Com. I breathe, am warm, alive all over, feel, smell,
 Hear, but when I look on thee, I thank God,

[*Points to the cup that holds the poison.*]

I taste not, I see too ; and more particularly, that
 'Tis death, but a dream of death only, that
 Hangs on me ; some ill vapours of the spleen,
 Bred from noise of war, hearing of murders,
 Variety of danger, and no feasting. The king,
 My bountiful and loving master, was kill'd
 Suddenly ; his son and general deserted by the
 Army, and the whole kingdom ; on the news,
 Scap'd hardly with his life, a few friends
 And followers to this fort,
 Where with much ado we shut ourselves

In,

In, and our enemies out ; but honour, a subtle,
 And more pernicious adversary than all the rest,
 Shuffl'd itself into the hold with us, and has never
 Ceased one minute since, in its own name,
 And the name of honesty, of the condition we have
 Lost, and the disgraces we were to expect, to present
 Us with halters, daggers, poison, any thing that
 Might give us a noble end.

I must confess, I am not for these melancholy
 Things, my ends have still lain otherwise. 'Tis
 True, I bear on me the dignity of a lord : But
 How ? As a pedlar does his pack ; up on my
 Shoulders, not in my heart. And what is honour
 At the best ? But a bare name only ; and not always
 So to me : The title was never given

Me seriously, but by rascals ; with my fellow
 Peers (if I pleas'd 'em in a feast) I was, my
 Lord Comastes. If not, Comastes, with my
 Face full of sauce, and my locks of liquor ;
 My hair and beard dropping, like wine-press'd ;
 As if my being there, were not to drink the
 Wine, but make it : But again, I have a
 Lordship in land too—as well as title.

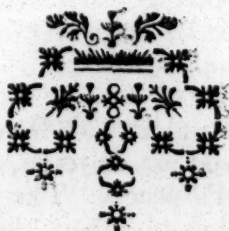
What then ? Shall I sell my life for dirt ?
 My soul for a few trifles ? I'll barter the world
 Too, for a grave ; and maintain't, I make as
 Wise a bargain ; but say this land be taken
 From me : Pray how came I by it ? Was it the
 Inheritance of my noble father, or the purchase
 Of my own wit ? Good yeomen of the bottles
 Sleep in peace ; your son's being was from you,
 But his well being, and his dignities from his
 Proper virtues : Which, as the philosopher wisely
 Observes, in no fortune leaves the owner. And
 While the sciences of eating, drinking, fooling,
 And the like, are held in estimation. I cannot
 Want a lordship. Therefore all are dreams and
 Meditations of the other world, my making was
 For this ; your Elysium, with sweet shades and

Purling

Purling streams, does not one whit entice me ;
For when they have said all they can, 'tis still to
Be dead, to be there. And having happily broken
From the company of my noble associates,
I'll yoke no more with them, 'till I see what becomes of
their magnanimities.

But thus, as I am alone, with weary steps,
I'll march unto the new court : And do not
Despair, tho' the king and state be changed,
To continue still the same man.

[*Exit.*]



A C T V.

SCENE I. *The Palace.**A soft Concert of vocal and instrumental Music.**Enter EUDORA and RODIA.*

Eud. **T**HIS soft harmonious quiet we enjoy, does
strike

Amazement in me ! Sure they have slain the body
With the head, which makes this general calm.

Rod. Madam, 'tis much more innocent ; and tho'
That part of it, we find by particular command
Be order'd so, yet 'tis but an image
Of the universal peace that blesses

All the isle. No noise of arms or rapine, of
Soldiers, tumults, slaughters are seen in any
Place, but security and joy do reign,
As in a long and settl'd peace. The generous
Conspirators having brought about their great
Design, desire to have it seen to all the world,
They sought a change, but not a desolation.

Eud. Their moderation is too late ; nor will
It satisfy the gods, when they have spilt
So much blood, that they will spill no more.

Rod. O madam ! how far you wander, and are lost
In error ! And to all your other miseries,
Is added this, your mistaking of the ground
On which you suffer : And whither with my duty
It will stand, to inform you of the right,
I know not : Yet while there is a charity
In the rudeness, I shall be bold to tell you,

This

This last alteration the state has suffered,
 This wresting of the scepter from your name,
 Together with your father's life, has not
 Betall'n thro' the impious and black
 Contrivance of a few bloody and ambitious
 Lords, greedy to assume the royal ensign
 To themselves: But in the name of justice
 And true liberty, they have made this seizure.

Eud. How ill those words become thee to speak,
 And me to hear. Think'st thou the shame
 And vices of our house can bring a comfort
 To me?

Rod. I think their shame and vices,
 Madam, ought not to oppress your innocency.

Eud. As the glories, so the dishonours of
 A family reflect upon the rest of kin.

Rod. 'Tis the error of the blind mistaking world,
 That placeth either, where they are not deserv'd.

Eud. Can any shift off with honour, from themselves
 The sad calamity that o'erwhelms their house?

Rod. If that calamity be the punishment of
 Particular crimes, to dote on the calamities, is to allow
 the crimes.

Eud. None can be suspected to allow a crime,
 That punish even their innocency for alliance to the vi-
 cious.

Rod. Nor none can be admired for justice more,
 That punish innocence on any score.

Enter Lady.

Lady. There's one of the adverse party that seems
 Of note, desires admittance to your highness.

Eud. See, Rodia, who it is? [*Exit Rod. and returns.*
 Who is it?

Rod. Madam, I know not! nor did I e'er see
 Any like him! His grace and form admit
 No parallel! He speaks like the foldier
 That preserv'd us from the violence of the populace,

He

He craves admittance to your highness,
And will not take it before that it be granted.

Eud. Admit him.

[*Exit Rod.*]

Re-enter RODIA with PALLANTUS richly habited.

Pal. The kingdom owes a sacrifice for your life,
All will joy to hear of it; which, had it fail'd,
Would have pull'd more guilt upon us,
Than the sins of a whole age.

Eud. Why do you thus reward me good for evil?
Why did you with-hold me from perishing justly?
That fought to sink you in all your innocence?
Could my imprecations have drove you to
Destruction, I had had but the end I aim'd at.

Pal. You're still a judge too cruel to yourself.
All these imprecations I deserv'd,
As I then shew'd to you: But do you ask
Why I would save you from destruction?
O! you have set too high a prize, happiness
In your question, unless your
Bounty too would shew the way, that we
Might hope to effect it! How should I despise
The proudest honours that attend the sword,
In which robbers and ruffians, may be sharers
With me, to win a glory so perfectly
Illustrious? And could I bestow
So matchless and divine a benefit
As your preservation on the world, people
Would stile me god! and tho', from the earth
I took my being, with the noblest of the ancient
Heroes, they'd fix my name in heaven,
Invest me with a diadem of stars,
And robe of immortality; and what is it
That obstructs this blessing to the world and me?
If I look upon your innocence,
I read a book, in which, not only a few
Finite years are writ, but see an age
Drawn out to all eternity. If on your
Loss of state; no injury of the world.

No shock of fortune can diminish
 A true greatness ; that which was your own,
 Is still on you, and sets you forth th' example
 And adoration, both of the present,
 And the future world. Is it then lost ?
 Your loss of friends, or all these join'd together,
 That with-holds this blessing we would so dearly
 Purchase ? What is there in your condition,
 That is not to be parallel'd in others ?
 Look upon my misfortunes, and you shall find
 A perfect scheme of all your saddest evils !
 I lost, as you have done, a father, a king,
 The second hopes unto a crown, the joys
 And glory which do wait on these, nay more
 By you, I lost them : Remember what your
 Right hand, your father, and your friends, did
 Take from me, what your loss, their ministers
 And servants. When you have consider'd this,
 Think we are the wretched'st two alive,
 Made so by ourselves, and can be only happy
 In each other.

Eud. I know not how to answer you.
 The tongue that can defend such impious deeds,
 Must be as wicked as the will that did commit 'em.
 Had equity pointed all your actions out,
 Given you rules to work by. Told you how much,
 How far you must have gone, you could not
 Have done more justly ; there wants
 Not any thing to crown your judgment, but
 My death, the only surviving issue
 Of that sinful race : I have a long time
 Loath'd my life, and now I loath myself too :
 I find, I know not how, a guiltiness
 Possesses me ; my father's crimes flow like
 His blood within me.

Pal. O say not so !
 Forbear now to profane the divine goodness
 That dwells in you ! 'Tis a sin, tho' you yourself
 Commit it. Shall self-murder be held a sin,

And.

And self-flander not be noted as a
Greater crime ? If the first be murder,
The last must sure be held a sacrilege, a kind of
Blaspheming of the deity in us.

Take heed, while you would rather die than bear
A stain, you pull not the greatest on you
By avoiding it. I shall say no more to you,
But live as you shall find the hopes true, you may
Justly expect and believe, when I have
Spoken this : My life, my honour, all that
I possess, and all that can be added to me,
Are a gauge short to that I have given you :
And 'till I present all your friends in safety
To you, I'll never press to enjoy again
The heaven of looking on you.

[Exit.

Rod. Madam, clear your spirits, get at least
From these clouds of discontent :

Many noble comforts court you on every
Side ; make a truce with your sorrows,
But 'till you see the issue of 'em.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

*The Palace, richly adorned, with the Powers of Virtue,
Honour, and the like, represented in their proper Ex-
pressions.*

*Enter PALLANTUS, CLEARCHUS, HIANTHE, ARA-
TUS, HIAMANTUS, and PHRONIMUS, all in glorious
Robes ; Shouts of the People as they enter, with a Sym-
phony of warlike Music.*

Peo. Jove, Neptune, Apollo ; all the powers
That favour Crete, preserve and bless the king.

Pal. Thro' the happiness of my people, may
I know no other joy or bliss, but what
First passes you the middle way of blessing
Between the gods and me.

Peo.

Pro. The gods preserve your majesty !

Enter EURYLOCHUS, who kneels, and kisses the King's Hand.

Eur. Sir, I humbly crave your pardon,
That I should be so tardy, to present my duty
To your majesty, and with you happiness.

Pal. I can't be deceiv'd, thou must be th' inimitable,
Matchless, great Eurylochus ! whom, as none
Can reach to a nobler action, so none
Can equal in a gallant presence !

Ara. Methinks, 'till this day the times had
Likewise a vision on, and look'd not with
A true face before.

Pal. Sir, you shall
Hourly see new faces, and new
Glories break forth from him !

Eur. My lord, you promise too highly for me.

Ara. But see ! Here comes the princess.

*Enter EUDORA, TIMÆUS, POLYANDER, MENETIUS,
RODIA, and Ladies.*

Eud. My lord, we come to acknowledge our lives
To have been your gift ; and in no common way be-
stow'd upon us.

Pal. Eudora, like the gods ! when she says happiness,
She gives it, But what thanks shall I, and all
The world with me, return for the invaluable
Benefit she acknowledges receiv'd ;
But has indeed conferred on us the conservation
Of her life ?

[*Eud. offers to kneel.*

Madam, fall not so low, too much already
We have dejected you : and gladly would
Descend ourselves to raise you higher ;
Yet look on that majesty the gods have
Enthron'd in you ! Your matchless virtues,
And divine perfections, and you will see,

Not

Not only there's none above you; but none
Can be found your equals.

Eud. O, Sir!

Think me unworthy, but not a scorner of
These favours.

Pal. If you'll make us happy,
To partake hereafter our joys with us;
With you, we will observe your days of mourning,
Count all your losses ours, with most obsequious
Rites adorn the dead; remember, and lament
Him as a common parent.

Hian. None, madam,
With so high a confidence, can wish you
Comfort as myself; who in so long and sad
A night of sorrow, knew none but what you gave me.
Be favourable still to me, and grant me a time
To pay 'em back; be favourable to the age
In the same grant: Your name will bless
Its annals, while it has leave to boast,
Not only its own virtues, but all the former years
Cou'd justly glory in.

Cle. Fame, thou
Spok'st loudly of these ladies, and yet
Thy voice was narrow in their praises.

Enter COMASTES, creeping behind the Backs of the Company, who severally make their Address to Eudora, and each other; whilst Tim. Pol. and Men. kiss the King's Hand.

Com. I've pass'd hitherto, and perceive no great
Alterations. I thought the subversion of a state
Would have chang'd the form of the houses and the
streets!

It has not shifted a suit of hangings here.
Yonder's our princess too! I am among friends.
Now fortune direct me which is the king!
The least change that e'er I saw! Nay, then
I perceive, I may e'en do what I list.

Ara.

Ara. My lord, Comastes! Faith, 'tis kindly done,
To make the king a visit.

Com. Your servant.

My lord, I hope you have forgot the little
Kindness which past betwixt your lordship
And myself, and will speak a noble word
In my behalf unto the king.

Ara. Ha, ha, ha!

Would'st thou be fool again?

Com. No, my lord,

You know I was never call'd so in the last reign.

Ara. Ha, ha, ha! Why, I tell thee, the king's too
serious,

He never laughs; nor smiles, but very seldom,
And then 'tis still in approbation of
Something excellent, he hates a jest. Look!
Twice he has cast his eye upon thee, and yet
Keeps his countenance! Despair of ever pleasing
Him. There's no buffoons can come from thee,
So ridiculous as thy present misery!

Pal. My lord, who's that?

Ara. One,

Sir, that was master of the dead King's mirth,
He never laugh'd without his allowance.

Pal. What does he expect?

Ara. To hold the same place
Under you majesty.

Pal. Sir, we understand you,
And your desires. Go leave the court; be not
Seen in't after this day, upon your life.
And look warily to your actions, if you
Shall deserve the lightest punishment, the
Heaviest shall fall on you.

Ara. Stay, my lord.

Sir, you have doom'd him, as if you had been witness
Of his follies; and there were not hopes he
Might mend the life he has spent so ill.

Sir, I beseech you, let me intreat for him,
He's yet young, and if he have leave, may be

Virtuous.

Virtuous. Continue, Sir, as you have begun,
 To change the men, and not destroy 'em.
 He thrust himself with confidence on your mercy :
 Let it not be said, that thus you were a snare to any.
 Besides, Sir, you have made this place a sanctuary
 To all that can claim an interest
 In that excellent lady.

Pal. My lord, I could
 Ever be taught thus by you ; Sir, I recal
 What I have said, and wish to see those virtues
 We hope in you.

Com. I'll not despair, Sir,
 To be master of 'em : 'Twas the desire
 Of favour with my king, that made me what
 I was before, and shame now to remember :
 But seeing I am to please another way.
 And make virtue my endeavour ; unwarned
 In those rougher ways, I'll toil to gain your smiles.

[*Kisses the King's hand.*]

Pal. Now, madam, let me direct all my actions
 To your service, however unaccepted, nay, unknown
 to you,
 I have engag'd myself upon an undertaking without
 design :

But as I hope by some fam'd action,
 To add a glory more unto your name !——

Eud. O royal, Sir, while thus you strive to confer
 more glory
 On me, than I dare assume, you take some
 From me, which I may justly claim ;
 And blast my honour, while you seek to raise it :
 Wrongfully you charge both my innocence,
 And my love, when you say, I hate you ;
 Or can be pleas'd with your destruction.
 I have already acknowledg'd the highest
 Benefits receiv'd from you ; offer'd my vows to heaven
 In your behalf : And tho', when these are once paid,
 They do not there take end ! yet to repeat them
 Oft unto yourself, would ill become

Eudora's

Eudora's tongue, and lest the greatness of
Pallantus' ears.

Pall O, madam! let me kiss that hand!
Now you have given me a happiness,
Which neither envy, malice, or the worst
Of fortune can take from me,
You have set me the only man above
The stroke of fate! Your wisdom, honour,
Beauty, all incomparable, shall be the incitements
Of my actions unto glory, in hopes
They may hereafter prove their crown and ornament.
In the mean time, I shall seek to know no other thing,
But this, how most worthily I may approve
Myself yours. But when we shall be join'd,
'Twill add yet more unto our happiness,
And be no less your peace than our security.
But I anticipate the blessings of another day,
When my duty commands me to give thanks
For those I have receiv'd on this.
And hitherto our kingdom hath been like
The kingdom of the gods: Felicity
Has succeeded to felicity, and joys have
Crown'd joys, and should this day conclude
What it hath began; I have yet reign'd
A perfect reign: Having beheld the few hours,
The strange and various changes of an age:
Thus providence ordains the ways of fate,
And wisely governs ev'ry change of state,
For strength and policy can ne'er withstand
The arbitrary pow'r of her command;
We vainly happiness to empire give
Since 'tis by providence alone we live.

F I N I S.

B O O K S

Lately published by T. DAVIES,
in *Russel-street, Covent-Garden.*

Price 2s. 6d. sewed,

An ESSAY on the DRAMATIC CHARACTER
of Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.

Price 2s. 6d. sewed, with a Map,

An ACCOUNT of the most ROMANTIC
PARTS of NORTH WALES.

By JOSEPH CRADOCK, Esq;

Lately published by the above Author,

Price 2s. 6d. sewed,

VILLAGE MEMOIRS. In a Series of
Letters between a Clergyman and his Family
in the Country, and his Son in Town.



Price 1s. 6d.

The CHARACTERS of George the First,
Queen Caroline, Sir Robert Walpole, Mr. Pult-
ney, Lord Hardwick, Mr. Fox, and Mr. Pitt, re-
viewed. With Royal and noble Anecdotes: And
a Sketch of Lord CHESTERFIELD's Character.

Price 1s. 6d.

REFLECTIONS on GAMING, ANNUITIES,
and USURIOUS CONTRACTS.

In Two Volumes, Price 6s. sewed,
THE LADY'S TRAVELS into SPAIN:
Or, a genuine Relation of the Religion Laws,
Commerce, Customs and Manners of that Country.

Written by the
C O U N T E S S O F D A N O I S,
In a Series of Letters to a Friend at Paris.

To which is added, a Description of the present
King of Spain, his Manner of living; the Cha-
racter of his Ministers, and other Officers of the
Court of Spain.

With Instructions how to travel in Spain, and
an accurate Account of the Roads of that Country.

Dedicated to EDMUND BURKE, Esq;
In One Volume, large 8vo. Price 4s. 6d. bound,
and in Crown 8vo. Price 3s. (with a Head of
the Author, finely engraved, and his Character
by Lord Chesterfield, Mr. Pope, &c.)

A New EDITION of
LETTERS on the Spirit of PATRIOTISM,
on the Idea of a Patriot King, and on the
State of Parties at the Accession of George the
First.

By HENRY St. JOHN Lord Vis. BOLINGBROKE.

———“ I have sent you in a Packet, Lord Bo-
lingbroke's Book on the Spirit of Patriotism, and
the Idea of a Patriot King. I desire that you will
read it over and over and over again, with parti-
cular Attention to the Style, and to all those Beau-
ties of Oratory with which it is adorned. Till I
read that Book, I confess I did not know all the
Extent and Powers of the English Language.”

Taken from the Earl of Chesterfield's Letters to
his Son, Vol. I. P. 515.

In 3 Vols. Crown 8vo. Price 12s. bound,

MISCELLANEOUS and Fugitive PIECES,
in Prose and Verse, by Dr. Samuel John-
son, Dr. Goldsmith, the Rev. Dr. Franklin, Mr.
Colman, Mr. Thornton, Mr. Usher, Author of
Clio, &c. &c.

Price 4s. sewed,

THE LIVES of Sir Matthew Hale, Wilmot
Earl of Rochester, and Queen Mary. All
written by Bishop Burnet.

To this Edition are added Richard Baxter's ad-
ditional Notes to the Life of Sir Matthew Hale;
and a Sermon preached at the Funeral of the Earl
of Rochester, by the Rev. Mr. Parsons.

Price 2s. 6d. sewed,

A DISSERTATION on the INOCULATED
SMALL-POX. Or, an Attempt towards an
Investigation of the real Causes which render the
Small-Pox by Inoculation, so much more mild and
safe, than the same Disease when produced by the
ordinary Means of Infection.

By JOHN MUDGE,
SURGEON at PLYMOUTH.



